

A SURGEON  
IN WARTIME  
CHINA

*.. Powell ..*

# A Surgeon in Wartime China



# A SURGEON IN WARTIME CHINA

by

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TO MY WIFE

GERALDINE

WITHOUT WHOSE ADVICE AND ASSISTANCE  
THIS BOOK WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE

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# I

## East to Cathay

LITTLE DID I THINK when I left China in 1936 that I should come back as a medical officer in the American Army. At that time I had been in India for some months as ophthalmic surgeon to Sir Henry Holland's clinics in northwest India. I had treated and operated upon literally hundreds of India's afflicted people as well as great numbers from Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, and Tibet. But that is another story.

After leaving India I visited various parts of China, from north to south and east to west. I made the long trek up the Yangtze River and through the most beautiful and breath-taking gorges in the world to visit my friend and classmate, Dr. Max Gentry, a medical missionary in that then little-known city, Chungking, at the head of navigation of the Yangtze-Kiang River. I came to know the Chinese of the north and of the south, the river Chinese and the hill Chinese. I knew them and liked them. I knew them to be good-humored, gracious, kind, and appreciative. I knew them to be essentially a gentle people, of mild manner and smiling countenance, a people who could joke at adversity.

One can never tell where the whirling ball on the wheel of fortune may stop. For me it indicated another journey to this country of 450 million people that has played such a part in world history for six thousand years.

Ghengis Khan, Kubla Khan, and the Manchus had conquered this great country, leaving their armies to be absorbed into the Chinese ways and civilization. Marco Polo had told such marvelous tales of its wealth and civilization that he was hardly believed. One of his readers, Christopher Columbus, had sailed from medieval Spain in an attempt to find a direct sea route to this fabulous land and even when he reached the western hemisphere, was still of the opinion that the islands he had discovered were off the coast of China or India.

China, the land that first produced printing, eyeglasses, gunpowder, and philosophy! Now I was to return, this time as part of an all-out effort to preserve the good things of life and the right of every man, woman, and child to enjoy them in his own way.

In the Army, orders are orders. So, December 23, 1943, with Christmas just around the corner, I said goodbye to my family in Chicago and struck out for Miami, Florida, in company with Colonel Will Holmes of Logansport, Indiana, who was under the same orders.

In Miami we were put up at one of the large resort hotels, reserved by the Army Air Corps for the use of officers in transit to and from overseas combat areas. Here were personnel from every theater of action, some disabled, some having completed different missions and surveys, and some on short leave in the United States before returning to their stations abroad. Outgoing passengers were of all kinds and descriptions, on all sorts of missions and assignments to every part of the globe, some to well-known theaters of action, others to tiny outposts in a remote section on a line of communication or supply

route. Passengers were moved according to priorities, presumably based on the urgency of their mission.

All departing personnel were briefed in a specially prepared room containing the apparatus necessary for demonstrating the use of different appliances in case of forced landing in the mountains or jungle, or "ditching" at sea. This briefing recalled the fact that war is a grim business and that the prospective airplane trip was not to be anticipated in exactly a tourist frame of mind.

Weighing-in was accomplished in a businesslike fashion. Personal equipment was worn during the weighing-in process, hand baggage being weighed separately. Sixty-five pounds was the maximum weight of baggage allowed. When starting out to the ends of the earth to remain for an unknown length of time the business of selecting personal items becomes transcendently important. Small articles usually acquired with the greatest of ease at home must be included in sufficient quantity for months or years. One's sense of values changes, and one devotes more and more thought to the selection, packing, and arrangement of items chosen to be carried along within the sixty-five pounds. Strange as it may seem, this limit is quite satisfactory and allows the inclusion of everything necessary for even hot summer and cold weather. Before weighing-in we were all, even medical officers, issued the regulation forty-five caliber, automatic Colt pistol, holster, and belt, together with ammunition and clips. Calobar sun glasses were also issued, and for use in case of "ditching" at sea, every officer was advised to carry on his person a non-com's assembly whistle, which can be heard at much greater distances than the human voice.



Launching procedure for pneumatic rubber boats was explained and demonstrated. Food packs and medical kits seemed a marvel of compactness. Most interesting was a small supply of soluble dye that when released colored the sea water for a considerable area, thus making the spot more easily identifiable from the air.

At 9 a.m. December 27 I was alerted for departure in the afternoon, together with a number of other officers who had been grouped for shipment under the same orders. We finished hurried last-minute arrangements, concealing a great feeling of expectancy beneath our outward calm. We were sure that the forthcoming trip by air would be long and hazardous, covering all sorts of territory, from sea to ocean and from jungle to desert. In this anticipation we were certainly not disappointed.

Great secrecy was maintained about all departing contingents. At 4 p.m. we were driven to an airport at Miami and checked in for departure. Some of us walked out to look over the ships and immediately spotted the plane that was to carry us on the first leg of our journey. It was a huge craft giving the appearance of great sturdiness and airworthiness. We considered ourselves fortunate. At 6 p.m. the great moment arrived. Our orders, transportation tickets, and baggage were again checked and quickly loaded into this huge craft, as large as a railway boxcar. We found that we were even more fortunate than we had supposed. The craft was one of the sleeper planes formerly operated on the South American run; six men were assigned to a four-man compartment, an arrangement which allowed us to lie down and nap in relays en route. The pilot, an old-timer on the South American run, gave one the impression that he knew exactly what he was

about; he was highly experienced in the kind of flying we should have on this first leg of our journey. We took off from Miami without incident, although heavily loaded, and headed immediately out over the Caribbean Sea, passing over many of the numerous small islands adjacent to the Florida coast before darkness descended.

Our first stop was at Borenquin Field, Puerto Rico. Here we obtained excellent hot coffee and a light meal and were able to stretch our legs for a few minutes while the great ship was being fueled and serviced. Again we took the air easily and streaked onward in a southeasterly direction through the dark night. Dawn came in an utterly businesslike fashion while we were still over the island-dotted Caribbean. In mid-morning the South American coast came up over the horizon and shortly thereafter we landed at Georgetown, British Guiana. Here we were met by a most pleasant American major, who escorted us to the transient quarters, where we had a quick shave and a hurried cleanup and more hot coffee and a good meal.

We were then introduced to the vagaries of the Short Snorter Club. After you pay him a dollar, one who is already a member starts you off with a certification on an American banknote that you have flown the ocean and are entitled to all the joys and privileges rightfully belonging to those already designated as Short Snorters. I understand that originally this was a very exclusive club and that certain of its rules tended to keep it so. But now, of course, with the great numbers crossing back and forth during wartime, exclusiveness has gone by the board in favor of banknote- and signature-collecting. The chief idea, it seems, is to paste paper money from each country

en route together, end to end, and collect the signatures of various local personalities on these notes. Some Short Snorter collections I have seen were yards and yards long. Mine has so far attained the length of only two or three yards. I strongly suspect that the genial major at Georgetown, in his capacity as host to transient officers, at the rate of one dollar per Short Snorter realized a very good return for his efforts. It's all part of the game, however, and such things make for a certain amount of pleasure and diversion.

During the two or three hours we were at Georgetown the major drove a few of us around the air base and into the town, where we were able to get a few quick glances at this South American city, which has a few European shops and establishments and great numbers of typically native stores, workshops, and bazaars. I could not help wondering how long it would take to go to French Guiana and whether it would be possible to visit the Devil's Island penal colony of which so much has been written—one of the places that have always interested me. That was only a passing thought, however, for ahead of us lay a perilous flight across some of the most dense and inaccessible and least explored jungle on earth. A forced landing in this territory, even if one survived it, would probably mean death from disease or injury or in captivity; certainly one would have little chance of finally making one's way to the outside world. A number of American fliers have indeed been swallowed up by this jungle, never to be heard of again. It is, however, much more expeditious to go straight across from Georgetown to Natal than it is to follow the coast line along the northern bulge of South America. With our four-engined behemoth, cap-

tained and piloted by such a man as we were fortunate enough to have, we had no fears about arriving safely at Natal.

Our flying boxcar, refueled and reserviced, took the air again as easily as a feather and headed, again in a southeasterly direction, over the dense Brazilian jungle. We quickly attained an altitude of eleven thousand feet and sat there in the greatest of comfort, watching mile after mile of green, aboriginal, arboreal mass pass by. From that altitude the appearance of the jungle was most deceptive. It seemed lush, soft, and inviting. It was crisscrossed with myriads of streams, lakes, and ponds, broken here and there by small ranges of low hills. To one who has experienced the real jungle, however, such a picture is not deceiving. The lush growth is an impassable meshwork of nature's attempt to build up a solid continent through eons of growth and decay. The beautiful streams, lakes, and ponds are actually waterways in impassable oozing swamps, breeding places of myriads of mosquitoes and all sorts of disease-carrying insects, of snakes, of animals, of people whose only law is that of self-preservation. Hour after hour of contemplating such a vast surface gave one the distinct feeling of the inferiority of man and his puny reactions, as against the forces of primeval nature.

Finally we were awakened from our reveries by the appearance of the eastern coastline of South America and shortly thereafter we made a beautiful landing at the airport at Natal, Brazil. Although personally experienced in flying a great many types of airplanes, I never cease to marvel at the accuracy and precision with which man is able to bring down tons and tons of dead weight of steel

and cargo, traveling at a hundred miles or so per hour and at the last moment before ceasing to be airborne, level off this dead weight in such a way that inches are actually fractionated and scarcely a bump ensues.

At the Natal airport we were taken to special barracks maintained for transient officers, where we had a most welcome shower, a good meal, and a chance for a little rest. Native servants abounded, ready to carry out one's slightest desire. We were even able to have a little laundry done in a few hours, the bright sun and gentle breeze being a most effective quick drier. The captain and pilot of our airplane had been flying this run for many years and knew the town of Natal very well indeed. Two or three of us went down with him to visit the various shops and bazaars as well as the great Pan American Airways base, at that time practically deserted. The town of Natal is fundamentally just a small native trading center, suddenly grown into importance because of its geographical location on the tip of the great South American bulge into the Atlantic. It has a few good shops and endless native bazaars, all stocked with typical junk for the trade with Americans and other nationals located there during the war.

Malaria, one of the greatest killers among diseases, certainly the greatest morbidity producer, is rampant in Brazil. The anopheles mosquito, which carries malaria, feeds preferably at dusk and likes to bite the wrists, ankles, neck, and face. As a consequence of this mosquito's proclivities, it is the custom in Brazil, and in Africa too for that matter, for the white man to wear a lightweight boot, with tops about ten inches high, to protect the ankles. The business of making these boots, called mosquito

boots, for the many incoming Americans and other white nationals was an active one for the local leather workers. In company with several others, and on the advice of local military residents and of those who had come across from Africa, I had a pair of these boots made in Natal. It was amazing how quickly the native workmen made them. I picked out the leather from a hide for the tops, the vamps, and the soles, and watched the bootmaker cut them out. I was so fascinated that I stayed around during a good deal of the manufacturing process. I had my boots in twenty-four hours and very good boots they were. I wore them continually for many months and when leaving the Far East gave them to a friend and they are probably still being worn. Besides being light, they fitted well and had soles heavy enough to make good walking boots.

In my travels I have been struck many times with some of the sacrifices incident to our own way of life. In most parts of the world, particularly the Far East, one can go to a shop or workman and have almost anything made quickly and according to one's own particular wishes, and since such things are of necessity handmade, they are usually well made. Our own mass-production methods are unquestionably more efficient, but the personality of the article is lost in its production-line origin. Many little things that I treasure have been made by native workmen, especially for me, and exactly the way I wanted them. Everything has its price, even our own efficient mechanized way of life.

Although we were traveling on a high priority, we were informed on arriving in Natal that transport for us on the next leg of our journey would not be available for two or three days. This gave us a chance to relax a little, look

around us and see at first hand the expert manner in which our Air Force and A.T.C. were carrying on their job of transporting airplanes, personnel, and material to the various theaters. The North Atlantic route, by way of the Azores, had not yet been completely opened, so that the great stream of traffic, to and from African, European, and Far Eastern theaters, passed along our route—from Miami to Natal, Natal to Ascension Island, Ascension Island to Accra or Dakar. From the African coast the great stream of traffic crossed Central Africa to Khartoum. From Khartoum the African, Mediterranean, and European traffic went north to Cairo and Alexandria and thence to its destination. The Far Eastern traffic went from Khartoum across Arabia or around the end of it, thence to Karachi, India, and from there to Bombay, Ceylon, Delhi, Calcutta, Ledo in Assam, and Kunming and Luliang in China.

While we were bathing one afternoon at a small Atlantic beach near Natal a messenger arrived, alerting us for the next leg of our journey. The South Atlantic is a wide place. In fact, if you will consult the map, you will see it gets wider the further south you look. South America and Africa slant away from each other quite rapidly below the line Natal—Ascension Island—Accra. Even with modern equipment a flight across the South Atlantic is something one considers with a gulp. To navigate in such a way as to hit the merest flyspeck in the middle of the South Atlantic known as Ascension Island seems somewhat of a feat. To miss this flyspeck means almost certain disaster. We drew a long breath, gulped in unison a few times, and hurried back to Operations to complete arrangements for this long over-water hop.

All types of aircraft were being flown across this route, from fighters fitted with extra tanks to medium and heavy bombers. Again we were fortunate in being assigned to a heavy four-motored airplane of a type that seemed to us and to the pilots the safest of all. On the evening of the third day after our arrival in Natal we took off in this heavy ship and headed straight out across the broad South Atlantic.

Everything went along perfectly for several hours. The air was smooth, the clouds were fluffy and feathery, the sea was calm, and everything was serene. Suddenly, about half way across to Ascension Island, the starboard outboard engine sputtered and stopped. The pilots and the engineer worked with the starting mechanism for a long time, trying to get it going, but to no avail. When they finally gave up and decided to feather the prop and ride in on three engines, to their consternation they discovered that the feathering mechanism would not work. This meant that the blades of the propeller were flatwise to the onrushing air, impeding our progress. If they could have been turned edgewise, the wind resistance would have been very much less. However, since nothing could be done about this, we accepted the situation philosophically and plowed on through the night. About an hour later the port inboard engine began running rough, then started to spit and sputter; and in spite of all adjustments, it continued to limp along during the rest of the flight. We had about twelve thousand feet altitude and enough power in the two remaining engines and the limping portside engine to get us in if nothing else happened. Luckily nothing else did. Our navigator hit Ascension Island square on the nose, and this little volcanic land mass in the midst of



so much water was a welcome sight indeed. We came down to a nice landing on the roller-coaster runway about midmorning.

Ascension Island is a small oval-shaped island of thirty-four square miles, purely volcanic in origin. Before the war it contained a small British outpost that housed a few families of whites and several native families from the nearest land, St. Helena Island, seven hundred miles to the southeast. There is no naturally flat place on the island and very little soil. It is all volcanic lava. The landing strip is about fifty or sixty feet above sea level and, instead of being flat, has a great hump in its middle and is flanked on both sides by high lava hills. In fact, the runway is cut through the edge of one hill so that in taking off and landing it appears that the starboard wing will certainly hit the side of this volcanic mass. Take-offs are an experience. You start off going uphill, run down the slope on the other side of the hump, and then go off the edge of the runway and out over the sea. The building of this runway was in my opinion one of the great engineering feats of the war, one of the many impossible tasks performed by American ingenuity at the dictation of necessity. At certain seasons of the year the birds are so thick on this island that they actually interfere with landing and take-offs. The wings and whirling propellers kill thousands of them.

In about the center of the island is a high volcanic mountain which has eroded enough to form a certain amount of soil. High up on this peak asphalt has been laid along various slopes which slant into a great catch basin. Rain water was thus collected as a supply of fresh water for the small garrison originally stationed there. The British governor of the island resided in a very proper

stone house built high on this mountain just outside the walls of the ancient, feudal-age-appearing fortress. Aside from the vegetation on the top of this eroded volcanic peak there is not a spear of grass or a tree to be found, with the exception of one lone palm near the barracks used for transient officers.

The usual procedure was for ships to land at Ascension Island, refuel and go right on, but it was necessary of course to do something about our ailing motors. The afternoon and early morning hours were spent getting them in running order again. In the meantime we had a little rest, a swim in the surf, which incidentally had a very vicious undertow, and a good night's sleep. Shortly after noon the day following our landing we took off again and headed out over the second leg of the cross-Atlantic trip to Accra on the Gold Coast of Africa.

We were bucking a head wind and not making too good progress, but had arrived at just about the halfway point when our starboard outboard motor again sputtered and died. Rather than buck the head wind the rest of the way and take chances on another motor going out, as it had before, our pilot wisely turned at once and coasted back to Ascension Island with a tail wind. We landed there in the evening, and the pilot asserted that he would not take off again until he had two new engines.

This meant a delay of several days while motors were being flown across from Natal to Ascension Island and, after their arrival, installed in our ship. To make things more complicated, our pilot became ill and was taken to the little Station Hospital and operated on for acute appendicitis. This meant that Natal would have to be radioed again, this time to send us another pilot. In the

meantime we settled down to spend a few days on this God-forsaken little South Atlantic island. Fortunately the commanding officer of the island had at his disposal a forty-foot power boat which he kindly lent to two of us on several occasions for deep-sea fishing. We had good luck and caught as many fish as we wanted each time. We also cruised about, exploring various small bays and inlets as well as a small rock island just a few hundred yards off the coast, called Bird Island. This mass of rock was the home of what appeared to be millions of birds of the Eastern Sooty Tern family. We made a trip to the top of the volcanic cone on the main island, prowled around in the old feudal fortress, visited the old governor's house, and went swimming in the surf each day.

Finally, after a week, our new motors were installed, our new pilot flight-tested the ship, and we again took off for the African coast. This flight was completely uneventful. We landed at Accra at about three o'clock in the afternoon and were told that it would probably be several days before we could get transportation out across central Africa to Khartoum. Accra is a typical Gold Coast town with the usual native bazaars as well as a great many shops run by Cantonese Chinese and East Indians. The town was small, the mosquitoes were bad, the climate was hot, moist, and uncomfortable. We went to bed about eleven o'clock looking forward to a good night's rest, and had just fallen asleep when we were all called and alerted to depart at 2 a.m. the same night. We were assigned to a C-47 which was to take us all the way through from Accra to Karachi, India.

When morning came we were looking down on the real interior of central Africa. We were bewildered by

the high pyramidal and conelike structures that we saw, some very close together, others at intervals along the great plains. On our first landing at a little way station for refueling, we were told that these were anthills. On examination, they were obviously just that. They had been built up from mud by millions of ants which seemed to be working continuously, going back and forth and in and out of the many interstices of these conical structures, some of them as high as twenty to thirty feet from the ground.

The lights of the city of Khartoum at the headwaters of the Nile were a welcome relief from the monotony of the central African tableland. After a quick refueling and servicing job, we pushed on immediately for the Red Sea and the Arabian coast. Just before crossing the Arabian Sea from the eastern tip of Arabia to Karachi, India, we paused for about three hours for a fifty-hour motor check of our engines.

The trip across the Arabian Sea was the most beautiful of the whole journey. The sea seemed moody as the light of the moon broke through the thin, broken layers of clouds under us. The glow of the silvery clouds and the perfectly clear astral vault dominated by a huge watchful moon gave the whole a touch of fairyland. Occasional glimpses of the cloud-darkened ocean so far below produced a feeling of detachment from old Mother Earth and her many trials and tribulations. We were in another world.

We approached Karachi at night, but even so I was able to identify many landmarks from my previous visits there. Karachi is the most important seaport of western India. It lies near the mouth of the Indus River at the

foot of the great Sind desert, which has been transformed by the Lloyd Irrigation Barrage into one of the garden spots of the world. Eight years before I had been here for some little time before going north and west into Baluchistan and the Northwest Provinces as ophthalmic surgeon with Sir Henry Holland. I was unable to see Sir Henry personally on this visit, since he was up country, but was able to communicate with him and arrange for a possible rendezvous if the further progress of our trip should be delayed.

Karachi ended our airplane travel in India. After several days we were notified to proceed by rail to Calcutta. The less said about the rail trip across India, the better. It was dirty, dusty, long, and tiring. We broke the trip at New Delhi for twenty-four hours and then proceeded on to Rhamgarh, where we spent a week observing the American combat training being given to imported Chinese troops. The memories of former experiences in India became very vivid as we traveled across this great country: The many eye clinics I had worked in; the smell of the people; the identification of different tribesmen; the camels; the cattle; the blazing sun; the burning ghats; the wealth, the starvation, the sick and the dying; the epidemics; the bazaars, the counting houses, the odor of the spice markets, the great piece goods markets at Shikarpur; the holy Ganges River filthy with sewage, corruption, human bodies, crocodiles, and snakes; and above all, the continual, never-ceasing press of millions of people moving hither and yon in a restless, unending, ambulatory daze.

At Calcutta we stayed four or five days in one of the hotels taken over by the American Army. This great city,

the second in size in the British Empire, lies low on mud flats on the Hooghly River, in one of the worst climates known to man. The smell is overpowering, the humidity is debilitating, and the sun is merciless. Withal, however, it is a teeming, busy, cosmopolitan city, one of the great business centers of the world.

North from Calcutta, first on standard gauge, then on a narrow-gauge railroad, we went as far as possible. We passed through the logging country and on up the Brahmaputra River into the tea country of Assam, finally arriving at the great American terminal, Chabua. This is the end of the line so far as ground transportation is concerned. Chabua lies at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains, far enough north in Assam to be just about straight west of Kunming in China. Supplies for China were shipped by rail over the route by which we came as well as by water up the Hooghly and then the Brahmaputra River to this area. From here they were flown over the Hump, or the Himalaya Mountains, by our American Air Corps and A.T.C. pilots.

The Japanese had of course cut off the only other entrance into China, the Burma Road. Every single thing that arrived in China had of necessity to be flown in over the Hump. Hump tonnage was allocated to different services, units, and organizations. Every can of beans, every rifle, every mule, and every person that entered China were part of the Hump tonnage. Vast stores of all sorts of material and materiel, food, and supplies were constantly arriving for air transport over the mountains into China. This of course included gasoline to supply the Fourteenth Air Force, the Chinese airplanes, and the few British and other nationals operating airplanes in

China. Too much praise can never be given to the pilots and crews who steadily flew back and forth over the Hump with supplies of all sorts, sometimes making two to three cargo-carrying round trips daily.

Early in the game these unarmed ships were frequently attacked and occasionally shot down by Japanese fighters. Even at this time there was some cause to fear Japanese attack. But the greatest foe of all, in flying the Hump, is weather and the fallibility of man-made machinery. Ice was frequently encountered, necessitating bailing out. Storms and mechanical failures were also frequent. When it was possible to bail out, even a successful parachute landing in these mountains sometimes meant months of walking before arriving at some isolated outpost. A parachute landing at night was of course extremely hazardous. Often the landing would be made on the edge of a cliff, with a subsequent fall which might break an arm or a leg and disable one for walking. Chinese guerrilla protection in these mountains was, however, magnificently organized and carried out. Great numbers of our people were saved by the kindly tribesmen.

After some difficulty in finding thirty-foot parachutes for myself and a fellow traveler who was also of rather large proportions, we took off in a huge four-motored ship, ascended to twelve thousand feet before leaving the valley, and struck out across the highest mountains in the world, gradually attaining an altitude of seventeen thousand feet. Fortunately we were able to travel between two layers of clouds at that altitude. By staying just under the top layer we had very little fear of being attacked by Japanese, since we could immediately dodge into the clouds

and be lost to their sight. Above ten thousand feet oxygen was supplied.

In three and one-half hours we had covered a distance and terrain that by land would require months and months of heartbreaking travel. We arrived at Kunming, the capital city of the province of Yunnan, and one of the headquarters of the American effort in China. On landing we were immediately taken to the agricultural college of this province, the erstwhile home of the famed Flying Tigers during their period of reorganization and expansion. We had arrived in China—in Cathay, the home of the oldest existing culture of the modern world.



## II

# The Early American War Effort in China

### THE X, Y, AND Z FORCES

AT THE TIME of my arrival in China, January, 1944, the war effort in China, Burma, and India was combined into one theater, known as the C.B.I. (China, Burma, India) under the command of General Joseph W. Stilwell. General Stilwell is an old China hand with a great deal of personal experience in meeting and handling Chinese situations and problems. India was of course not a combat area. It was used as an area in which to train troops and to build up stockpiles of supplies of all kinds. These supplies were then forwarded up the Brahmaputra River valley to Ledo and Chabua and from there flown into China. Other supplies were sent directly into Burma, also usually by air.

The American war effort in Burma overlapped and interdigitated with the British war effort in the same area. British troops, largely East Indian and Ghurka levies, were administered and controlled by British Headquarters in India. General Stilwell had conceived and set in motion in the China-Burma-India Theater a comprehensive over-all plan. Essentially this plan divided the theater effort into three separate forces, aside from the Services of Supply. These units were the X (or X-ray) Forces, the Y (or Yoke) Forces, and the Z (or Zebra) Forces.

## X FORCES

The X Forces, largely a training force, were set up principally at Rhamgarh, India. This area is located north and west of Calcutta on an open, rolling plain, well suited for military training and practice maneuvers. Since the combat areas in this theater were in China and the northern part of Burma, naturally the soldiers to be trained were Chinese. These trainees were troops selected by the Chinese and American authorities from designated units of the Chinese National army, and were flown from China by our transport airplanes to India for this training. At the completion of their instruction it was necessary of course to fly them back over the Hump into China where they could be used in combat. The training center at Rhamgarh included practically all the elements of a combat force, infantry, artillery, tank, signal, ordnance, medical, dental, and other branches being represented.

To get some idea of the reason necessitating such training, some conception of the Chinese Army as it then existed is essential. China has had the oldest existing continuous government on earth. A succession of monarchical dynasties has governed China for six thousand years. These were always strong central governments. However, the secret of their success was apparently in the degree of decentralization of power. Each village (*bao*) or county (*hsien*) was to all intents and purposes, so far as local government was concerned, practically autonomous. The people had been trained for centuries to take care of their own situations. The local headmen governed their communities without doubt or question. At the same time the Central Government exacted taxes, retained special prerogatives, and exercised certain monarchical

powers within every *hsien* and village. This was accomplished by local court representatives who were appointed under a system that apparently mixed political favoritism and classical educational qualifications to an extraordinary degree. These representatives of the Central Government were secure in their position by reason of strategically located military troops in various parts of the empire.

In ancient China the common soldier was always looked upon with great disdain as the lowest form of human life. Recruiting was done by strong-arm impress of the local farmer class. These people were equipped with great good nature and an admirable sense of humor, but with very little intellectual capacity and practically no initiative. Soldiers in China have always been expendable. There were always more to be had by just going out and getting them. Consequently, a sick or injured soldier or one incapacitated for any reason was more easily replaced by a recruit than restored to health or physical capability. As a consequence, the Chinese have never thought of military training in the Western sense. A soldier to them was simply a man with a gun.

To fight a modern war requires modern methods, soldiers, equipment, and tactics. This not only includes a highly trained soldier with a full knowledge of his equipment and how to use it, but must of necessity include an adequate rehabilitation process for the sick and injured. Apart from the humane side of the question, the Western world has found it economically more sound and efficient from a military standpoint to regain the use of a trained soldier who has been incapacitated than to replace him with an untrained recruit.

The armies of China still consisted almost entirely of peasant farmers who were willing, uncomplaining, and brave, but not of a high intellectual level. To fight a modern war, they required considerable instruction in modern methods and weapons; above all, their officers must be trained in the modern manner. They must be purged of the medieval and feudalistic ideas of warfare that have for centuries been part of the Chinese military system. It was actually a point of honor with the old-time Chinese military man to send a note of warning to his adversary that he would attack at a certain time at a certain place with a certain number of men. It was the adversary's duty to respond with a polite note, accepting the challenge, or if the time or place was inconvenient, to request that changes be made in order to suit his plans. Sick and wounded men were simply left to their own resources. The armies were quartered with the natives and lived off the country.

Each Chinese general had a Table of Organization, giving in great detail the numbers, classifications, grades, ranks, and duties of his entire command. Customarily he had little idea as to how many men there were in his units. He always reported the Table of Organization strength and drew his supplies accordingly. It has been the custom through the ages for the commanding officers of units to draw certain allowances in actual cash for the provisioning of their troops. This money was drawn according to the strength indicated by their Tables of Organization. It was of course spent according to the number they actually had in their commands, which was very often a third or a fourth of the paper strength. Even then it was customary for the commander to furnish just as little food, usually rice, as possible and to expect the

soldiers to forage for any additional items for their diet. Rice was usually purchased locally or in many cases actually confiscated. Needless to say, such a system resulted in the accumulation of considerable wealth by the commanding officer.

This practice, part of the so-called squeeze custom in China, was not considered to be illegal, furtive, or even off-color, but was simply a part of the existing system and was recognized as such by everyone. As a consequence the soldiers were usually poorly fed, sometimes almost to the point of starvation, had to be guarded closely to prevent desertions, and as a rule were quite undisciplined in the modern military sense.

Thus it was necessary for General Stilwell to conceive some plan whereby the Chinese soldiers could be properly fed for a sufficient period to bring them to the state of physical well-being necessary to face the rigors of combat. He must train the soldiers in the use of modern weapons and instruct them in cover and concealment and in fundamental tactical maneuvers. He must teach the officers leadership and tactics. The soldiers must have a certain amount of confidence in their leaders and the *esprit de corps* necessary to the successful employment of any military organization. General Stilwell's training center at Rhamgarh, India, was his answer to this problem.

It must not be supposed that a few weeks' training can entirely neutralize the cumulative effects of centuries. Such inertia cannot be overcome that easily. However, this training was eminently worth while. Many of the units trained at Rhamgarh were used in the North Burma campaign on the Salween and Irawaddy rivers. By and large it can be said that these Chinese troops gave

a good account of themselves, especially when it is realized that they successfully completed this campaign aided only by one regiment of American infantry, one regiment of American cavalry fighting as infantry, and a few other small American units, as ground reinforcements. They were ably assisted, however, by the American Air Forces, which used both bombers and fighters as well as transports. These air units did a magnificent job, air-dropping food, ammunition, and all sorts of supplies to the troops operating in otherwise inaccessible terrain.

### Y FORCES

As mentioned above, one of the combat units conceived of by General Stilwell was the Y (or Yoke) Forces. Its headquarters were established at Kunming, the capital of Yunnan province and the Chinese terminus of the Burma Road. The city is strategically located directly east of the headwaters of the parallel courses of the Irawaddy and Salween rivers. The Chinese end of the Burma Road was used as a line of communication and supply to the field units. The problem was to wrest control of North Burma from the Japanese by driving in a generally southerly direction while the British and their nationals drove in a generally easterly and northeasterly direction.

It must not be supposed from the preceding description of the training center at Rhamgarh that the only American instruction the Chinese troops received was at this school. As a matter of fact, troops selected for training at this center were the fortunate ones, inasmuch as they were taken completely out of the zone of combat and transferred to an altogether different area where an attitude and atmosphere of modern military efficiency could be approximated. In addition to the school at Rhamgarh, a vast

amount of training of Chinese troops was carried out in China by American personnel attached to Chinese military units forming the Y and Z Forces.

According to General Stilwell's plan, liaison teams of American officers and enlisted personnel consisting of representatives of various arms and branches were formed and attached to Chinese divisions and other units for the purposes of liaison, instruction, and tactical and supply supervision. The size and make-up of these teams varied with the number of American personnel available and with the size, disposition, and nature of the Chinese divisions or other units. Infantry, artillery, signal, ordnance, medical, and other military training schools and classes were set up within the divisions and other units by these liaison teams. Some reorganization of the units was effected where possible. Demonstration and instruction was given in the use of American-supplied weapons and materiel. Practical field and tactical problems were carried out and, most important of all, the Chinese units were accompanied into actual combat by these liaison teams in an instructional, advisory, and supervisory capacity.

It was essential to the program that actual direct command of field units was not to be exercised by the American liaison groups. The Central Government quite properly insisted that direct command remain with the Chinese. An important part of the liaison team's duty, therefore, was to establish itself in the confidence of the Chinese commanders in such a way that their advice would be acceptable and would be utilized, to some extent at least, in actual combat operations. Here again they encountered the inertia of centuries. Customs, personalities,

terrain, local governmental situations, and differences in racial characteristics were constant problems.

In addition to the liaison teams certain American medical units, field and portable surgical hospitals, were employed in these combat operations to care for American casualties and to bolster such existing Chinese medical units and personnel as were available. American medical supplies were furnished to some extent through these American medical units and personnel. American Lend-Lease medical supplies that had been furnished directly to the Chinese Central Government to augment their existing stores were designed for the supply of the Chinese medical units and personnel through Chinese channels. Unfortunately, owing to many complicating factors, these medical supplies were generally not well nor equitably distributed.

Reorganization of the theater after the departure of General Stilwell and the advent of Lieutenant General Wedemeyer changed the designation of the Y Force, but, as is well known, its mission was successfully completed, and the effort stands as a record of achievement through teamwork, under prodigious difficulties, of the Americans and Chinese.

### Z FORCES

The third force provided for by General Stilwell's plan was known as the Z (or Zebra) Forces, to which I was assigned from the first. In fact, Z Forces were just being organized when I arrived in Kunming the latter part of January, 1944. After a few days' orientation in Kunming I was flown to Kweilin, the provincial capital of Kwangsi province, which was to be our headquarters. American personnel had just begun to arrive. The officers that flew



out with me from Miami were all assigned to Z Forces. We were six medical colonels and five veterinary colonels; the remainder of a total of twenty-five or twenty-six included men of various ranks from the infantry, artillery, signal, and other arms and branches. Preceding us two or three similar groups had reported, and following us other shipments of personnel began to arrive in greater numbers.

To make clear the mission of the Z Forces, some explanation of the previous war effort in China proper is necessary. After the Japanese invasion, the Chinese recognized immediately that some air force would be necessary for defense. Their own air force was still pitifully small. Back in the 1920's the Germans had shown an interest in the Chinese situation, especially the possibilities of an air force. German instructors and a certain amount of German equipment had been supplied. The Italians had then become interested and had furnished some military aviation instructors and some little equipment. Following the Italians a few Americans unofficially acted as instructors and organizers of China's infant air force. It will be remembered that during these years aviation, especially military aviation, was not what it is today. Instruction consisted only of the fundamentals of flying. At the time of the Japanese invasion of China relatively few pilots and a small number of obsolete planes were available.

Later, an American aviator, Claire Chennault, who had been retired from the American Army some years previously and who had long been interested in the Far East, organized a civilian group of American flyers to help defend China. This was called the American Volunteer

Group, or the A.V.G.'s. They were all expert airmen and did a great deal for the defense of China, especially in neutralizing some of the early aerial efforts of the Japanese. The story of this small group is a most romantic one and could be the subject of many pages of thrilling adventures.

Later on, after our entry into the war, this A.V.G. group was absorbed into the American Army and became the nucleus of the Fourteenth Air Force. Chennault remained at the head of this organization, attaining the rank of major general. Gradually the force grew but did not at any time rival in size the other air forces of the United States Army. There are several probable explanations for this: One is that in other theaters our air forces were operating with our own ground troops, softening up resistance, breaking lines of communication and supply, and generally covering our advances as well as performing strategical demolitions in the enemy's rear. In the China Theater we had few American combat troops. Ground troops were Chinese with a sprinkling of American observers, liaison teams, instructors, and advisers. A second reason, a weighty one, was the fact that every drop of gasoline, oil, and material of all kinds had to be flown into China over that portion of the Himalaya Mountains called the Hump. This involved the transport of hundreds and thousands of tons of everything from trucks, gasoline, motors, spare parts, and tools, to rations, clothing, small arms, and ammunition. In fact every single item that was available in China had to be flown in over the Hump. Imagine the air transport required for just the gasoline to supply such an air force, bearing in mind that our B-25's were doing regular sea-sweep operations off the China

coast and that the fighters were covering the territory from Manchuria to French Indo-China. Add to this then the ground transport necessary in China to service the various fields, which themselves had to be carved out of earth and rock by coolie labor, and you have some idea of the logistics involved.

Throughout China General Chennault established a system of airfields astounding in its conception and consummation. The construction of these airports transcends the imagination. Literally thousands of coolies were working like ants, digging away a hillside, filling up a gully, doing all their digging with crude, hoelike instruments and moving all the dirt in baskets swung over each end of a short pole carried on the shoulders. To see five or ten thousand of these coolies working on such a project reminds one of nothing so much as an anthill or a beehive. Watching them for an hour or so, one felt certain that it would take years to accomplish their purpose. However, in an amazingly short time the job was done. The foundation was rolled and tamped with huge cylindrical stone rollers drawn by hundreds of coolies, back and forth, until the leveled earth was solid. While this part of the work was being done, hundreds of coolies sat at rock piles and broke up stones day after day with small hammers. When the earthen runway was ready, the carry-coolies came with their baskets and the rock was taken to the prepared strips, again to be rolled and leveled. The building of these many airfields in China was an outstanding achievement in mass labor.

This system of airfields was essentially a number of peripheral landing strips built in echelon around large air bases placed deep in Unoccupied China. Each air base

had its satellite fields, so that actually the entire system consisted of a series of perimeters represented by outlying groups of airfields protecting the deeply placed main bases. Kunming, Luliang, and Chenyi were the three great air bases for the reception of supplies and materiel flown in over the Hump from India. Together with Chungking and Chengtu, they also served as the deeply placed combat air bases for the location of strategical reserves and occasionally for the operation of heavy long-range bombers. Nanning, Liuchow, Kweilin, and Hengyang provided large peripheral air bases, each with several satellite or accessory landing fields. Ahead of these satellite fields were placed a good number of staging fields, which were used for emergency landings and were operated by skeleton crews. The total number of air fields of all kinds was amazing. Many of the staging fields were used as refueling stations, thus materially lengthening the actual time of flight over the combat areas. In some instances these outlying fields were operated after they had been cut off completely by the advance of the Japanese ground troops. In fact, by shipping their supplies by air into these small fields far out in eastern China we found it possible to maintain some of our most distant American ground liaison teams who had been cut off by Japanese advances.

In China proper, then, practically the only American combat units were those of the Fourteenth Air Force. It seemed reasonable to General Stilwell as Theater Commander that their airfields should have some ground protection. The plans of the Japanese for further extending their territory in China were well known, and the loss of these air bases, especially those farthest to the east, pre-

sented a serious problem. This loss would throw our fighters back out of flight range of the combat operations and limit the actual time of the heavy ships over combat zones and sea-sweep areas to an ineffectual period. It was reported that there was some difference of opinion between General Stilwell and General Chennault as to the necessity for this ground protection. This I mention only to suggest some of the complications that had to be surmounted in the operation of the *Z Forces*, whose primary mission might be said to have been to defend the area in which these airfields were contained, and to prevent the Japanese from advancing further into Chinese territory. General Chennault had by this time deservedly become a great figure in China—in fact, to the Chinese, one of the great heroes of the present war. Together with some of his key personnel of the old A.V.G. group, he had apparently come to be very close to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the leaders of his Central Government.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, as head of the Chinese Central Government and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies, apparently had the feeling that, with the help of the Fourteenth Air Force, China could fight her own war if furnished American materiel and supplies. The Chinese people are quite nationalistic. They had been in this war longer than any other single nation. They had accomplished some remarkable military feats. Since the beginning of the Japanese invasion, however, they had gradually traded territory for time in an effort to stabilize the combat front and to prevent occupation of the entire country. The capital had been moved from Nanking, in the eastern part of the nation, to the inland town of Chungking, in the western province of Szechwan, far up

the Yangtze River, beyond the tremendous, incomparable gorges of the Yangtze.

Briefly, the situation seemed to be that China was very anxious to receive American supplies and materiel but quite hesitant about accepting the American personnel necessary to implement a program involving the use of this materiel. Fundamentally the Chinese are inclined to regard with considerable doubt the presence of foreigners in China. This is especially true in the inland provinces where there has not been much contact with other peoples. In all fairness, the reason is obvious: The great nations of the world many years ago in one way or another obtained concessions in China's front yard. Hong Kong, an island off the coast of China, became a British possession, as did Kowloon, the adjoining mainland area. Shanghai, while actually largely developed by the white man, contained concessions occupied by most of the great nations. This was also true of the large Yangtze ports and several coastal cities. As the Chinese see it, it is as if you have a very pleasant estate in the country, your home. Along the front of this estate run a busy highway and a great river. I suddenly come to you one day in company with several of my very strong friends and announce that I am going to occupy a certain section of your front yard along this highway and river and that my friends will occupy certain other portions; that we shall build certain things here and other things there, which will more or less cut off your approach, your view, and your access to the highway and the river. I do not believe you would like it. Neither did the Chinese.

The Y Force was located in an out-of-the-way corner of China and actually operated for the purpose of clearing

Burma and the Burma Road of the Japanese. They presented no serious problem of incoming foreigners. But for China to be faced with an influx of American personnel into the very center of her own country and diffused throughout all her provinces and many of her armies was a different matter indeed. She wasn't sure she wanted it.

Another major complication presented itself. Local politics had, since the Revolution, assumed a military flavor. China until 1912 had had for centuries a consistently strong central government. Her decentralized plan of administration had worked well indeed. It had worked so well in fact that in case of war or invasion the semi-autonomous *hsiens* and villages went right on governing themselves in much the same way regardless of who was in actual authority in the capital. This, by the way, was one of the great sources of Chinese strength in this war. The Japanese pretty generally left the small local governments to those already in charge. As a result, in spite of the plundering, burning, raping, and killing, the actual government went on just about as usual. There is no one so inscrutable as a Chinese. He might appear to collaborate with his Japanese master and yet be the very instrument of his destruction. Certain interchange of commercial articles, travel, government mail, and all sorts of information went back and forth through the Japanese lines constantly. I have in fact many times had Chinese friends tell me, "Well, I won't see you for a little while. I must go over to Shanghai and visit my old mother." Or they might say, "I must go to Canton to get some material." I myself, when having some bush jackets made in Kweilin, was unable to find the proper kind of buttons. The tailor volunteered one day: "Why don't you let me get these for

you in Hong Kong? I have a friend going there tomorrow and he can pick them up for you and bring them back." I had my buttons in just a few days.

So, no matter who the master, Chinese life and Chinese local government went on just about as usual—the cumulative, unchanging system of the ages. In 1912 the Chinese Revolution occurred. One of the great leaders of this movement was a very able British-trained physician, Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The Revolution did away with the existing monarchy and set up a revolutionary government, first in Canton and then in Nanking. As sometimes happens in revolutions, the sudden loss of central authority without the firm establishment of complete revolutionary control resulted in the appearance of a number of local strong men who set themselves up as war lords of various areas. Many of these men were unscrupulous; a few were probably real patriots. One of these strong political figures who allied himself with Dr. Sun Yat-sen was a man named Chiang Kai-shek. In the course of their association over a period of years, Chiang Kai-shek found it advisable to put aside his first wife and marry the sister of the wife of Sun Yat-sen, one of the daughters of the famous T. V. Soong the elder. Soong the elder had developed a small business into enormous proportions and had amassed what was said to be one of the greatest fortunes of the world. Chiang Kai-shek, by his marriage, aligned himself with the so-called Soong Dynasty and its fortune and influence as well as further cementing his friendship with the leader of the Revolution, Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Upon Dr. Sun Yat-sen's death Chiang Kai-shek assumed leadership of the Kuomintang party and of the Central Revolutionary Government. Now this govern-



ment had never been able to exercise its authority over the whole of China. Different war lords held certain areas under their own control and would not recognize the Central Government or any other government but their own. Some of these war lords were very strong. They became immensely wealthy; they supported large armies and collected huge taxes from the populace. It became of course Chiang Kai-shek's ambition to unite these war lords under his own Central Government. In this he was successful in some cases, in others not. In the cases in which he was successful, sometimes the coalition was more apparent than real. This meant, then, that China was filled with intrigue among various leaders. Some gave token recognition to the Central Government but actually ran their own show in much their own way. Since these various chieftains had their own armies, the military situation was exceedingly complex.

Various parts of China then were designated as different war areas, each having its own troops and its own military commander. Often these war areas included several provinces. As an example of how this condition complicated the military situation, if troops from one war area were needed in another war area, the war lord of the first area was hesitant to obey the order sending his troops out of his own war zone, since by doing so he lost control and actual command of his troops. As another instance, let us suppose a battle was taking place and the Japanese retreated behind the boundary of one war area. The probabilities were that the Chinese leader would not have followed his advantage into the next district but would have stopped at his own boundary and shrugged his shoulders, indicating that from then on the problem was

that of the war area commander into whose territory the enemy had retreated. Of course modern warfare cannot be fought on such a basis.

Another complicating factor was that often provincial troops, commanded by the local governor, were the best troops in the area. There might also have been city troops. I have a friend who was severely wounded in the city of Liuchow when inadvertently caught in the line of fire in a battle between provincial soldiers and Central Government troops. In another instance, when the Central Government troops had some dispute with the provincial authorities in a large city over a recruiting problem, a pitched battle resulted. This lasted for three days along the railroad tracks and across one of the main streets of the city, a street habitually traveled by large numbers of American personnel going about their duties.

Unity of command was a thing difficult to achieve. Troops and officers were loyal to their immediate commanders and provinces. Orders from other authorities were sometimes questioned or ignored. I have known, in actual combat, instances where the Chinese field commander ordered battalions, regiments, and other units to certain positions necessary in the course of combat operations, and the officers of these units declined to receive the orders, since they had been directed by telephone from other headquarters, far distant, what they were to do!

The organizational problems then of the Z Forces were tremendous. General Stilwell had selected Brigadier General Malcolm F. Lindsay as their commander. General Lindsay, together with Colonels Frederick Boye and Harvard Bowman and others of his staff, spent several months in Chungking in the early part of 1944, laying the

groundwork for the operation of the Z Forces. The original plan was to provide thirty Chinese divisions with American equipment. But as time passed it became increasingly evident that the materiel available would more nearly equip three divisions than thirty. Air transport over the Hump was insufficient, and great demands were being made for American materiel by our divisions in Europe and in the Southwest Pacific.

Every effort was focused upon obtaining the "go" signal for placing liaison and instructional teams with the armies and divisions designated for the Z Forces. Headquarters were established in temporary buildings near the city of Kweilin. The personnel assigned to the Z Forces were largely held at an American infantry training center that had been set up under General Stilwell's direction by Brigadier General Arms. The Z Forces personnel were used in various instructional capacities about this Infantry Training Center at Kweilin, pending the organization and departure of liaison teams to their respective Chinese divisions.

Kweilin was the site of a large air base for the Fourteenth Air Force. Two operational landing fields had been built, and the Air Force personnel in the area was increasing steadily. A small American hospital had just been set up near the American Service of Supply and Z Forces Headquarters. During the interim of waiting for our plans to get under way I asked to be assigned to duty at this hospital. There was a great deal of eye, ear, nose, and throat work to be done among Americans in the area. Air Force personnel frequently received wounds about the head, face, and eyes. For approximately three months I was very busy at this assignment, and since I was the only trained

ophthalmologist in that part of China, a great many members of the Air Force from different parts of the country were flown in to me for care. It was a great satisfaction to be able to do this sort of thing, since it was in my chosen field, kept me very busy, and was the means of acquiring a large acquaintanceship in China. Some of the worst wounds were those resulting from bullets coming through the plexiglass coverings of the pilots' and gunners' cockpits, shattering the plastic material in such a way that it peppered itself into the flesh. We had only Chinese nurses, but they were largely foreign-trained in either missionary, American, or British hospitals in Hong Kong or Shanghai. Since Kweilin was the great refugee city of the coastal areas, there was never any difficulty in obtaining adequate nursing, secretarial, and stenographic Chinese help.

I soon made contacts with the Kwangsi Provincial Medical school in Kweilin. The Professor of Otolaryngology was an Austrian Jewish refugee from the war and its concurrent race persecutions on the other side of the world. This man had graduated in medicine from the University of Vienna, had had special training in Ear, Nose, and Throat in the famous Hajek Clinic of that city, and was quietly practicing medicine when he was suddenly arrested and thrown into jail. Along with many others he was sent to Dachau Concentration Camp, where for many months he lived a life of horror. Finally he was able to make his way out of Nazi hands and arrived in Shanghai, alive but in dire poverty. Here he was caught by the Japanese invasion but managed to escape, together with his wife, to Kweilin, where as professor he was making barely enough money to buy simple food. Needless to

say, his patients at the Kweilin Medical School presented a wealth of clinical material. We sometimes worked together with these poor people, who too often came to the foreign doctor as a last resort. We did many operations together at the school hospital.

On the first of May the long awaited "go" signal was given. The first liaison team of the Z Forces was to go out immediately to the Forty-sixth Army. This was the best army of the Fourth War Area, which was commanded by General Chang Fah-kwei. The Forty-sixth Army itself was commanded by General Y. T. Li. General Lindsay selected Colonel George Goodridge of Boston, Massachusetts, as Commanding Officer of this liaison team, Colonel George Hayman as Executive Officer, and me as Surgeon. Other arms and branches were represented by officers of appropriate rank and branch, and a small complement of enlisted men was included. We were all much pleased indeed to be selected on this first liaison team of the Z Forces. We were, so to speak, a trial balloon. We were told that the success of the succeeding teams would depend largely upon our efforts. We were to advise, instruct, influence, and supervise. We were to remember that we were guests in the other fellow's house. We were to adapt ourselves as much as possible to the Chinese way of acting, thinking, and living and yet to maintain under all circumstances our American standards, ideals, and principles. It will be seen that this necessitated the continual drawing of fine distinctions.

The first thing that happened was a big Chinese dinner to celebrate the occasion. General Ho Ying-chin, chief of staff to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, came down from Chungking for the dinner, held in the Chinese

section of the Infantry Training Center at Kweilin. Now Chinese are very socially minded, and they are frank and sincere in their graciousness. To the neophyte a Chinese dinner is a formidable affair. Such dinners are held in the best available place, and no detail is so small as to escape the attention of those in charge. Protocol is strictly adhered to. The tables are always round. I have attended hundreds of Chinese dinners, large and small, for the great, the near great, and ordinary people, and I have never yet sat on a chair at the table. Small stools are used. There is a practical reason for this. The smaller the stool, the more people can sit at the table. As a consequence, each table usually seats from nine to fifteen people, and yet is never large enough to place the center out of reach of anyone's chopsticks.

If possible, the Chinese avoid a seating of thirteen. I have often pointed out that while some people in our country also like to avoid the number thirteen we have every reason as Americans to choose it as a number rather than to shun it. Our country started out as thirteen colonies. The crest of the United States of America is surmounted by thirteen stars in a sunburst of glory above the head of an eagle which holds in one of his claws an olive branch equipped with thirteen leaves and in the other claw a group of thirteen arrows. He screams out for all to hear the thirteen-letter words *e pluribus unum*, engraved indelibly upon the crest just above his wings. On his breast is a shield which proudly displays thirteen stripes. On the reverse side of our crest is an unfinished pyramid of thirteen layers of cut stone over which presides an all-seeing Cyclopean eye. Surmounting all are the thirteen-letter words *annuit coeptis*. A long series of lucky thir-

teens have followed me throughout my life. Even in this war, until going overseas, I was in command of the Thirteenth General Hospital.

At large parties listings of the places assigned to each guest are posted near the entrance to the dining hall, enabling each guest to find his place easily. Each table has a host who sits with his back to the door. The honored guest or the highest-ranking person sits directly opposite, facing the door. In front of each person, in addition to his place card, are a pair of chopsticks, a tiny sauce dish about the size of a small ash tray, a handleless china cup about the size of our two-ounce measuring cups, and a china spoon with a short handle. Sometimes the chopsticks are wrapped with soft paper with a fancy twist on the end. The first move is usually to untwist this paper and polish the chopsticks with it and then put the paper down in front of you, where it can be used more or less as a small napkin.

The first dish arrives on a large platter which is placed in the center of the table. This will probably be cold meats of various kinds, with possibly some nuts and other delicacies such as cold jellied tripe and other gustatory triumphs of the six thousand years of Chinese intricate and imaginative cooking. The host will reach out with his chopsticks, pick up the choicest bits from the platter, and will hand them across the table to the honored guest, who receives the food either in his own chopsticks or upon his little sauce dish. Those sitting next the honored guest will probably also be served in this manner by the host, after which everyone reaches into the platter with his own chopsticks and makes selections according to his desire.

About this time the host will propose a toast, to be drunk from the tiny cups which have been filled with a clear liquid called *mau tai*. Now this is a drink of rank, distinction, and authority. A punster might venture to suggest that not the least of these three qualities is its rank . . . smell, for it smells exactly like dirty feet. It tastes like old water-logged shoe leather, and, as it goes down, burns like a mixture of ether, gasoline, and Mexican peppers. There are only three ways to drink in China. One way is *gan bey* ("bottoms up"); another, *suey bien* ("as you please," or, more nearly, "a sip at a time"). The third and often most successful way is to turn your cup bottom side up and explain that you have stomach trouble. The first toast is drunk by everyone, usually standing, and is immediately followed by a personal drink between the host and the honored guest; this is again followed by promiscuous toasting and drinking by all, and it is now everyone's bounden duty to drink at least one cup with everyone else at the table. This stage of drinking is interspersed with trips to other tables to drink with the guests and hosts at those tables, with special friends, or with anyone at all. It's true the cups don't hold much, but by the time the elbow has gone into a permanent state of cramp the amount consumed may be considerable, with the result that less and less attention may be paid to the procession of food delicacies constantly arriving. This is really and truly a shame, for some of these dishes are the very apogee of the culinary art. Fish, soup, cooked greens, chicken and walnuts, sweet and sour pork, sharkfin soup, hundred-year-old eggs, bird's-nest soup, and other items that will often total as many as thirty distinct dishes are served one at a time, each in the center of the table for all



to help themselves to with their own chopsticks. Each bite and tidbit is dunked in soy sauce, according to the diner's taste and inclinations.

After all this gustatory treat the meal itself arrives. A bowl about the size of the one from which you eat your breakfast cereal is placed before you, filled with the most delicious steamed rice that you have ever tasted. Now Chinese rice has a way of being distinctive. Each separate grain stands out by itself and for itself. It is white, glistening, and complete. There is none of the mushy, broken-down, insipid rice without character that one may find elsewhere—that is, unless you are served with a congee course, as sometimes happens. This is almost like a thick rice soup or porridge.

Each village, town, or city in China has been more or less isolated for centuries from direct and actual contact with other parts of the country. As a consequence the experience of the Chinese, aside from their vocations, has been rather limited. So, Chinese are classed, mentally and verbally, by other Chinese according to three criteria: How much can he eat? How much can he drink? How many children has he? Personally, after such a round of courses, I have not been able to eat more than one-half to three-fourths of a bowl of rice, perhaps on a few occasions one bowl. The Chinese will eat from two to five bowls of rice and are classed accordingly as a "two-bowl man" or a "five-bowl man."

As far as drinking is concerned, they are classed again in three categories: One has either "little capacity" or "great capacity" or is a "tiger." It is the practice of Chinese generals and civil officials of importance to have on their staffs a certain number of "tigers," who apparently

hold their position by virtue of being able to drink all their guests under the table without succumbing themselves. Those who contemplate a visit to China should be warned against "tigers." They are really two-fisted and are all especially adept at the finger game, in which the loser does the drinking. This is a popular Chinese game often played at the dinner table. It is based on an instantaneous guess as to the total number of fingers that the two participants will throw out at each other at a given signal. Euphonious little jingles are said as preparatory measures by each participant as he sizes up his opponent and attempts to fix in his mind the total number, which both players call out at the exact moment the jingles are finished. The loser drinks a *gan bey*. It's rough. Ordinarily no drinks are served or drunk after the rice appears on the table. The reason is obvious; the rice is the blotter that soaks up the effects of the drinks. Usually, however, just as the rice is appearing, the host will propose one last drink to "sweep the doorstep." The parties are over by half-past eight or nine o'clock and it is a serious breach of Chinese etiquette to linger more than a few minutes after the meal is finished.

The dinner given our liaison team was quite formal in every respect. In addition to General Ho Ying-chin, all the local dignitaries, both Chinese and American, were present. General Ho Ying-chin's short address was translated into English most ably by Colonel Dave Barrett, an old-time China hand and language scholar. General Ho Ying-chin remarked in his address that he was glad to see from the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star medal, and the *Croix de Guerre* that Colonel Goodridge wore that he was experienced in combat. Even at the time

it seemed a sort of prophecy; and God knows this first liaison team was battered around and given a terrific beating in combat by the Japanese pushing down from the north. Colonel Goodridge in his reply indicated that we were there to help the Chinese in any way we could, that we were starting to hew out a new path in Chinese-American relations, and that the Generalissimo himself, General Ho Ying-chin, and all those in authority could be assured we would do everything in our power to complete our mission successfully.

### III

## The Forty-sixth Army

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE Forty-sixth Army, to which we were assigned, were near the city of Liuchow. The trip from Kweilin to Liuchow would not be a long haul in these United States—in fact, a matter of two or three hours at most. However, in Unoccupied China, with ancient equipment and in a country not geared for celerity and dispatch the journey took all day, all night, and part of the next day. Upon arriving in Liuchow we were met at the train by the commanding general's chief of staff and a number of other officers with the information that temporary quarters had been reserved for us in the Lok Chun Hotel and that the commanding general would be pleased to give us a dinner and reception that evening at six o'clock.

At the appointed hour we met the general, his staff, and the division commanders, chatted over a few cups of tea, and proceeded with the dinner. The general had several "tigers" on his staff, and I was unfortunate enough to have two of them at my table. This dinner was the beginning of a fine and lasting friendship with Colonel Tuan, the Chinese Surgeon of the Forty-sixth Army. He was my opposite in the Chinese setup, the man with whom I was destined to work very closely for a long time. Colonel Tuan immediately attached himself to me in the most

gracious manner and saw to it that I was royally entertained. In true Chinese fashion, after the dinner, he insisted on seeing me home. The going was a little rough, but we made it to my quarters. It soon became apparent to me that I must of necessity return the favor in order to be sure that the Colonel arrived at his hotel safely. After some little discussion we set out and arrived without incident. This was the first time I had ever been in a dyed-in-the-wool Chinese hotel. I was a little uncertain as to what should be done about the Colonel's Chinese currency, with which he was literally loaded down. We talked the matter over with the hotel manager, and he agreed to take the money for safekeeping and give us a receipt for it. We left word with the hotelkeeper to waken the Colonel next morning, since General Li had scheduled an inspection of some of his troops for us at 8 a.m. Now the Chinese are not very time-conscious; at least they were not before contact with Americans. We have been brought up to believe that eight o'clock means eight o'clock or possibly a few minutes before. Promptly on the hour the next morning the officers of our liaison team were all on hand at Headquarters for the inspection. We waited while the General and his staff had their breakfast and all were about ready to go. Colonel Tuan had still not arrived. I hastily dispatched one of the Chinese staff officers down to his hotel for him. They returned all out of breath about nine o'clock, Colonel Tuan dressed in newly varnished boots, fresh uniform, and dress saber, as were the rest of the staff. He gave me an appreciative glance, which sealed once and for all a real friendship. From that moment either of us would have done almost anything for the other.

Colonel Goodridge had decided that the reasonable thing for us to do was to give a party for the General and his staff that evening in return for the one given us the previous evening, especially since our new headquarters would be some thirty miles northwest of Liuchow and we would not again be in direct contact with all these officers, particularly the division commanders and their staffs, for some little time. This party, Chinese-style of course, went off very well, and arrangements were made for some of us to go out to our new headquarters the following day. The exchange of parties had made a great deal of "face" for both Chinese and Americans. Face is a very necessary thing in China, especially in establishing cordial relationships among strangers. We felt we were off to a good start.

It had been raining for several days and during the night the downpour increased until it became torrential. Even the streams in the city of Liuchow were bank-full. We attempted to reach our new headquarters, but bridges and fills were washed out and we could do nothing but wait until they were repaired. The General explained that our location was to be in a small village and that he had commandeered the home of the village headman for our use. A Chinese colonel named Lan had been detailed to our group as liaison officer between General Li and our organization. This officer in some way was able to get out to the village and to return the next day with the news that everything was in readiness, awaiting our arrival. Within four or five days we were able to move bag, baggage, equipment, and vehicles to our new home.

Now in villages the great bulk of the Chinese people live in very poor shacks, thrown up in any way with no

thought of architecture, strength, or appearance. The headman of the village, however, is a powerful person, usually a landowner, and a man of considerable wealth as compared with his fellow villagers. This headman's house is worthy of some description, being typical of such houses throughout China.

As we approached the village we were able to identify the house immediately. It appeared to stand about three stories high, of frame and stucco construction, with flat, concealed roofs, the whole structure painted as white as a well-laundered ghost. The entrance was a wide, timber-arched doorway with a beautiful gold and black legend above, promising all who entered good health, long life, and prosperity. The door entered into a corridor, about twenty feet wide and thirty feet long. On each side of this corridor were large rooms of equal size which had been used by the headman in administering the business affairs of the village and in drinking tea with friends and associates. Opposite the front doorway the high-ceilinged corridor opened on a large stone-flagged court, about forty feet square, completely open above and surrounded on all sides by adjoining parts of the house, two stories in height. In the middle of this court was a high masonry tower, the top of which was some fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the roofs of the surrounding house. At various levels in the tower were octagonal ports with sloping sides permitting a rifle to be trained in any direction. There was also storage space for grain, water, and other supplies. This tower was the ultimate stronghold of the village. Two-story, high-ceilinged apartments and the low kitchen surrounded the central court. The second-story rooms were supported by giant mahogany hand-hewn

timbers. The structure was morticed and pinned with wooden pegs for strength. The rear part of the house had been, of course, the private home of the headman, his *sanctum sanctorum*. Only his most intimate friends and relatives would ever have been allowed in this part. Surrounding the entire structure and enclosing some two to three acres, including a citrus grove, was a strong, high, masonry compound wall.

General Li had completely renovated the house and had papered the walls and ceilings with old Chinese newspapers in order to prevent dust from dropping into the rooms. More than that, under the direction of Colonel Tuan, his Surgeon, the citrus orchard which surrounded the house had been completely cleared of grass, and all low vegetation within the compound wall had been removed, as a safeguard against mosquitoes. Colonel Tuan had also constructed for us what he considered to be an American type of latrine.

A great many of the Chinese officers were trained in Japan. The Japanese control the fly problem, which is ever present in China and Japan, by an ingenious method. It is well known that flies will not often enter a dark place. Consequently, the interior of latrines is approached through a labyrinth very much like those we use in our X-ray and photographic developing and printing rooms. The entire interior is painted with lampblack. While the latrine is not fly-tight in the sense of being screened, according to our ideas, this is to all intents and purposes a quite effective method of discouraging the entrance of flies. I remember that in visiting a military kitchen in Japan some years ago I had before entering remarked about the large number of flies. On arriving in the kitchen,



which was as clean as a pin, I immediately noted the absence of flies and the lack of screening. The Japanese officer asked me whether I had observed the entrance to this kitchen. I realized then that I had entered through a black painted labyrinth and that no flies had followed.

After arrival at our village headquarters it took little or no time to organize our own housekeeping. The chief problem was water. All Chinese villages have a well or a pool from which they get their water, usually filled with vegetative growth and collected rubbish. In the case of a pool, as in this village, stone steps lead down into the water, which is dipped and carried away in buckets. The water is of course continuously contaminated from the feet of the carriers and the buckets in which it is carried. We built a small filter, adequate for our needs, and by boiling our water had no difficulty.

We immediately plunged into the business of acquainting ourselves with the organization of the Forty-sixth Army, its tables of strength and materiel, its personnel, the locations of different units, the actual size of units as compared with their paper strength and the general efficiency of each organization. Interpreters selected and furnished to the Americans were college students who had been drafted into the military service for that express purpose. They all had studied some English and could speak it reasonably well in ordinary conversation. However, in such subjects as medicine, engineering, and tactics their vocabulary was extremely limited, and it was necessary to begin to train them in the terms commonly used in technical conversation.

While in Kweilin I had made a real effort to learn some of the fundamentals of a speaking knowledge of

Chinese. The official language of China is "Mandarin," that spoken in Peiping (Pekin) and the North. Our interpreters, however, were from all parts of China—in fact, more from the central and southern parts than the North. As a consequence of the different dialects used in their native provinces we found that often these interpreters had difficulty making themselves understood to each other when speaking their particular brand of Mandarin. In fact, in order to make themselves understood they continually resorted to the expedient of writing imaginary Chinese characters in the palms of their left hands with their right forefingers. The written language is, of course, uniform throughout China. This confusion of the spoken language discouraged most of us from continuing systematic study of this strange tongue. However, some knowledge of the fundamentals and constant contact with the language produced a certain familiarity with the sounds as spoken by our friends, so that many of us were finally able to understand almost everything without the aid of an interpreter. Since the written language is essentially pictorial, the phraseology of the spoken language seems quaint to us. Instead of having a definite one-word name, a certain bone, for instance, might be called "the bridge that spans the gap" or a particular muscle "the butterfly that flies at night." Gradually technical and scientific names and expressions are being adopted. They are, however, scarcely recognizable as spoken by the Chinese. For instance, aspirin is called "aa-su-pee-lin."

Colonel Tuan, the Forty-sixth Army Surgeon, had himself studied English in college some years before, and he immediately, with constant encouragement, began to acquire more and more a speaking vocabulary in English.

He progressed so rapidly that within about two months we were able to dispense with an interpreter except on special occasions.

Colonel Tuan was most helpful and coöperative. In going with him to his various medical installations and in inspecting the medical detachments of various combat units, I realized increasingly that the Medical Department of the Chinese Army was deplorably inefficient as compared with our own. It soon became apparent why such a condition existed. Taking the most reasonable parallel, I began to review the history of our own military Medical Department. It had grown into a practical, efficient branch of our army almost within the lifetime of one individual. Military medicine during our Civil War was hopelessly inadequate; it was hardly recognized as a department by other branches of the service, and its officers and men received scarcely any training. It is said that in the Spanish-American War many times—about seven times, I believe—as many soldiers died from disease as from Spanish bullets. The Medical Department at that time, while considerably improved over that of the Civil War, was still hopelessly inadequate. This was especially true in the tactical sense. By World War I we had shown more improvement, but our losses from disease were still tremendous. It is only since World War I that the importance of the Medical Department has been appreciated. We now recognize that the tactical disposition and military and scientific training of the Medical Department is important to the success of any combat operation—as important, in fact, as for other departments of the Army. It is a question of morale. A soldier who is kept healthy by preventive medicine, good feeding, and

hygienic surroundings will take the risks of combat without hesitation in case he feels satisfied in his own mind that if he becomes a casualty through sickness or injury he will be well taken care of and given every chance to survive. Furthermore, we now recognize the true cost of training soldiers properly. A well-trained soldier, experienced in combat, has acquired the knowledge of how to root out the enemy and gain his objective and also how to avoid taking unnecessary risks to himself in so doing. He cannot be replaced by a raw recruit, nor can he be replaced by a soldier who has been trained but has not been in combat.

So a little thought on this matter brought me directly to the conclusion that it was of no use whatever to look down one's nose at either the Chinese soldier or the Chinese Medical Department because they suffered by comparison. They have not had the same chance as their counterparts in the Western world. Then again, one must bear in mind the attitude that the true traveler or guest in another country should have. He must continually recognize that the other peoples probably like their country as much as we like ours, and we must respect their customs and manners. China is just beginning to stir around and move herself a little bit out of the feudal age. Decrying this lack and that could not possibly have any other effect than to antagonize our Chinese allies and defeat the very purpose for which we came.

My philosophy then became "Help the Chinese to help themselves." At least we had something with which to start. We had here a Medical Department, largely in name only. It was not recognized as equal to or parallel with the other branches of the Chinese Army. We must make the

best of the situation. In fact, it became more and more apparent that the best policy was not to do things for them, but to help them do them. Keep the burden of accomplishment upon the recipient. Actually, of course, this applies to all human relationships, but it is easy to lose the perspective at times. In fact I talked so much about "Help them help themselves" that the Chinese coined a special descriptive phrase for the idea.

There were very few trained doctors, in the Western sense, in China. Furthermore, there were extremely few facilities for this kind of preparation. Moreover, the fatalistic attitude of the Far East is that a wounded or a sick soldier may be dropped from further consideration; time, money, and expense should not be wasted upon him. Simply get another man and give him a gun and go on with the campaign! In the whole of the Forty-sixth Army there was not a qualified doctor in our sense of the word. Colonel Tuan himself, while a highly intelligent and capable man, had not had adequate medical training. He was a graduate of a short-term military medical school, without proper background or clinical experience. He was, however, very eager to learn of our system, our methods, and our training. He was close to General Li, the Army commander. In hours and hours of discussion and planning we decided how to do this or to do that in order to gain a little ground, to raise the level of the existing Medical Department as much as possible in as short a time as possible.

I began to learn a great deal about the Medical Department of the Forty-sixth Army, and since it was a representative army, about the Medical Departments of all the Chinese armies. Indeed, the Medical Department of

the Forty-sixth Army might be expected to be better than that of most Chinese armies, for the very reason that it was a favorite army of the Fourth War Area commander and for the additional reason that the Surgeon of this army was considerably more capable than the average Chinese army surgeon and, since he stood in the good graces of his commanding general, was able to accomplish many things otherwise impossible. Medical officers were frequently cast-off line officers. Commanding generals in China can appoint officers up to and including the grade of colonel without authority from the Central Government. They can also discharge them. By and large, the Medical Department did not attract the best quality of officers.

Medical soldiers were usually those too weak or stupid for the line. Then, too, a great many officers and soldiers enrolled in the Medical Department because they felt it to be a safe berth. The old-time idea of the Chinese Medical Department was to keep it far behind the enemy lines, out of rifle-fire and shellfire. It was the custom to put the small division hospitals miles and miles behind the enemy lines. In one case in my experience a division hospital was ninety-five miles behind the front, and no amount of persuasion could induce the commanding general or the Surgeon of the army to move it forward. This was not, however, true in the Forty-sixth Army.

Roads are few and far between and usually poor in China. Vehicular transportation was nonexistent in anything like minimum-essential requirements. Motor ambulances were practically unknown. Drivers of even the few trucks that operated in the division supply program were very reluctant to carry back wounded. They could collect a fare from every civilian or soldier they picked up

along the way, so that the trucks were always loaded. Not only were they loaded; they were always overloaded. It is simply beyond imagination how the Chinese load their trucks with people, pigs, chickens, rice, garden produce, wheelbarrows, bicycles, babies, and all sorts of impedimenta piled up to the point of bursting and overflowing. The trucks were practically all very decrepit, and most of them burned charcoal gas produced by a homemade burner built from two gasoline drums welded together and hung on the side of the truck. Tires were old and worn out. How the Chinese ever kept them running is a mystery to the Western mind. It can only be a result of their innate patience and understanding coupled with their natural manual dexterity.

The Chinese scheme of medical evacuation called for two litter-bearers per company to return the wounded to the battalion or regimental aid station. From there they were to be sent back to the division hospital and thence to medical units in the zone of communications. Now it takes two very strong men to carry a third man on a litter for any distance. In China battle casualties are tremendous. A great deal of the fighting was by frontal assault, eventuating in practically hand-to-hand combat. Even two good strong litter-bearers per company in any sort of action would not be nearly enough. In looking over the Chinese litter-bearers, I realized at once that they were the poorest and the weakest men in the division.

We began immediately then a program of selection of medical corps soldiers, of improved feeding, and of instruction in fundamental first aid. New units were organized, old ones were bolstered, and a system of rotation was established for attendance at a central medical train-

ing school set up near the headquarters of the Forty-sixth Army. In order to obtain the best instructors for this school, we carefully checked and interviewed all the medical officers. A program of training within each medical unit was drawn up and carried out under the supervision of Colonel Tuan and myself. Soon the Chinese commanding general began to be infected with our enthusiasm and gave us every possible assistance in our medical plans. Colonel Tuan and I held many long conferences with him. The whole program was so foreign to the Chinese concept that it seemed nothing short of marvelous that so many obstacles could be overcome so quickly.

Liuchow is in the semitropical part of China down near the Indo-China border. The country is a rolling plain from which small steep mountains arise in the most astounding fashion. These mountains are solid rock. In practically all of them the softer rock has eroded, leaving many natural caves. The Chinese often used these caves as living quarters, and a great many of the best ones as warehouses for the storage of military supplies. Rice, tobacco, soybeans, and citrus fruits are raised in abundance. The rolling plain furnishes good pasture for the water buffalo, cattle, and horses. In the course of our duties it was necessary for Colonel Tuan and me to visit many out-of-the-way villages and places. The Chinese divisions were scattered over a very large area, since the soldiers were quartered in villages and civilian compounds.

We used to ride horseback on a good many of these trips. The horses were exceedingly small, about the size of our Shetland ponies. Many weighed not over four hundred pounds and were so tiny that my feet almost dragged on the ground. They are sturdy little animals,



however, and will plod along all day carrying a man that weighs almost half as much as they do. The horses were all trained to follow one behind the other, making it difficult to ride alongside a companion. This also follows the Chinese custom. The commanding general rides first, his chief of staff next, and the other officers in order of rank. One must be careful in riding not to get into such a position as to cause a fight between the horses. The mares are quiet enough but the horses are all stallions. I have asked many times why the Chinese do not castrate their horses in order to use selective breeding and improve the strain, and the invariable answer was that such a practice would be too cruel.

These little stallions fight each other at the drop of a hat, and if one horse gets out of position or too close to another, the fun begins. I well remember one time when a division commander, Colonel Goodridge, and I were riding along a rough and rocky towpath along a small river on a visit to one of the division installations. At a point high above the river on the very edge of a fifty-foot cliff the general's horse wheeled like a cat and went after my horse, throwing the general, luckily, into the rocks on the upper side of the path rather than over the cliff into the river. Although the general was seriously injured, he insisted on proceeding. He spent many days in bed as a result of his fall.

Another Chinese custom is that of having a horse attendant or *ma-fu*. Now the *ma-fu*'s particular care is the little horse assigned to him. He is actually the horse's servant. He not only takes care of the horse after a fashion but must accompany it wherever it goes. In all the many miles that I have ridden horseback in China, I have never

been able nor have I ever seen anyone else who was able to divorce the *ma-fu* and his horse. He brings the horse saddled to you, holds his head while you get on, and then starts off down the path, leading the animal by the short reins. If you indicate that you want him to let you have the horse, he will protest but finally acquiesce. He will then trot along ahead of you no matter how far you ride, and if you attempt to change the course from that followed by the *ma-fu* you have a job on your hands. I have seen a good many people thrown trying to make the horse go a different way around a pond or an obstacle from that taken by the *ma-fu*.

Sometimes Colonel Tuan and I would break away from our *ma-fus* and ride ahead of them a short distance to our destination, where the horses would always be very restless and excited in the hands of strange soldiers who took them over from us until the *ma-fus* arrived. Immediately on the arrival of the *ma-fus* the horses would quiet down and be as satisfied as a baby with a bottle.

One of the most distressing things I have ever witnessed was an occasion when Colonel Tuan's *ma-fu* and his horse were separated. We had gone in a motor vehicle several miles to attend a conference. His *ma-fu* was to bring the horse to this village, whence Colonel Tuan was to ride to another village and I was to return by motor. The *ma-fu* and the horse were to be on hand by a certain time. The hour passed and they did not arrive. Another hour and still another passed. Colonel Tuan finally decided to ride back with me, meet his *ma-fu* and horse on the way, and strike out across country to the other village. About halfway back down the road we came upon the *ma-fu* trudging along, crying as if his heart would break.

Now this man was probably forty-five years old, and this is the only time I can remember seeing an adult male Chinese cry. The *ma-fu* explained that as he was leading the horse along the road a truck passed by very close to them and frightened the horse, so that he jerked away and ran along in front of the truck until out of sight. The *ma-fu* had gone up and down the road and back and forth and been unable to find him. He had inquired of farmers and truck drivers and soldiers, but to no avail. A grown man crying calls for some sort of action. It may be that he was crying as much for fear of punishment as anything else; I don't know. At any rate, we turned around and spent all the rest of that day hunting the horse and finally found him about a mile off the highway up in the hills. I must say that the horse seemed as delighted to see the *ma-fu* as the *ma-fu* did to see the horse.

Our headquarters in the village headman's house was always being visited on one pretext or another by many local Chinese dignitaries, both civil and military. We became expert, I believe, in Chinese protocol, in just when to serve tea, when to serve tea and cakes, when and whom to invite to dinner and when, and how to practice the great art of indirectional conversation. The Chinese do not naturally make a direct approach to anything. They are masters of indirection, deviation, and insinuation. A Chinese will visit you and talk pleasantly for perhaps an hour or longer. His conversation will be such that you probably are wondering why he came and what he wanted. Not until he has gone do you suddenly realize that he has explained what he wishes in such a way as to conceal the flower of his thought with all sorts of shrubbery. Now to the Chinese themselves this is a matter of course. To us

it was a matter of education, not only in perception of their ideas but in placing our thoughts before them as well. In our first encounters I am afraid we often remembered the old saw that defines "repartee" as being what you think of in the taxicab on the way home.

Have you ever lived without lights, without running water, without furniture, without beds, in a foreign country, among people speaking a strange tongue, thinking and acting in strange ways? If you have, you have some notion of how lonely the long, balmy, tropical evenings were in this village near Liuchow. Sometimes Colonel Tuan would stay for the evening meal, and we would sit through the dusk and far into the night, perhaps in our quarters, perhaps on the edge of the beautiful little lake near by, discussing every manner of thing under the sun. If the meeting of intellects is a thrilling experience, the probing of a Chinese intellect is doubly so. The Chinese is essentially a modest person. He depreciates everything Chinese. It is his natural bent to make you feel that you yourself, your family, your lands, your fortune, your country are the most important in the world. This is true not only of conversations between a Chinese and an American or other foreigner; it is true of those between Chinese. He is able to do this without losing one vestige of his own quiet dignity or self-respect. He carries the accumulated dignity of the ages.

In the soft, warm summer evenings Colonel Ray Lovell and I often wandered down to the village square. Everyone knew us and we had come to know a good many of the villagers, the blacksmiths, the shopkeepers, the charcoal merchants, and even many of the people who brought in produce to the market held every other day in

the village square. When you visit a Chinese you do him a great honor. We often stopped at the shops facing on the square and were invariably invited in, given the best seats in the house, and served with the tea reserved for distinguished visitors. These kind, simple folk were most charming. Their politeness was not superficial; they were truly glad to have us in their village, even though our coming had forced their own headman to move into lesser quarters.

One evening Colonel Lovell and I were surprised to see that four or five benches had been placed on one side of the square in front of the shop where we were having tea at the moment, with a dignified, benign old gentleman with a long white beard and mustaches. Our friend told us that we were to be entertained that evening with Chinese opera, rendered by the villagers themselves. I don't know whether you are familiar with Chinese opera. As usually produced, it strikes the Western ear as a curious combination of falsetto screeching and squalling, combined with the most unmelodious din from an aggregation called an orchestra. However, opera as rendered by these villagers was perfectly delightful. They had a number of Chinese violins and a few cymbals and gongs. The various musicians themselves took the parts, but they sang them in a soft falsetto and passed the dialogue back and forth in such a way that even we could understand something about what they were saying.

Chinese opera is interminable, but in spite of the length of this one, we were so pleased by the performance that the villagers themselves were pleased by our appreciation. Thereafter, for as long as we were in the village some of our liaison team went to the square every evening, and

our appearance was a signal for the minstrels to begin and the tea to be served. It is no offense to get up and leave a Chinese opera at any time, to come at any time, to converse or do almost anything you wish. The Chinese are as natural as children—they do what they want to do when they want to do it. We always had an enjoyable time, drinking tea with the different villagers, visiting from one shop to another, and listening to the music all the while.

We were all working very hard. We were putting in long hours. We were beginning to accomplish things. The Chinese military of the Forty-sixth Army had accepted us wholeheartedly. They were glad to receive our instruction and welcomed our suggestions. We had great plans for the future. Suddenly, our semitropical dreams were rocked by the news that the Japs, who had already captured Changsha and were moving down toward the rail junction at Hengyang, had practically surrounded that city. We, the Forty-sixth Army and the American liaison team assigned to it, were to be sent to the north, to engage the Japs in an effort to stop their advance or divert them from coming down the railroad line all the way to Kweilin. The Americans and Chinese in Kweilin were very uneasy. There was already talk of evacuating the city; of giving up the tremendous air bases there. The time had come to go into combat, together with our Chinese friends.

## IV

### The Kweilin Phase

DEFINITE ORDERS FOR THE move of the Forty-sixth Army finally arrived at 3:30 a.m. on the morning of the day following our receipt of warning orders. This was the beginning of the second week of June, 1944. We had already had five weeks of intensive training with them in the Liuchow area. All branches of our liaison team had made notable progress, not only in the establishment of cordial give-and-take relations with the Chinese military, but in actual training, supervision, and reorganization. Our orders indicated that we were to proceed to Kweilin for the defense of that city. The Chinese Tenth Army, occupying the city of Hengyang, had been surrounded by the Japanese and by-passed in their drive toward the key city of Kweilin, some 250 miles to the southwest. To lose Kweilin would mean the loss of the two American air bases near this city, the stores of war materiel collected there, and the opening up of a direct route for the Japanese from their strategical reserve in the Changsha-Tungting Lake area through to Nanning, another large American air base, and thence to French Indo-China. The Fourteenth Air Force would be compelled to retire all the way back to Kunming as their base of operations, leaving only a few intervening staging fields to the east. This would greatly hamper sea-sweeping operations as well as

those against the Japanese forces in the coastal areas. They would then be unable effectively to reach the Japs pushing down in a southerly direction from Hengyang along the Hengyang-Canton Railroad and those pushing in a northwesterly direction along the same road and railroad. If these two columns were permitted to join they would cut off a very large slice of southeastern China and secure for the Japanese the only important lines of communication in this entire area.

Our American liaison team was ordered to have everything ready for loading on the railroad cars at 5 p.m. on the day of the receipt of the orders. The train, however, did not arrive until about 9 p.m. After some difficulty in loading heavy equipment, jeeps, and weapons carriers without any loading platform and in packing in various Chinese units and their impedimenta, we were ready to proceed about midnight. Military trains in China are not conducted with the precision and discipline to which we are accustomed in the American Army. Also, it has been the custom of the Chinese for centuries to carry their wives, families, and light household equipment along with them. In the car assigned to the American personnel Colonel Lan, our Chinese liaison officer, and Colonel Tuan, the Forty-sixth Army Surgeon, put their wives and families. To us, it was simply beyond comprehension for an army officer to take his wife and family into a combat area. In the Chinese part of the train women, children, cooking pots and pans and kettles, bedding, and even some small articles of furniture were crowded into a seemingly hopeless mass of confusion.

After another slow-motion journey of about thirty hours over a normal three-hour course, we sighted Kweilin



and its fantastic terrain. People who have never been in this part of China refuse to believe that the terrain is as pictured in paintings or even in photographs. I remember that one of the fascinating Frye's Geographies I studied as a small boy in grade school contained a photograph of this unusual terrain. This picture had stamped itself indelibly upon my memory.

The area around Kweilin is in general flatter than that near Liuchow. Rising abruptly from this flat plain are the most fantastic mountains I have ever seen. They appear like inverted icecream cones. They are rocky, precipitous, and strangely beautiful. One's first impulse is to doubt one's own eyes. There simply cannot be real mountains like these! Your mind turns to the illustrations in *Alice in Wonderland* and some of the Walt Disney color films. The rock strata of these mountains are tilted and contorted, some horizontal, some vertical, some tilted into V-shapes, U-shapes, and zigzag lines. Here, as in the Liuchow area, the softer rock has eroded, leaving caves in the hard ligneous stone. Many of these caverns are huge. One within the city of Kweilin itself just behind the provincial medical school is more than a half mile long. It extends all the way through the mountain from one side to the other. It rambles from one level to another through many devious corridors branching off from the large central passage. This cave was said to have an air-raid capacity of fifty thousand people. Small streams within the vaults and corridors were a sufficient source of water for the sheltered populace. An electric lighting system within the cave itself produced the necessary illumination and the power for a large moving picture theater. Some of the branching corridors were filled with various food and other

stores. Practically every mountain has one or more of these caves of varying size, all used as shelters, warehouses, and even living quarters for military troops, guards, and civilians.

On arriving in Kweilin we were most happy to learn that General Li, the Forty-sixth Army commander, had reserved rooms for the Americans of our team in the Lok Chun Hotel and that he was pleased to have a small dinner for us that evening. The Chinese never have a big dinner. When you are invited to such an affair you are told in the most depreciating terms that it is to be a small dinner and that very poor dishes will be served. It may be a perfect banquet, with thirty or more courses, and the best available wine.

Some years ago the Chinese Government organized what is called the China Travel Service, with the hope that foreign visitors and tourists would find accommodations pleasing enough and sufficiently Western in character to encourage extensive travel throughout China. The Lok Chun Hotel in Liuchow as well as that of the same name in Kweilin were hotels controlled by this travel service. They were operated according to the Chinese idea of the Western fashion and, most important of all, were equipped with running water, flush toilets, and a few bathtubs. These conveniences were in a continual state of disrepair and nonperformance but seemed nevertheless quite an improvement over the native Chinese accommodations.

It must not be assumed, however, that running water was drinking water. No water in China should be drunk without having first been thoroughly boiled and then brought to you without being contaminated after boiling.

Also, the water was of the consistency of Missouri River water and the color of a pale Burgundy, owing to the red soil in the vicinity. Clothing washed in this water was permanently dyed. However, it was wet and cool, and if used in copious quantities, served reasonably well to dilute the skin crust so easily and quickly acquired in China. We appreciated indeed the General's gracious kindness in providing us with temporary quarters in this hotel in order that we might have a bath and sleep in a comfortable bed for one night.

The next day our American contingent moved over to its assigned quarters in one of the middle schools of Kweilin. The literacy rate in China is not high, but public education has made considerable progress in the last twenty years. As a consequence, each city of any size had several primary and middle schools as well as a few high schools. The school buildings and compounds, together with old temples, constituted about the only available structures that could be set apart for the use of the military. Since the Chinese did not like to give up their schools altogether, the classes were crowded into a small section of the school compound, while the military, with its attendant families and possessions, occupied the rest. The middle school to which we were assigned in Kweilin was no exception. There were school children all over the place as well as soldiers, officers, and their families including small children, from infants to those of school age. These schools were usually located in a large compound with a central courtyard surrounded by one-story, frame classrooms furnished only with benches. Window glass was very seldom used in these buildings, the windows being covered with thin paper.

For an American group to move into such a hodge-podge was rather a severe jolt. The Chinese are above all things curious. They consider it no breach of etiquette whatever to crowd into your quarters and watch you complete your toilet, set up your cot, and make your bed, and within five minutes they probably know as much about the contents of your baggage as you do. Men, women, and children stand in open-mouthed, wide-eyed amazement at the many curious gadgets and strange customs exhibited by these fabulous *Mei gua ren* ("Americans").

Sanitary arrangements were of the usual Chinese variety—no need to ask the location of the latrine; simply sniff and follow your nose. The Chinese use the squat technique and resent very much indeed any change. The comfort of an American stool is abhorrent to them. Evacuation of body wastes is something to be done expeditiously and forgotten, with no thought of comfort or sanitation.

The Japanese were reported to be gradually pushing down the railroad and highway in a southwesterly direction from Hengyang toward Kweilin. The city was in near panic. Every road and path leading in a south and westerly direction out of Kweilin was crowded with evacuees, thousands walking, a few being carried in sedan chairs, a few on litters, many in carts drawn by horses, water buffalo, and cattle, many being pushed by other members of their families or hired coolies, hundreds in rickshaws, some in wheelbarrows, and a few on bicycles. Every family was carrying its most treasured possessions that could be transported.

The universal method of transportation in China is by means of the yo-yo stick. This is a stout pole six or seven

feet long, at each end of which is fastened a large basket or other carrying utensil, filled with anything from food to furniture or babies. The pole is swung over the shoulders, and the Chinese trots down the road for hours on end with the load that may be almost as much as the weight of the coolie himself. In fact, I have often seen Chinese assisting each other to lift their burden in order to stand upright under the horizontal pole. Once upright the man, or often woman, trots along at a pace that would be completely fatiguing to us of the Western world. Balancing the load is important, and many times the coolies will load up the light end with rocks rather than disturb the arrangement of the burden in the heavy basket!

The railroad station was jammed with people, goods, and chattels. Every outgoing train was loaded from the brace rods under the cars to the roofs. The engines, tenders, and pilots were covered with Chinese hanging on wherever they could get a handhold or a toehold. Space between the cars was obliterated with human bodies. The pressure was so great that the crowds could not be controlled. They simply got on the train wherever and whenever they could. Every empty car in the yards was quickly loaded to utmost capacity by these frantic people. They lived for days on end in the space occupied by their own bodies, hoping against hope that sooner or later a locomotive from somewhere would hook onto the car and pull it out of town. Imagine the tragedy and disappointment when, after waiting and waiting, a locomotive finally did hook on and pull the cars out of town—in the wrong direction. This happened a number of times. Indeed, it came to be the only way cars could be made available for the loading of the few supplies that were shipped to the

troops at the front to the north of the city. The poor things piled off the cars like rats leaving a sinking ship. Loss of personal property, injury, and even death ensued, adding to the hysteria and confusion. Food was a problem, sanitation nonexistent, birth, death, sickness, and injury continuous occurrences. It was an indescribable mess.

Although the American air bases were being bombed several times every moonlight night, mercifully the Japs did not attack, to my knowledge, the railroad station, the yards, or the roads and paths leading out of town. Later in the game, however, when a similar evacuation panic existed at Liuchow, they did bomb the railway station and the yards in that city.

To our consternation, we learned that plans were already being made for the evacuation of the Kweilin area by the Americans. Within the next few days this very thing occurred. General Arms's Infantry Training Center was abandoned and the personnel sent back by convoy to Kunming. The American Service of Supply installations and units followed suit. Transport was not available for a great deal of the equipment. The American hospital was also abandoned, stores being either destroyed or given to such people as remained as representatives of the American Red Cross, British Aid Group, and other similar agencies. At the hospital I was able to select the few surgical instruments, drugs, and supplies that I felt I could transport and handle. These served me in good stead later when we moved north to meet the Japs in an effort to neutralize their steady, relentless, accordion-like progress down the Hengyang-Kweilin corridor.

Colonel Goodridge, Colonel Hayman, and I, after studying the situation, could not reconcile the Jap ad-

vance with the precipitous evacuation of the city. We knew that Kweilin was filled with Jap agents, both actual Japanese and Chinese collaborationists. We knew that they were there for the prime purpose of fomenting panic and defeatism among the populace. We knew that certain special Jap agents had been sent into the area for the purpose of assassinating both Chinese and American officers. We knew there was a price on our heads. We knew that that price as set by the Japanese was CN \$800,000 for the killing or capture of an American colonel. Various grades and ranks had their own prices. The Japanese had announced over their radio the names of certain of us they were most eager to liquidate. On several occasions they actually went through the roll call by name of the members of various units of the Fourteenth Air Force.

Tension and panic were in the air. Needless to say, we always traveled in pairs and with cartridges in the barrels of our weapons. Primitive instincts of self-preservation subconsciously asserted themselves. We were as wary as cats, careful about getting into a compromising position or any situation in fact that we could not clearly dominate. I can assure you that we drew a good many long, deep breaths at the thought of our predicament. The rest of the Americans were moved back to safety, while we remained or would probably even go forward. We were constantly surrounded by masses of people, any one of whom might have caused us serious difficulty. A shot from a doorway or a roadside market booth might have come at any time. In the nervous state of tension existing, any little disturbance might have magnified itself or have been deliberately magnified by agitators and agents until the people became a hysterical mob, capable of anything. In

spite of this tense situation, so far as I know, no casualties to American personnel occurred.

One of the great political and military figures of China is General Bei Shung-shi. He is a native of Kwangsi province, in fact of the village of Ehr Tang, the location of the air base near Kweilin. General Bei was deputy chief of staff to the Generalissimo and a power in his native province of Kwangsi. He was also head of the Mohammedan group in China—a position of considerable eminence. The General had arrived at this station in life without the benefit of background of great wealth and power. His home in Kweilin would be a credit to any city. General Bei's mother had also become famous in China. She had attained a great age and had wielded a strong influence for many years.

Shortly after I first arrived in Kweilin a great party was held in celebration of her ninetieth birthday. Age is respected, admired, and venerated probably more in China than any other country. Many famous people sent presents of great value. It was said that the Generalissimo himself contributed a large sum to underwrite the celebration. All the newspapers carried stories for days about the callers, the gifts, the contributors, Madame Bei herself, and the fact that she wished the poor to benefit from the many lavish presents she received. In addition to having many friends among the great, she was also a favorite popular figure.

One morning a member of General Bei's staff telephoned and asked for an appointment to talk over a matter of deep interest to the General and his entire household. On arrival he explained that when the first evacuation of Kweilin had occurred, Madame Bei had gone to a private



home of hers up in the hills for safety, that she was very old and frail, and that she had contracted a bad cold which she had been unable to get rid of even after returning to the warmer Kweilin climate. Now she seemed worse, was running a high fever, and was unable to take any nourishment. They had had the best available Chinese doctors, but she had not improved. General Bei wondered if I would be so kind as to pay her a professional visit and expressed the hope that I might take charge of her case.

I asked that the Chinese doctor in charge of the case, and his assistants, be present and readily agreed to see her. There are some people who have a presence that charges the atmosphere no matter what the circumstances. Madame Bei was one of those people. She was unbelievably small. Her feet, dwarfed by binding, could not have been more than four inches long. She was thin and feverish, and her skin was dry and rough. She lay completely impassive on her hard Chinese bed, surrounded by affluence and attention. Her eyes were as black, sharp, and intelligent as any I have ever seen. She was courteous but obviously reserved judgment on this foreign doctor and his strange ways. As she talked her face mirrored her words so strongly that had I not known a word of Chinese I think I would have understood. Character was evident in every line of her withered, shrunken face.

The immediate problem was obviously one of inanition and water loss. Consultation with the Chinese doctors resulted in the administration of intravenous fluids and feeding. I saw her often for several weeks. Lieutenant Colonel Sam Prevo of the Fourteenth Air Force and Major Randolph Shields of my own staff were added to

the already large consulting group. The head of the Consolidated Medical Schools at Chengtu was flown down by the Chinese military from Chungking. In spite of pulmonary and many other complications, Madame Bei recovered her usual frail health and lived for many months, finally to die in the end of the lung ailment she had had for many years.

For the first several days that I was in almost constant attendance I became practically a member of the family. General Bei and his mother and I became quite good friends. Meals were severely plain but wholesome. The calm atmosphere of a well-ordered household prevailed throughout all as an evidence of the continued character and influence of this remarkable woman. Major Shields, who was born and reared in China and knows the Chinese as few Americans do, considered it the greatest honor of his career to have been in attendance upon the great Madame Bei. Madame Bei, as she improved, displayed more and more friendliness, graciousness, and wit. Her intellect seemed inextinguishable. One of the most interesting persons I have ever met, she was surely one with great character, determination, and will power, without which she would certainly never have survived as long as she did.

A few days after our arrival in Kweilin General Li announced to us that it was his mission to defend the city of Kweilin and not the Kweilin area and that he had been instructed to dispose his troops in such a way as to defend the city itself. We were perfectly astounded; we could not believe our ears. We had been told that similar instructions had been given to the Tenth Army in the defense of Hengyang. They had apparently not been per-

mitted to dispose themselves in the most defensible area adjacent to Hengyang but had cooped themselves up in the city with the idea of defending it building by building and street by street. Now it appeared that the same mistake was to be made in Kweilin. Furthermore, the Chinese idea of defense tactics was exactly the opposite of ours. The Chinese began in the center of the defense objective and built fortifications toward the periphery, while our peripheral defense positions receive first attention. We have learned to take advantage of favorable defensive terrain. We have learned to throw out delaying parties that will enable our forces to escape to fight another day if the battle goes against us. It was apparently a part of the Chinese military code to take a defensive central position and hold it to the last man.

Our entire American staff protested. We went out on extensive reconnaissances of the terrain to the north and east of Kweilin and selected defensive positions. Some sixty miles to the north, the railroad and highway were cut transversely by the Yellow Sands River. There was no bridge across this river, only one ferry barge. The hilly terrain was such that delaying parties could operate to the north of the river, both in frontal and flanking situations. South of the river, that is, on the Kweilin side, was a range of high, rough hills offering very strong defensive positions. The railroad and road made their way through these hills by means of several small defiles, cuts, and narrow passes. The defense positions were ideal.

Using available maps and reconnaissance sketches, we drew up detailed plans for the defense of this Yellow Sands River area. We took General Li and his staff out with us and went over the whole thing with them on the

ground. They reluctantly agreed that our plan was sound, but the General explained that his orders were specific and did not permit of his disposing of his troops outside the city of Kweilin. Had it not been for the cordial relationship and mutual respect that we had acquired in the five weeks we had been with this army in the Liuchow area, I feel sure that the result would have been a complete impasse. Finally, after a week or ten days of telephonic negotiations and consultations, General Li was given authority to place a few delaying parties outside the city, but was never given authority to develop the Yellow Sands positions, which was actually the key to the city of Kweilin.

Immediately on arrival, General Li had begun the construction of pillboxes in the streets and buildings of Kweilin. The terrain within the city itself was well used in his plan. His peripheral defense was made strongest on the edge of the city at the entrance of the road and railroad from the north. We felt this to be a mistake. Together with other members of our American team, we had made reconnaissances of the surrounding country, visualizing various areas of approach to the city, keeping constantly in mind that the Jap military mind followed a pattern from which it seldom if ever deviates. The Jap always preceded his advances with an accordion-like advance and retreat maneuver, bringing up his main body behind this accordion movement. He was never in a hurry. As he approached, he split his forces and bypassed the main objective, leaving the poor Chinese holed up and waiting the next move and the inevitable end.

In addition to ground reconnaissances, several airplane surveys of the Kweilin approaches were made. The

American air bases lay to the west and south of the city. A corridor between a range of low hills to the west led directly down to the plain on which the two large air bases and the Infantry Training Center were located. It was our belief that the main body of Japanese would come down this corridor, for certainly the military objective was the two American air bases and the Sino-American Infantry Training Center—not the city itself. Actually, this is exactly what happened when the Japanese finally did arrive in the Kweilin area. Again we were unable to do anything about the defense of this corridor because of General Li's specific orders that he was to defend the city of Kweilin.

By the time a week or ten days had elapsed since our arrival in Kweilin we were convinced that the Japanese advance was not as rapid as had been feared. The Sino-American Infantry Training Center had been evacuated. Only a skeleton staff of the American Service of Supply and Z Forces Headquarters had remained. The Fourteenth Air Force had reduced its personnel in the Kweilin area to the absolute operational minimum. The city itself was largely evacuated. Shops were boarded up, restaurants were closed, markets were but a token of their former size. The American Red Cross had been occupying a large modern building on the bank of the river near the center of Kweilin. They had also departed, bag and baggage. The American Consul, Mr. Arthur R. Ringwalt, and his assistant, Mr. Richard Service, our liaison team, and one or two Air Corps intelligence officers now constituted the entire American population of Kweilin. The American missions had gone. They had turned over their

hospital, clinics, surgical and drug supplies to us to use or dispose of as we could or wished.

As soon as the Red Cross left I took Colonel Goodridge through the Red Cross building and had no difficulty whatever in getting him to move our team from the overcrowded odoriferous middle school into it. Here we had de luxe quarters. In fact, the building was so large that we rattled about in it like peas in a pod. We each had a private room! Our Chinese cooks had been persuaded to stay with us, and they took over the Red Cross kitchen and its equipment and turned out wonderful meals, served in great splendor in the large dining room of the building. Also, we now had places to receive our many visitors, most of whom, aside from military officials, came seeking assistance in obtaining transportation out of the city. We lived like kings. We had plenty of rations of practically everything from those abandoned when the evacuation occurred. I am sure that our presence in the city had somewhat of a stabilizing effect on some persons, less excitable than the others, who had remained. However, the city now began to fill up with evacuees pouring in from the north and east ahead of the Japanese advance.

The Red Cross building was only a few hundred yards from the American Consulate, and we visited back and forth a good deal. The second floor balcony at the consulate provided comfortable ringside seats for the nightly bombing shows. The Jap planes would come over at the same time night after night, especially during the light of the moon. Sometimes they came in waves about a half hour apart. Many times they were impudent enough to come in with their lights on. Several times a Jap followed our planes in as if to make a landing, then pulled up and

dropped his bombs helter-skelter about the airport. We watched the planes circle around with their lights on after laying their eggs, swearing at our own impotence but realizing that after all they did very little real damage. Actually they were poor shots. Occasionally they would hit a gasoline cache that would burn with the continued brilliance of the bomb flashes. They seemed to have plenty of assistance from the ground. Frequently we would see flares and flashes that guided them. In spite of a constant and vigorous roundup of suspects, signs of enemy agents were legion.

According to our calculations, even if nothing stopped the Japanese advance they would probably not arrive in the Kweilin area until the last of August or later. In our own councils of war we decided that if we were to stay with the Forty-sixth Army, in the city of Kweilin, and be surrounded and cut off by the Japanese, we would do well to raise our combat efficiency as much as possible in the meantime. After consultation with the remaining staff at Z Forces Headquarters, we presented our training plan to General Li for approval. This training seemed wise for two reasons; first, to keep everyone busy, which would tend to keep up morale and reduce the tendency to hysteria and panic; secondly, to perfect ourselves and the Forty-sixth Army in defense tactics and the use of the American rifles, mortars, signal equipment, and other materiel that had been issued about the time we reported at Liuchow. Colonel David Craig and his artillery liaison team had been recalled, from a most precarious position in the path of the Japanese advance, to the Infantry Training Center at Kweilin. He and his group were temporarily attached to our team by Z Forces Headquarters

and assisted in this training program. Infantry, artillery, ordnance, signal, and medical training programs were instituted, either at the I.T.C. or at the location of the units being trained.

Colonel Tuan and I set up a four-week training schedule for officers and enlisted men of the Medical Department at the old Infantry Training Center. This program was so designed that we could give all the medical officers of the Forty-sixth Army four weeks of intensive training provided we had eight weeks in which to do it. As things turned out, we were very lucky to be able to complete the first four weeks of this program and give half the medical officers this training before being called into actual combat to the north.

I believe this four weeks of training was one of our best accomplishments in China. Anticipating actual combat in the near future, the Chinese were very eager and receptive. A large part of the training consisted of actual field problems carried out in the terrain around the I.T.C. The fallacies of having the Medical Department far away from the firing line were demonstrated. Modifications of the Chinese evacuation system were worked out and used with great effectiveness later in combat.

During this time Colonel Tuan and I also worked out in detail our plan for medical care and evacuation in the defense of Kweilin. We located and set up the three division hospitals in various parts of the city. We established first aid posts and battalion, regimental, and division dressing stations. We planned routes of evacuation by motor and litter-carrying. General Hsu Sei-ling, the Surgeon General of the Chinese Army, came to Kweilin during this time to see what could be done to improve the



medical situation. We persuaded him to leave two Chinese general hospitals, located some ten miles down the river from Kweilin, to serve as reservoirs for wounded evacuees from our division hospitals. After consultation with Dr. Flowers, British Red Cross representative of the B.A.G. (British Aid Group), we made arrangements with General Hsu Sei-ling to have Dr. Flowers set up his orthopedic units, consisting of seven British doctors and six British nursing sisters, at Lolung, a small village along the road and railroad between Kweilin and Liuchow. This village happened to have suitable buildings and would provide a reservoir for patients requiring orthopedic care along the direct line of communications to the southwest. Also, in anticipation of the possible removal of the Forty-sixth Army to the north to engage the advancing Japanese, Dr. Flowers's unit would be able to serve as a reservoir and trained surgical team to which we could ship our wounded directly by rail or motor from Chuan Hsien or points further north.

As the situation stood, there was practically no organized resistance to the Jap advance down the corridor from Hengyang to Kweilin. Jap parties would advance from village to village. Their technique was to terrorize the populace, confiscate their food and other belongings, and frighten them into such a state that the great bulk of them who survived the first assault immediately went down the corridor toward Kweilin. These Jap parties would set up a Chinese local village government or in many cases allow the existing one to continue after imposing certain instructions. They would then retreat back to the main body, which would in the course of a few days move forward itself. This process was repeated over and

over day by day. It cleared the area of a great many of the Chinese civilians, leaving only a skeleton population. As became increasingly obvious, it would sooner or later fall to the lot of the Forty-sixth Army, one of the best armies in southeast China, to attempt to neutralize this advance.

We were not surprised, then, in the latter part of July to be called into conference by General Li, the Army commander, and informed that he had just received warning orders that his army was to move to the north, dispose itself along the railroad and highway, and drive the Japs back to Hengyang and effect a juncture with the Tenth Chinese Army, still invested and surrounded in that city. Another Kwangsi army would replace us in Kweilin. We were elated. It is one thing to sit holed up awaiting your fate, but quite another thing to go out and meet it. We knew perfectly well that the Tenth Army had no chance of survival unless we or some other force could relieve it, and we knew just as well that we should have no chance of survival if the Japs surrounded us in Kweilin as they had the Tenth Army in Hengyang.

We then were to have the dual mission of driving the Japs back some thirty miles to Hengyang and of effecting a juncture with the Tenth Army. This would allow that army to evacuate the city, pass through the Forty-sixth Army, and then assist us in the recapture of the city. I well remember the picture of mixed emotions on the face of General Li that summer morning. General Li is a man a little larger, a little taller than the average Chinese. He is a handsome man, with very little of the nasal depression and ocular slant of many of his race. He has a large, well-rounded head, with a close-cropped military haircut. His face mirrors his feelings. He is a good officer and certainly

an intelligent man. He was, however, a protégé of Marshal Chang Fa-kwei, the Fourth War Area commander. In going this far to the north, General Li would pass out of the Fourth Area, automatically leaving the command of Chang Fa-kwei and coming under the orders of another general. War-zone boundaries were as real as if they consisted of a high, insurmountable wall. The Kwangsi troops had built up a great reputation as fighters. Would the new commanding general know how to handle them? Would he treat them fairly? Provincial loyalties struggled with opportunity. General Li hesitated to pass to the command of a strange general, to have his Kwangsi troops outside of Kwangsi. Yet he was delighted at the prospect of actually meeting the Japs in combat. He was confident of his men's ability as fighters.

On July 28 the big moment arrived. The Forty-sixth Army was to proceed immediately on its mission to the north. The New Nineteenth Division was to go first and take up positions along the highway and railroad thirty miles southwest of Hengyang in the face of the Jap advance. The other two divisions were to follow as quickly as possible. The American liaison team was to remain with the army. We were now a part of the Forty-sixth Army in the actual business of fighting the war.

## V

### Hengyang

THE NEW NINETEENTH DIVISION moved out immediately in several train loads. Major Randolph Shields was sent as a representative of the Medical Department of our liaison team. He had been born and reared in China and spoke the language very well indeed. With him was also sent a Medical Department sergeant. Both had been active in our four-week training course in the intensive school at Kweilin and would be able to help the Chinese carry out in actual warfare the lessons we had gone over in the training school. They were assured that the rest of us would be along as fast as the other troops could be moved up, but that they themselves would probably be in action before we could all arrive and reorient ourselves. The trains were to carry them as far forward as possible, certainly across the border into Hunan province. We felt that they could get to within fifty to sixty miles of Hengyang by train. They would then dismount and march forward, sending the trains back to pick up the other two divisions, the various army units and army headquarters. In spite of the shortage of rolling stock and in spite of the ancient equipment, the entire Forty-sixth Army was moved north to a point about sixty miles southwest of Hengyang within the next few days. As we moved north out of Kweilin another Kwangsi army, the Thir-

tieth, moved into the city and took up the defensive positions formerly occupied by the Forty-sixth Army.

General Li had commandeered a railway car from somewhere which, while hardly comparable to one of our American private cars, was nevertheless quite de luxe as compared with the boxcars, freight cars, and old passenger coaches in which the rest of the army and we of the American liaison team traveled. Just before leaving Kweilin General Li had the senior officers of our team come into his car for tea and cakes and to bid farewell to Mrs. Li and their talented eighteen-year-old daughter. The daughter entertained us very charmingly by singing a number of old, quaint Chinese folk songs. On the trip north General Li again had our senior officers come forward into his car for refreshments and for dinner in the evening, and a most marvelous treat it was. The Chinese seem to have the faculty of getting together a good meal under almost any conditions or circumstances. We bounced around throughout the long night, sleeping very little, and were about ready early the next morning to break into our ten-in-one and K rations when General Li again sent word for us to come forward. We had coffee, tea, eggs, and rice—a most bountiful breakfast.

During this entire movement of the Forty-sixth Army it rained steadily. It had also rained when the Army had moved from Liuchow to Kweilin. The General insisted that this was a good omen, that it always rained when he moved his troops, and that he believed it to be all a part of his good luck.

The detraining point was a good-sized village that contained a rather large, old frame hotel building. This structure was about half occupied by some Chinese engineering

troops. Colonel Goodridge decided that it would be wise to establish a rear echelon headquarters for our American team where we could set up our large radio and leave the great part of our heavy equipment. In this way we would be more mobile at the front. Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Cromley of Salina, Kansas, the signal officer of our liaison team, was put in charge of this rear echelon and was assigned a few enlisted men to guard our supplies and assist him in operating the radio and maintaining communications.

The rest of us moved forward with the Chinese army. As we advanced, the villages were found empty, with the exception of a few old people who apparently had decided it wouldn't be worth the effort to try to get out of the way of the Japs. There was of course no one at work in the fields, although the grain was ripening and would soon begin to shatter. The villages had been largely destroyed by the fleeing inhabitants. This complicated things a great deal. In the first place, it is the custom in China to impress civilian coolie labor to assist the army, especially in carrying equipment, repairing roads and bridges, and executing demolitions. Also, the Chinese armies depend to a great degree upon local food supply, not only for rice but also for greens, vegetables, and meats. Now there would be few civilians available in the area of operations and little food. The village markets would of course not be held. Existing food supplies were hidden or destroyed; the large animals had been used to assist in the evacuation of the civilians, and the pigs had all disappeared or been eaten. Even the very first day the logistics of supply began to be the paramount problem. A few old broken-

down trucks were available but in insufficient quantity and of undependable quality.

The Chinese had taken up the railroad rails north of the detraining point and had carried them off into the hills and buried them. They had made tank trap cuts across the roads in the hope of slowing down the Jap advance. In strategical places these road cuts and blocks were about fifty yards apart. Bridges had been destroyed and light temporary structures had been thrown in to fill the gaps.

The Chinese take the "scorched earth" policy seriously. Many of the villages we passed through were almost completely gutted by fire. The huts that remained were hardly worth burning. Absolutely nothing of any value had been left behind. In many cases ripening rice crops had been destroyed. The great bulk of the grain, however, remained standing as a monument to the instinctively gambling heart of every Chinese, who was willing to gamble that he would be able to get back to his rice fields long enough to harvest them and bury the grain for future use.

During the few days preceding our arrival at the front the New Nineteenth Division had contacted the enemy and had been driving him backward up the road and railroad toward Hengyang. The Japanese had moved directly down this corridor without paying any attention to their flanks. As a consequence they were extremely vulnerable. Their advanced elements, between thirty and forty miles down the Hengyang-Kweilin corridor, constituted a long, thin salient. They very sensibly began to retire. They made a few probing counterattacks and met with the kind of resistance that convinced them that the New Nine-

teenth Division meant business. This apparently decided the Japanese local high command. They continued their retreat back toward Hengyang, using only delaying-action tactics. However, some of these skirmishes involved considerable numbers of troops and already our medical installations were beginning to fill up with wounded. The New Nineteenth Division was kept in the line, the other two divisions moving forward as reserves. The enemy continued his retreat as we advanced until he reached the village of Ehr Tang, just southwest of the city of Hengyang. Here a small river flows through the village, cutting the road and railroad at right angles. Near this village and overlooking the city of Hengyang, the village of Ehr Tang, and the river valley is a high mountain called Ee Moo Shan. We pushed forward rapidly night and day, pressing our advantage, constantly in contact with the retreating Japs. Finally we arrived at the crest of a low range of hills facing the river, Ehr Tang, Ee Moo Shan, and the city of Hengyang.

On our right flank was the Ninety-second and on our left the Hundredth Chinese Army. These two armies had been in these flanking positions for some weeks before our arrival in the area. They had allowed the Japanese to proceed between them down the highway and railroad toward Kweilin, with the avowed purpose of cutting the Japs off and effecting a juncture in their rear as soon as the Japanese were far enough down the highway. These two Chinese armies were not of the best combat efficiency, even by Chinese standards. They had little or no equipment except for their Gissimo rifles, and it was said only about half the men were supplied with them. Now we had by frontal advance reduced the Japanese salient, leaving a



semicircular bulge about the southern aspect of the city of Hengyang, with the apex of this Japanese defense resting in the village of Ehr Tang, on the mountain of Ee Moo Shan and on the long, low mountain to the southeast.

From the first we were very much worried about our flanks. Coördination between Chinese units was not of the best. To Kwangsi troops, Hunan soldiers were foreigners; the Hunan soldiers had a similar attitude toward those from Kwangsi. It is doubtful whether there was real unity of command. These three armies constituted the Twenty-ninth Group Army, under the command of another General Li. The Forty-sixth Army Kwangsi troops had crossed over the boundary of the Fourth War Area into the Ninth War Area and the province of Hunan, and it was only natural, from a Chinese standpoint, that the Hunan troops should be spared as much as possible. At any rate, the Forty-sixth Army, with the New Nineteenth Division in the line, and the other two divisions in reserve and supplying front-line units at various times, was kept in the assault position constantly.

As we moved forward we established our liaison team headquarters in this village or that until the situation developed into temporary stasis before Ehr Tang and Ee Moo Shan. We were fortunate in finding in this area a large brick school building in which we set up our advance headquarters, V-100 radio set, and our living quarters. Our two Chinese cooks apparently had come to believe that nothing could harm the Americans. It was a miracle to get any Chinese civilian to go forward toward the front, but these two boys went right along and stayed with us, furnishing reasonably good meals throughout.

The Japanese bombed us regularly. For this they apparently used only three outmoded, slow-moving airplanes. They invariably came over our area and the Forty-sixth Army Headquarters just at dawn every morning. They flew quite low and seemed to know exactly where every installation was located. On one occasion they hit the Forty-sixth Army ammunition depot, which was near Army Headquarters, and the ensuing fire and explosion of rifle, mortar, and seventy-five mm. ammunition made a tremendous and deafening clatter for more than an hour. Luckily, there were only a few Chinese casualties. A few mornings later a Chinese machine gun crew shot down one of these bombers. The pilot and bombardier were both killed instantly, but some illuminating records were recovered from the wreckage. The pilot's map carried detailed markings of the locations of all the Chinese units, large and small, on that part of the front. Indeed, they were so accurate that, as remarked by one of the Chinese staff officers, the map gave the Chinese a better idea of the locations of their own units than any other document in their possession. The elation of the Chinese ground machine gun crew that shot down this plane was something to see. They immediately became great heroes. The airplane itself, after it had been searched and thoroughly examined officially, Chinese souvenir hunters literally carried away piece by piece.

Forty-sixth Army Headquarters were just a short distance from us, and easy contact was maintained with General Li and his staff at all times. Each member of the team went about his business with the appropriate branch of the Forty-sixth Army at the front. Colonel Goodridge advised and consulted continually with General Li on tactics,

supply, logistics, and dispositions; the artillery officers worked with artillery battalions and batteries; the signal officers with the radios, telephones, and other communications. As for the Medical Department, Colonel Tuan and I were as inseparable as ever. Major Shields stayed with the New Nineteenth Division Hospital. We introduced a plan whereby during the actual care of casualties we were also training Chinese operating teams in preparation for the time when they would have no American help. Major Shields was invaluable. He was well liked by the Chinese and knew exactly how to handle situations as they arose. He did some fine surgery under the most adverse conditions.

You should have some idea of a Chinese hospital. The Chinese Army had nothing that it could not carry on its back. That meant that a Chinese field hospital did not have beds or cots and had few blankets, few sheets, a limited number of dressings, few drugs, and no sterilizers, operating room kits, electric lights, operating tables, or X-ray machines. It had no doctors in the Western sense, no one who had graduated from a proper medical school, no one who had any real medical background or experience. As I have explained, medical soldiers were often the thinnest, the weakest, and the sickest in the division. They were hardly noted for a high grade of intelligence. The buildings in which hospitals were established were at best empty schools, temples, or storehouses. At worst they were roofless, with tumble-down walls and in addition to the disorder and dirt of hasty evacuation, filled with the accumulated waste of years of living. Lumber and boards were, and always had been, at a premium in China, every single board being sawed out by hand. At best, beds were

made by placing boards on sawhorses. At worst, planks were stripped from the walls or floors and laid across stones, brick, or rubble, or at the very worst, as most often happened, the bare ground furnished the beds.

The operating table consisted of a couple of boards laid across something to give it sufficient height. Or earth was simply piled up to about a three-foot level and faced with stone on one side. Litters at best were made from bamboo poles, cut at the time and in the locality, with an old blanket or piece of canvas for the patient to lie upon. Anesthetics were largely vocal—I don't mean local. The Chinese division hospital that had one or two cans of ether was lucky and guarded and hoarded it as if it were so much gold. Sterilizing was done by boiling instruments in a pan of water or rarely by immersion in alcohol.

Now with untrained personnel and such equipment, what can you expect? Actually the Chinese did the best they could. I have talked with many Chinese medical officers who were in the rut of routine and often in the greatest depths of despair. With nothing to work with and no means of getting anything, who wouldn't sink into a daze of procrastination, especially if he happens to be a member of a race that has not known anything better and whose sick and injured ask little and expect nothing?

It was a joy to be able to help these people, a rare opportunity. Lend-Lease pentobarbital sodium, ether, barbiturates, and morphine were as a gift from another world to these poor sufferers. Even if a man expects a meal only when he can find it and expects to die if wounded, he can be most grateful if he is given an unexpected meal and a chance to recover his health and faculties.

The organization of the hospital personnel presented a real problem. The Chinese are inclined to be excitable and talkative in the presence of unusual circumstances. It is part of the Chinese code of face-saving procedure to discuss and compromise. The treatment of every wounded soldier was the occasion for a great deal of chatter. This delayed matters to the point of blocking the entire evacuation system. With casualties constantly streaming in, some method obviously had to be devised to accelerate and systematize routine procedures. Even in the operating theater everyone talked, dashing back and forth, and even the litter-bearers and slightly wounded soldiers crowded into the room, getting in everyone's way, making the whole situation a mass of utter confusion.

We therefore organized the personnel of each hospital into various teams which were to carry out certain stipulated duties. Each team had its head who was to be obeyed without question or comment. No one was allowed in the operating room except the actual persons assigned to a team. Absolutely no one was allowed to speak except the surgeon and the anesthetist. Such an innovation was received with considerable head-shaking and passive resistance, but the plan worked so well that within a few days all were enthusiastic about it. Many little jokes were made about not being allowed to talk, since talking is considered one of the first prerogatives of Chinese of any class or station. This plan speeded up the efficient handling of casualties to such a degree that even the commanding general shared in the enthusiasm and began thinking about applying modified methods of this kind in other branches of his command.

Each afternoon, whenever possible in the pressure of our work, it was my custom to lecture to the hospital staffs on various subjects and point out to them modifications in procedures that would materially increase our efficiency and accelerate our work. By following through on these suggestions we were able to train the medical personnel and at the same time take care of the great overload of casualties constantly pouring in to our installations. Making certain members of the staff responsible for the carrying out of these innovations and procedures gave them a great deal of face and improved the morale of the entire organization.

I remember that when working my way across the valley toward the bridge at Ehr Tang one morning I saw a Chinese soldier lying on the edge of the road just across the bridge. After watching him awhile, I decided he was alive. Japanese machine guns kept the bridge under constant fire. I talked the situation over with the Chinese officer who was with me, and we decided that no one could possibly live through an attempted rescue. We called to this boy and made him understand that if he could crawl across the bridge that night there would be a rescue party waiting for him. A patrol was sent forward at dusk and after complete darkness had arrived and it became apparent that the boy could not make his way across the bridge, two Chinese soldiers actually crossed over and carried him back to the Chinese lines through the concentrated Japanese machine gun and rifle fire. This fellow was badly wounded in both legs and had not had a bite to eat nor a drop of water to drink for three days and three nights. He was weak from loss of blood though conscious, but he had no complaints. He simply assumed that his time had come. He couldn't

understand why anyone would risk his own life to save him or, for that matter, anyone else. I am glad to report that he and many others like him recovered and are doubtless to this day good soldiers in the Chinese Army.

But why was he so surprised at being rescued? For centuries the Chinese attitude has been that it is no credit to save a life. As a matter of fact, such a practice was discouraged. If you saved a man's life in old China, the life you saved was your charge from that moment on, for, say the Chinese, if you hadn't saved him, he would be dead and no one would have to feed him and care for him. Since you were so foolish as to save the man's life, you must now take the consequences, however costly. Realization of this was brought home to me most forcibly during my former trip to China. I was in a rowboat on the Yangtze River—a precarious place, by the way. Now the Yangtze River is the great east-west highway of China. Boats of all kinds and descriptions move about constantly in front of sizable cities like so many water beetles. As I was crossing this river in a crowd of rowboats, sampans, junks, and barges, just near me two boats collided, throwing one of the Chinese occupants out into the river. Any one of a dozen people in several boats could have reached out and with little effort saved this man's life. As it was, no one paid the slightest attention to him, though many were interested in recovering his boat. I was indignant, but it was quietly explained to me that such things happened every day; now that he was gone there would be more food for someone else. His time had come; who are we to change the ways of fate? But, if you do interfere and the rescued man so demands, it is your duty to care for him the rest of his life. I have seen bodies floating about in the same area for days

on end, without anyone's making the slightest effort to retrieve them. If anyone did, he would be put to the expense of the funeral and the burial, and funerals are expensive.

As a rule, we had early breakfast at our headquarters and then all went their separate ways to the front. I usually met Colonel Tuan, and we would make a tour of the front lines, supervising the gathering of the wounded, directing first aid, organizing litter-carrying posts, and establishing aid stations. We organized all the litter-bearers of a whole division into one pool, commanded by one of our best tactical medical officers. This plan worked extremely well. We found that if we followed the scheme of the Tables of Organization the litter-bearers of this unit or that company would be idle while those of another unit would have more than they could possibly do. By having them all in a pool we could send as many as were needed to a designated spot expeditiously, and at the same time keep better control of our litters, litter men, and the census of the wounded.

I well remember one fateful week when we evacuated more than eight hundred wounded from this New Nineteenth Division alone, most of them from two regiments. That is a great many casualties, and the number does not include those who were killed. We had the New Nineteenth Division hospital forward and the division hospitals of the other two divisions in echelon behind them along the line of evacuation. Even though their own divisions were not committed as units, there was no reason whatever why they should not assist in the care of the wounded from the New Nineteenth. Here again, a Chinese custom had to be overridden: Only a soldier of a particular unit could enter the unit's hospital or medical installations. I have



myself often seen the sick and wounded soldiers turned away from division hospitals and other medical installations simply because they did not belong to the right units. Needless to say, every effort was made to correct such a situation.

We had, then, in the Forty-sixth Army the New Nineteenth Division Hospital which received the casualties from the front lines through the battalion and regimental aid stations. They were sorted and certain ones were sent back to the next echelon divisional hospital, where they were again sorted and certain ones were sent back to the third echelon divisional hospital. At that time the Chinese Army had no hospital—only the divisions did—so that the next steps in the line of evacuation were the Chinese Service of Supply hospitals, to the rear of the third echelon divisional hospital. We attempted to arrange these distances to conform to the necessities of litter-carrying, usually about ten to twenty *li* (a *li* is about one-third of a mile). Once received by the S.O.S. hospitals, the wounded were again progressively moved backward to our railheads, and from thence were shipped by rail to Zone of Communications hospitals. All the time I was congratulating myself on having made previous arrangements with General Hsu Sei-ling, the Surgeon General, for evacuating patients back to the Kweilin area and to Dr. Flowers's orthopedic unit below Kweilin on the road to Liuchow. Little did I know at that time that Dr. Flowers's unit did not receive one single casualty from the whole Hengyang campaign! Dr. Flowers had had some previous difficulty with the Chinese. They were perfectly agreeable and smiling about the plan when it was made but apparently had no intention of carrying out the arrangement. If the Chinese

like you they'll do anything in the world for you, but if they don't like you they will still be kindly and gracious but will do nothing, even if it means that they themselves suffer thereby.

One morning at the conclusion of a conference General Li stated that he would like to have us meet a Chinese major who had just returned from the Japanese-occupied area north of Hengyang. General Li proudly exhibited a fine hand-tooled Japanese carbine that this major had brought to him as a present. He had also brought the General a Japanese saber, a battle flag, and several other souvenirs, in addition to a great amount of military information. The major was the commanding officer of a Chinese battalion that had been cut off from the rest of his troops six months previously by the advancing Japanese. He had taken to the hills with his command, had dispersed them among several villages, and, by moving about from one village to another, had managed not only to keep his unit together but also to harass constantly the Japanese lines of communication. He brought back with him ample gory evidence of the numbers of Japanese killed. By dressing some of his men as hill people and sending them out to gain information of the enemy he was able to keep well informed of their movements and the most likely objectives for harassing raids. The strength of his battalion when surrounded was approximately a thousand men. In spite of disease, malnutrition, and battle casualties, he was able to keep his command together and had brought out just the day before, by devious hill routes through the Japanese lines, 860 of his original personnel, a truly remarkable feat. General Li very properly recommended the major for a decoration and a pro-

motion and sent his battalion to the rear for a rest before again engaging in combat.

Of course our every effort was bent toward the ultimate recapture of Hengyang. To effect this, we must take and hold the village of Ehr Tang and the mountain of Ee Moo Shan. The Chinese have a good mortar, and they are quite adept in its use, but so do the Japanese. Mortar fire between the Japs on Ee Moo Shan and the Chinese on the low ridge across the river was brisk and continuous. The village of Ehr Tang was taken a number of times, only to be lost. Ee Moo Shan presented a high, precipitous slope with, however, some rocky cover. All of us were well aware of the Jap reverse-slope tactics. We had been explaining these to General Li and his staff for weeks. Frontal assault, however, is the big chapter in the Chinese tactical book. Several times our troops captured Ee Moo Shan, attaining its summit. If it weren't so tragic, I'd say it was very funny to see our Chinese soldiers, on reaching the top of this mountain, break out their Chinese umbrellas and walk back and forth on the skyline, as perfect targets as one could imagine. Each time the Japanese simply circled the base of the mountain in a double envelopment, cut off the Chinese on the mountain, and proceeded to eliminate them.

We of course had Chinese agents passing back and forth behind the Jap lines. We learned that the many caves on the opposite side of Ee Moo Shan had been fitted up by the Japanese as living quarters. Each Japanese soldier had his own Chinese woman that he had brought out from Hengyang and, all in all, was feeling secure and comfortable. When the Chinese attacked, the Japs let them get to the top of the mountain, then moved out from

their caves, and circled the mountain, cutting off the Chinese. They then made their way up over the mountain, killing the trapped Chinese soldiers on the way, and descended down the other side to their caves, their women, and their rice wine.

Our American P-40's did excellent ground attack work here at Ehr Tang and Ee Moo Shan. Time after time they came over in squadron formation, swooped down and dropped their bombs, pulled up and came back again and again, strafing the Japanese positions with their fifty-caliber machine guns. It was a great show to watch these boys work. They were as cool as steel and as fearless as gods. The P-40, though at that time already obsolescent, was still a fine airplane for that type of work. It was much less vulnerable to concentrated ground fire than the newer, faster P-51's. The air force maintained ground liaison teams which operated in the vicinity of different target areas. One of these teams, consisting of a lieutenant and a sergeant, was in our area and for a time lived with us at our headquarters. By means of the small V-100 radio set they were able to direct the attack of the P-40's. By maintaining two-way radio contact they increased the efficiency of their missions. The ground liaison officer could describe to a pilot the exact location of a machine gun nest behind a certain rock halfway up the mountain in such a way that the fighter pilot could locate it instantly and train his guns on the very spot instead of in the general direction.

The Tenth Chinese Army within Hengyang was having a hard time. The Japs were closing in gradually; there was no hurry—the Chinese were completely trapped. It became increasingly apparent that the Forty-sixth Army would not be able to take and hold Ehr Tang and Ee Moo

Shan. Since these two locations were the key to the southwestern approach to Hengyang, it seemed equally obvious that the Forty-sixth Army would be unable to relieve the Tenth Army, which was trapped in the city. Telephonic orders were received, directing one of our flanking armies to attempt a juncture with the Tenth Army through another approach to the city. The Tenth Army was to send a battalion of its best men, hand-picked, to fight their way out through one of the city gates and meet a picked force of the relieving army which was to fight its way through the Jap periphery. Once the junction was made, the Tenth Army was to pass out of the city through the line cleared by its own picked battalion and that of the relieving army. The picked battalion of the Tenth Army was then to fold back upon itself and gradually make its way out as it kept up a rear-guard action. The day and the hour of the meeting were set. The picked battalion of the Tenth Army, with the fury of desperation, fought its way through the city gates and cleared the enemy from its objective surrounding the junction point, expecting to meet the relieving forces.

Now the ordinary Chinese soldier is given two meals a day if he is lucky. He has one about ten o'clock in the morning and one about four in the afternoon. The relieving force fought its way through the outer peripheral guard of the city but had not reached the junction point when the time came for the 10 a.m. meal. In true Chinese fashion, the men stopped to cook their rice before going on. By the time they neared the junction point, the Japanese had reinforced their peripheral defenses, had surrounded and liquidated the battalion that had so bravely

fought its way out to the junction point, and the relief of the Chinese Tenth Army was a thing of the past.

Now whom are you going to blame? The general for not feeding his men earlier, or the soldiers for not fighting on an empty stomach? A few days later the Japs squeezed in their Hengyang periphery and completely annihilated the entire Tenth Army.

The mayor of Hengyang, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, had evacuated the city with the great bulk of the civilian population before it was too late. He was a sincere man, very much concerned about the care of his citizens, and did a great deal toward furnishing the refugees with food and shelter until they could be gradually evacuated further down the corridor. He often visited us. His was a most tragic duty. If it were not for the multiplicity of Chinese cities raped by the Japanese, I should say that the history of Hengyang in the summer of 1944 was one of the most terrible things that happened in the entire Japanese war.

When our team first reported to the Forty-sixth Army, General Li had assigned some twelve or fifteen Chinese soldiers to us as guards, orderlies, and carry-coolies. These boys were certainly happy. They had all they wanted to eat three times a day instead of a limited ration twice daily. They gained great face by virtue of their assignment to the Americans, and, in addition to their few cents a month Chinese Army pay, received what to them was an unheard-of amount of money from us as tips or extra pay. My own orderly was a short, stocky farmer boy who until he had been impressed into the Army, had never been more than a few li from his native village. He was one of the few Chinese who have a tinge of red in

their hair. As a consequence, my nickname for him, "Firebush," stuck with him from the first. His devotion was childlike and complete. In the several months that he worked for me his interest in my well-being never decreased. Any time of day or night he was ready to run errands, bring hot water, wash my clothing, make my bed, clean and polish my shoes, and do many other things necessary in the field. Firebush was an institution, jealous of his reputation and standing.

In our training area at Liuchow the ten or fifteen Chinese soldiers we had were adequate for all security measures. Now, however, as the situation began to show signs of deterioration, the problem of our personal and unit security assumed a different aspect. Not only were there many Japanese agents, in Chinese uniforms, right within our own forces, but the danger of Japanese flank attacks and penetrating patrols increased. When Colonel Tuan came over one evening, I knew at once by his demeanor that he had some special problem he wanted to talk about. We visited all evening, and it was only when he was about to leave that I realized the purpose of his visit. By indirection he had told us that he did not consider our headquarters to be well enough guarded, and he had, without actually saying so, urged us to request additional soldiers from General Li. We realized that he was right in his apprehensions and immediately suggested that a company of soldiers be assigned to our headquarters, a request to which General Li readily acceded. Thenceforth, we felt much more secure, but often talked about Colonel Tuan's approach to the situation. We had known him well and intimately for many months, and we had every reason to feel that he had a real affection for us, but the direct

statement is so foreign to the Chinese that in spite of our long association, and mutual understanding, he still approached the matter of our personal safety in an oblique manner.

By this time the Forty-sixth Army, and the New Nineteenth Division in particular, was reduced to a mere cadre of its former self. The flanks gave way and the Japanese began a series of double envelopments. Panic and the mass hysteria of utter defeatism pervaded not only the Chinese troops in the area but the evacuating Chinese civilians—in fact, all China. Hengyang, the all-important junction of the railroads from Canton and French Indo-China, was lost. The entire Tenth Chinese Army was gone. If the Japs succeeded in forcing their way down the corridor to Kweilin, the great American air bases would also be lost. Not only this, but the Japs would have an open corridor equipped with railway and highway from Manchuria to Indo-China. By pushing down the other direction of the Y made by the railroad, they could effect a junction with troops coming up from Canton, and have an open and free land route from Manchuria to Canton. At this stage of the war this possibility was all-important. The United States Navy and the American Air Force had made the sea lanes along the China coast practically impassable to the Japanese. If their troops in Canton, Hong-Kong, southeast China, French Indo-China, Burma, Malaya, and Singapore were to receive any supplies, materiel, or reinforcements, it must be by land.

Japanese agents and Chinese puppets had infiltrated into the Chinese armies and into the civilian population. The hysteria aroused in Kweilin in the early summer was repeated. Following the primary retreat of the Japanese



before the advance of the Forty-sixth Army, a feeling of steadiness and hopefulness had become apparent. Now, as in the turning of a card, the situation changed. The air was thick with deepest gloom and discouragement. China had been in this war already for seven years. Not only had she sacrificed her national lifeblood to the point of suffering grave anemia; she had traded her most valuable territory, her few industries, and her great east-west waterway, the Yangtze River, for time in which to gird her loins for a struggle on more favorable terms, for time in which her allies could come to her rescue. She had not complained, as she might have done, that America thought the war in Europe the first to be won. She had not asked for sympathy (that is something no Chinese would ever do), but she had asked for help in her unequal struggle with the Japanese. Japan, an industrialized nation, was equipped with the weapons and materiel for modern warfare, while China, a great agricultural country of 450 million people, with little heavy industry, was just beginning to shake her head and arouse herself from the feudal age. She had literally been meeting cold steel with bare hands. For seven years she had done this, and now the end seemed near.

## VI

### Black Defeat

BY THE LATTER PART of August a general feeling of restlessness and apprehension became increasingly apparent. The Japs had pushed through on the right flank of the Forty-sixth Army down the east bank of a small stream that ran in a generally north and south direction. This river ran some twenty miles to the east of the railroad and highway until it reached a point just below our liaison team's rear echelon headquarters, where it turned west to the railroad and highway. The only coal supply for the locomotives on the railroad came from a few mines along this river three or four miles above its junction with the railroad. Obviously the Japs were pushing down this river to encircle us and ultimately to take over the coal mines and thereby stop all rail transportation in the Kweilin-Liuchow-Nanning area.

On our left flank the protecting army suddenly gave way completely, marched out of position, passed back through the Forty-sixth Army, and took up a position about halfway between our headquarters and the coal mines. Now both our flanks were completely open and exposed. The Japs then continued to push south both to the east and west of us, necessitating the use of every available man in the Forty-sixth Army for continuous duty, day and night. We were in constant danger of being cut off by double envelopment.

The situation became worse by the day and hour. Each night the Japs advanced six to eight miles, so that now we, instead of the Japs, were in the position of having a long, thin, unprotected salient extending up the railroad and highway. The Chinese Army in our rear declined to render assistance. As a matter of fact, it was completely demoralized. Finally, in the first part of the second week of September, when the Japs were miles behind us on both flanks, the Forty-sixth Army received orders gradually to withdraw back down the railroad and highway toward Kweilin. Parties of about company strength of Japanese had been making nightly incursions from both sides in an attempt to pinch off our troops piecemeal before they could get out. With the reduced personnel of the Forty-sixth Army it was completely impossible adequately to protect our flanks. Some companies had been wiped out altogether. Casualties among officers had been especially high. The coming of each night was a signal for us to retire behind the regular Japanese double envelopment. I must say that the Chinese intelligence section worked very well. We knew exactly where the Japanese were, their numbers and the direction of their movements. Demolitions, road blocks, tank traps, and a few booby traps and land mines were laid as we retreated. Morale in the Forty-sixth Army up to this time had remained good, but evidently the breaking point was near.

One evening in this second week of September I received radio orders to return to Headquarters at Kweilin for assignment as Surgeon of the entire Z Forces. In some ways I was quite happy about this appointment. A short time after the first evacuation of Kweilin Z Forces Headquarters had again been built up in personnel and supply

and had actually completed the construction of its new buildings. We had personnel operating with various Chinese units, divisions, and armies all over southeast China, some of them almost as far east as the seacoast. I was now to have the responsibility not only for the Medical Department of one army but for several armies, a large number of divisions, and, most important of all, for the health and well-being of all the American personnel of the Z Forces.

At about one o'clock on the morning of the day following my receipt of orders to return to Kweilin we received secret and urgent notification that the big moment had come. The Japs were closing in in force and we must make a run for it. We must get out all our vehicles, our baggage, radios, and equipment that night. If we were lucky we could make it; if not, we should have to abandon and destroy our vehicles and equipment, take to the hills and walk out. Colonel Goodridge asked me to take charge of the evacuation. He himself very properly had decided to remain with General Li and the division commanders. Within an hour we had our vehicles loaded and moving down the road without lights, cautiously but rapidly. I had instructions from Colonel Goodridge to pick up our rear echelon headquarters and move them further down the Kweilin corridor to one of our advanced landing fields. The Fourteenth Air Force maintained operational personnel there and a certain amount of gasoline and oil, ammunition, and equipment. Although the place was built originally only as a staging field a squadron of P-40 fighters had recently been stationed there and were supporting our action before Hengyang. By daylight our convoy was well out of danger, and we arrived without incident at the air-

field, where a junior officer took charge of the situation, setting up temporary team headquarters in some old barracks near the field.

The next day I caught a ride on a truck going to Kweilin, arriving there late in the evening, very tired, dusty, and dirty. The trip had, however, been a most interesting one. Provinces in China vary just as do our states. In the province of Hunan the farming was conducted somewhat differently and the people had customs different from those in Kwangsi. The terrain, too, is different. In Kwangsi the rolling plain is broken by the fantastic, fairyland-like mountains previously described. In Hunan the plain is a rolling one varied only here and there by low ranges of hills. Between Hengyang and Kweilin one passes over the watershed on the high tableland of southern Hunan and northern Kwangsi.

On this plateau near the divide a great many centuries ago Chinese engineers constructed near the city of Chaun Hsien a great dam of stone masonry. This dam backs up water for the irrigation of thousands of acres. The engineers built not only the dam but an entire irrigation system as well. They used cut stone without mortar, the stone being morticed as well as held together by stone pegs. This irrigation system is so old that its history has already become obscure, but it is said that three successive builders attempted the construction, only to fail and commit the inevitable suicide connected with tremendous loss of face in the Far East. The fourth engineer succeeded, was made an important dignitary by the emperor and has become one of the great legendary figures of south-east China.

In Kweilin I found that the Z Forces had moved to their new headquarters buildings, which had only been laid out and barely begun when the evacuation of Kweilin put a stop to all construction. Now these buildings—living quarters, dining hall, and dispensary—were all completed and occupied. From the skeleton organization which remained at the time of the evacuation, Z Forces Headquarters personnel had been built up to the number necessary to conduct its many far-flung operations. With each liaison team we had at least one medical officer and two or three enlisted men—sometimes more. Each situation presented different problems and it was necessary to divide up our meager supply of medical officers and medical soldiers in such a way as to cover the whole area. We never had enough personnel.

I missed very much indeed my daily association with Colonel Tuan and others of the Forty-sixth Army. Now, in this new job it was necessary for me to make new contacts. One of the things that had worried me in the Hengyang campaign had been the lack of available Chinese medical supplies. We knew that in May of that year the Chinese had received some hundreds of tons of Lend-Lease American medical supplies. We also knew that they had certain other military medical stores. We had been told that they had more quinine than all the rest of the world put together. With malaria, dysentery, typhus, relapsing fever, and cholera ever present, the Chinese troops needed medical supplies for sick soldiers as well as wounded ones. In fact, I had already reached the conclusion that the basic thing necessary to make a fighting force out of a Chinese army was proper food in sufficient amounts, good preventive medicine, and adequate medical

care of the sick and injured. Of what use was it to spend time training a soldier too weak physically to stand the rigors of training, to say nothing of combat, with a resultant mental apathy that rendered him unable to receive and understand the training given? Of what use was it to give this soldier American equipment he didn't know how to use, start him out on a march that would exhaust him before he met the enemy? If he arrived at the scene of combat, he would be physically and mentally exhausted, untrained in the use of his weapon, ignorant of his mission, and unschooled in the way to conduct himself in combat.

I had seen enough of the courage of the Chinese soldier, at Hengyang and elsewhere, to convince me that he did not lack the will to fight. He was always fighting against odds. He was used to them. In battle he expected to be outnumbered and outequipped.

So, one of the first things I did after getting our own American organization functioning was to delve into the matter of Chinese medical supplies. I went to the Kweilin area commander, General Tu, and asked him about the status of his medical stocks. He replied that he didn't know but that he would find out. He gave me an appointment to return in a day or so. This time I took with me Colonel Fred Boye, then G-4 of the Z Forces. (G-4 is the staff officer who deals with supplies of all kinds and descriptions.) General Tu told us that he had received no medical supplies and produced an officer who apparently kept the account books and who confirmed his statement. We expressed surprise, explaining that we knew of some Lend-Lease shipments. The Chinese supply officer then got his record books to prove to us that he had no

record of any such shipments. We had a cup of tea and a pleasant little chat and departed.

In the meantime we had been working through devious means to locate various medical warehouses. Not more than a mile and a half from our Z Forces Headquarters we found one that contained tons and tons of medical supplies. Other smaller warehouses were also in the vicinity. I bring this point up not to point out that General Tu was a crook, because he was not, nor to point out that he was even mistaken, because he was not. The point is that the Chinese military establishment was so deviously complex in all its ramifications that China's right hand did not know what its left hand had or did. We had spent hours and days ferreting out Chinese military channels and apparently had the problem all worked out, only to have it explained to us very quietly and simply that, because of this or that, another bureau had jurisdiction in some matter and that this bureau was a parallel bureau to another bureau which had similar jurisdiction in similar cases at certain times! We attempted many times to draw up graphic charts of the Chinese organization in order to indicate channels, jurisdictions, and authorities. The charts themselves were easy enough to make after some study, but the net result was questionable. If one tried to follow a letter or an order through prescribed channels, the chances were that it would have been short-circuited into a maze of routes and byways. The plan seemed to be to neutralize one bureau or authority with another, resulting in questionable jurisdiction and divided responsibility. It's true that such a system always provided an out and saved a great deal of face on occasion, but to us it seemed very confusing.



I went over to the main medical warehouse the next day, made the acquaintance of the Colonel in command, and inquired who his immediate superior was. He was an officer in Chungking. Now who that officer's immediate superior was seemed obscure. Certainly General Tu, the Area Commander, had no jurisdiction. Medical supplies in the ultimate were of course under the control of the Surgeon General, who was responsible to the Minister of Supply. But every province, many war area commanders, commanding generals, bureaus, and officials exerted a complicating influence in the conduct of any installation or establishment within their areas.

The officer commanding this medical depot seemed pleased to make my acquaintance. He served good tea. We visited for half an hour or so. I mentioned indirectly several times that we had American medical officers out with Chinese armies and divisions and that these organizations needed medical supplies very badly. Before leaving we had arranged for the actual shipment in American trucks to areas under our jurisdiction and control of some nineteen tons of Chinese medical supplies from this warehouse! The ultimate solution of a problem was often the right personal contact.

Our own medical supplies were at that time divided into two categories: first, those which were to be used only for American personnel and, second, those that were to be used by American personnel on Chinese troops. These latter medical supplies, although relatively small in amount, were most effectively used to augment existing and available Chinese supplies, and since they were used only under the jurisdiction of our own medical personnel there were no leaks or wastage.

By now it was obvious to everyone what we could have accomplished had we had some little time to train the divisions assigned to Z Forces. Had each liaison team been fortunate enough to have had a training period even no longer than that which our own Forty-sixth Army liaison team had in the Liuchow area, the story in southeast China in the summer of 1944 might have been different. As the situation stood, practically all our teams had been sent out to troops already committed to action, with little or no chance for training, and under conditions that made rather difficult the prompt establishment of mutual relations of cordiality and respect. It was one thing to send out a team to an army far removed from combat, such as we were in the Liuchow area, and quite another to send out a group to an army or division already in action. Naturally the commanders and their staffs considered the tactical operations against the Japs paramount. They did not want to be bothered by the Americans; they didn't know them and were naturally a little wary and suspicious. If the tables had been turned, there would have been no difficulty in appreciating this situation. I'm not sure an American force would have been too eager to welcome a Chinese liaison team under similar circumstances. By and large, however, our teams did exceedingly well, actually better than we had any right to expect, and certainly the Chinese were most gracious and gentlemanly. It was just that results could have been so much better had we been able to send out teams to designated divisions, say in January of 1944, as General Stilwell and General Lindsay wished.

The situation became blacker by the moment. The Japanese continued their relentless drive down the cor-

ridor toward Kweilin. They also started pushing in earnest down the Hengyang-Canton railroad and highway. Chinese morale fell visibly. The Japs had at that time a considerable concentration of troops in the Canton area. They now branched out, one column pushing northwest along the corridor toward Hengyang to effect a juncture with the Japanese moving down from that city. They also started another column west from Canton, apparently headed for the Pinglo area, south of Kweilin. It was assumed, and correctly, that this column would form a juncture with the forces pushing toward Kweilin from the north.

Chinese food supplies were insufficient. There was a complete breakdown of supply. It was necessary to send so many men out from each unit to forage for food that hardly anyone was left to fight. Disorganization, disintegration, mass hysteria, and defeatism ensued. Finally, one after another of the Chinese units, division, and armies broke up and took to the hills ahead of the steam-roller advance of the Japanese.

It soon became evident that a second evacuation of Kweilin was necessary. The Fourteenth Air Force performed prodigious feats of aerial combat in an effort to stay the inevitable. They flew in bad weather, they dropped tons of bombs, and they strafed every Japanese column they could find. But the Japs moved largely at night and hid out during the day. Often reconnaissance failed to reveal the presence of Japanese troops in the areas where they were sure to be. The explanation was that they were carefully concealed in the villages and in rocky and hilly terrain, to move on as soon as darkness gave them cover. Again American personnel in Kweilin

was cut to the very minimum. Convoys were started back over the long road to Kunming. The Fourteenth Air Force again reduced its strength. Such stores as could be moved were started up the corridor toward Kweiyang and Kunming. Colonel Goodridge and his party who had remained with the Forty-sixth Army took to the hills and walked out after the disorganization of that unit. Other liaison teams did the same thing. Fortunately, we were extremely lucky and lost few of our American personnel.

Liuchow, some 125 miles southwest of Kweilin, was the only possible place to which we could retreat. Z Forces and Fourteenth Air Force Headquarters decided that skeleton organizations would be maintained in Kweilin as long as possible. Our American air base at Liuchow was the only remaining one in southeast China near enough to the scene of operations to permit of efficient air operation . . . if we lost Kweilin. Other fields would be too far distant.

The Japs were night-bombing Kweilin and Liuchow regularly. It was too risky to keep any great concentration of planes in either place. The Jap bombers apparently had all sorts of assistance in the Kweilin and Liuchow areas. We got scarcely any sleep. In fact, their bombing was designed for that purpose—it was an harassment operation. Many times I was out in the slit trenches or behind rocks on a hillside and watched the Jap bombers come in, guided by flashes from the hilltops in the vicinity. These bombers were very audacious. Sometimes they followed our planes in with their lights on, as if to make a landing and as if they were American planes. The moonlight nights were all to their advantage. Every officer and enlisted man had, by order, his musette bag packed with a change of

underwear and socks, soap, towel, toothbrush, rations, and flashlight, and when the air-raid alarm was given, we carried these musette bags over our shoulders just as surely as we carried our arms. We knew that the Japs had been training paratroopers in the Canton area, and we knew not at what moment they might arrive. We knew not at what moment we might have to take to the hills on foot to escape capture.

Along in October, when the Japs were still a few miles from Kweilin, we were ordered to move a skeleton Z Forces Headquarters from Kweilin to Liuchow. Colonel Isaiah Kitts, G-1 of the Z Forces, was in charge of this convoy. I was designated, along with certain other staff officers, to proceed with him and set up temporary Z Forces Headquarters at Liuchow. The Kwangsi Chinese army that had relieved the Forty-sixth Army when we moved north was still in Kweilin to defend that city. Before leaving, our surplus medical stocks and certain other supplies that would have to be abandoned or destroyed were turned over to them. The city of Kweilin had during the time we were up north with the Forty-sixth Army filled up with refugees fleeing ahead of the Japanese advances. Again the terrific press of humanity to get out of the doomed city: It is simply beyond the imagination to conceive of the indescribable pathos of this situation.

The small stores of coal available for the few locomotives lay temporarily piled at various places along the railroad. The Japanese now had the coal mines up near Ling Shui Tan. Rolling stock was decrepit. Trains broke in two, derailed themselves, got out of control on grades and all sorts of things happened to delay and tie up what little railroad traffic existed. Everything movable was crowded

with a mass of humanity. Old trucks that probably had not run for years were somehow got into operation and started off down the road, with or without tires. Hysteria prevailed.

The Kwangsi army that was to defend Kweilin still had orders to remain in the city itself to defend it. They had a few seventy-five mm. guns. They set fire to a great part of the city and blasted down the large buildings to make way for their artillery fire. We saw familiar landmarks go up in smoke. The last Americans to get out were of course demolition parties, whose job it was to destroy everything that might serve any Jap purpose whatsoever. Our beautiful new Z Forces Headquarters were of course condemned to destruction. Drums of gasoline were placed in the buildings, and at the last moment incendiary bullets were fired into them, immediately making roaring furnaces out of the entire compound. Brigadier General Casey Vincent, in command of that part of the Fourteenth Air Force which was at Kweilin, and General Timberman, who had succeeded General Lindsay in command of the Z Forces, collaborated in the plans for the evacuation and demolitions. There were no precipitous or untimely moves.

A few days before the awful end of Kweilin, Colonel Kitts and his party, of which I was a member, left Kweilin for Liuchow to set up our temporary Z Forces Headquarters. We hoped that somehow Liuchow would be spared. The convoy trip was an experience. Vehicles of every kind imaginable crowded the roads and at the ferries stretched back for miles. Crossing on ferries with vehicles at any time in China is something to remember. But in the press of an evacuation, with hundreds of vehicles lined

up waiting to be taken across, time seemed to come to a complete stop. The ferries were old homemade wooden barges, controlled and propelled by hand, and now it was difficult to find enough Chinese civilians who knew how to operate them and to keep them going constantly. There was only one ferry barge at each crossing. That meant countless trips, back and forth, with everyone fervently praying that nothing would happen to the barge or that the vehicles would not be knocked off into the water by some collision or accident.

Since we had spent some weeks in the vicinity of Liuchow training with the Forty-sixth Army, I knew the city and its environs and our American installations there. On arriving in Liuchow this time I was amazed by the many changes. The city itself was teeming with people. Evacuees had been coming for the past month and a half. Instead of the well-ordered Chinese wholesale market town that it had been, it was now a seething, shifting mob of hysterical, frightened people. We went directly out to the small camp at the edge of town where we were to establish our temporary headquarters. It was literally full and running over. Americans from all over southeast China had been called in from their stations to escape capture. Some had arrived by train, some by vehicle; some had hitchhiked, and some had walked. Some few had been flown in, for we had had several teams that had been cut off by the Japanese for many weeks past. There were Fourteenth Air Force people, Office of Strategic Services, Service of Supply, correspondents, civilian technicians, Z Forces personnel, and many others. Those not actually scheduled to remain in Liuchow to operate the Fourteenth Air Force and skeleton Z Forces Headquarters were moved

on toward Kweiyang and Kunming as rapidly as possible. There was no question of getting sleeping quarters; one slept where he could and ate in an Army mess that, set up to take care of about fifty people, was now feeding a veritable mob.

We immediately set up our dispensary and were very busy indeed, since many of these people were sick from travel, from contaminated food and water, from infections, fatigue, and general debility. Major Max Gentry took over this dispensary and ran it in a highly efficient manner while I gathered up the administrative details of the wreck of the Z Forces. One of our chief anxieties was to check our rosters and account for everyone.

The night bombings continued. Our camp was surrounded on three sides by a range of low hills. The airfield was about a quarter of a mile distant. I well remember one evening when we were all dog-tired from our many duties and the lack of sleep. After Freddy Boye, Dan Mallon, Tom Shaffer, and several others of us had gone to bed in the end of a little shack, the three-ball alert was sounded. A one-ball alert meant that the enemy was proceeding in our direction. A two-ball alert gave us about ten minutes to get out and in a protected area. A three-ball alert meant that the enemy was approaching the target.

Freddy began to swear and say that this business was getting to be a problem, with no rest in the daytime and no sleep at night. I spoke up and said that for myself I was going to take mine lying down this time; I needed rest and sleep. The others agreed and we stayed in our sacks. Just at that time a big bomb landed about fifty yards away and fairly shook our eyeteeth. Freddy rose up



in bed and said, "Lyle, I don't believe we solved that problem very well. I think I'll get out of here."

The city of Liuchow was "off limits" for Americans. Jap agents were everywhere. They preceded the military advance, spreading fear and hysteria and encouraging sabotage. The railway station and yards were an indescribable seething mass of humanity, all scratching, clawing, and fighting for a place on the railroad cars and trains. People were packed so tight in the area that they could not get out of the way of oncoming locomotives. To make matters worse, Jap night bombers attacked the station. Luckily, their aim was bad and most of their bombs fell at the edge of the yards, resulting in only a fraction of the casualties that would have occurred if they had exploded in the midst of the people about the station. Fabulous prices, any prices, were paid for places on an outgoing train. The tracks themselves were literally obliterated for miles by people of all ages and classes who were walking toward the northwest. Roads, trails, and paths were crowded with people fleeing on foot and by all kinds of conveyances toward Ishan and the north. There was no food, sanitation, or shelter. It was Kweilin all over again . . . only worse.

After a week or ten days it was clear that, since Kweilin had fallen and the Japanese were now pushing on toward Liuchow and had made a juncture with their column in the Pinglo area, it would be wise for us to make some sort of survey of possible locations for the future operations of the Z Forces. Resistance to the Japs was now nonexistent. Their advance was a matter of administrative marches. There was no adequate defense for either Liuchow or the American air base near by. Colonels Fred Boye and Tom Shaffer and I were ordered to make up a party and proceed

north and west up the Liuchow-Ishan-Tushan-Tuyun-Kweiyang corridor and make a survey of the country, both for its defensive possibilities and for its suitability for possible sites for our Z Forces Headquarters. We needed a location where we could get in fresh Chinese troops or collect the ones that were now demoralized, turn them around, build up their morale, and give them a certain amount of training—in short, prepare them for the defense of the last bit of Chinese territory not occupied by the Japanese. As matters stood, there was no Chinese opposition to prevent the Japanese from continuing their marches all the way into Kunming. If they did reach that place, Chungking would be cut off and represent only a small island of unoccupied territory. The Chinese would have their backs against the most formidable wall in the world, the Himalaya Mountains. Something had to be done at once.

Colonel Boye was a Regular Army officer of long experience, a West Point graduate and well seasoned in the military game. Colonel Shaffer was an engineer of repute. They were to make surveys of the military and engineering features, while I was to make one to include food, water, public health, sanitation, available buildings, and allied subjects. We took with us a portable radio in order to keep in touch with the situation. At the end of our survey we were to report in to Kunming, the rear echelon headquarters of the Z Forces, for further orders.

We moved out up the corridor toward Ishan. At Liuchow the railroad branched, one fork taking a southwesterly direction toward Nanning and the French Indo-China border, the other going off in a northwesterly direction, gradually ascending to the high tableland as it ap-

proached Kweichow province. This northwest branch of the railroad had been intended to extend to a point near Kweiyang, from which it would again divide, one fork going northwest to Chungking and the other going west into Kunming. The main part of the railroad had, however, been built only as far as Ishan, some sixty miles northwest of Liuchow. The trains in southeast China were not equipped with air brakes except on the engines. North of Ishan, however, the terrain becomes increasingly hilly. A temporary railroad had been built from Ishan north as far as Tuyun, a distance of some 250 miles. It had many sharp curves and steep grades. It was therefore necessary on this section of the railroad to have different rolling stock, equipped throughout with air brakes. This necessitated transshipment from the brakeless cars to the mountain equipment.

We found Ishan a pleasant little city, very clean as compared with other Chinese cities, and with an efficient local *gendarmerie*. Several of the British Aid Group were comfortably settled here. They introduced us to their pet drink, called "Smoky Joe," which was made from truck alcohol touched up with a little local wine and other odds and ends. (Several of this group we had known before in our various travels about China.) A little river runs through the city. Just above the town it is quite wide, then it suddenly enters a very narrow, rocky gorge with precipitous sides seventy-five to a hundred feet high. Just before the river enters this gorge it has cut out a large pool with a nice sandy beach. After our long dusty drive we went down with our British friends and had a most exhilarating swim in the cool waters of this swift little river.

We went on to Tushan, where we found several buildings that might possibly serve as a base for operations, but the terrain was considered unsuitable for training troops. At Tuyun we found the same conditions. On leaving Tuyun and the railroad, the road climbs up to the high tableland of Kweichow province. Kweiyang, the capital city, is regarded as a healthful place in the summer. Its altitude is about 4500 feet. The city itself lies in a natural bowl surrounded by ranges of low-lying hills. Off to the south of Kweiyang is a broad valley containing a number of villages and towns, largely populated by the Miao people, who are indigenous to that part of China. The Chinese themselves have migrated down from the north and east to occupy all the territory now known as China.

The Miaos are small in stature and essentially a hill people. They are quite clean in their habits, are reported to be fierce fighters, and have a religion somewhat resembling that of the sun-worshippers of ancient times. Their costumes are very different from those of the Chinese. Indeed, they remind one of the peasant costumes of the Jugoslavs, along the Dalmatian coast. The women wear embroidered, pleated short skirts over long pantaloons, embroidered shirtwaists, many necklaces, wristlets, anklets, and earrings of silver, and finely woven, varnished wide straw hats with flat-topped crowns. One need not agree with the Chinese in calling these people uncivilized. At any rate, they are said to be responsible for a good deal of robbing and pillaging of travelers.

Kweichow province had been fortunate in having for the past eight years a governor named D. C. Wu, a banker by profession and a progressive citizen. His minister of finance was Dr. Y. T. Tsur, a Yale graduate of the class of

1909 and for many years president of "Yale in China." Dr. Tsur was much interested in the Miao people, as well as in the Chinese residents of Kweichow. By popular subscription he had raised money and built a fine compound in the center of Kweiyang. This compound contained several large, properly constructed brick buildings. One served as an exhibition hall for native products; another was the art museum; another was for scientific exhibits and school; another was the China Travel Service guest house or hotel; another was a very fine library containing thousands of volumes in all languages and on all subjects; and still another was a nice small brick building used as a children's library, equipped with little chairs and tables and all sorts of children's books and games. We were very much impressed. Some of the native handwork was exquisite. The art exhibits, exclusively Chinese, were very well done. The scientific exhibit and school, equipped with all sorts of laboratory apparatus, was a means of giving short-term instruction to Kweichow high-school teachers. The whole thing was a monumental piece of work, especially in a province as poor as Kweichow. Dr. Tsur by his force of personality has been able to accomplish many fine things for China. He is a gentleman in anyone's language.

We decided then that Kweiyang, from all of our various points of view, would be probably the most ideal place available for the scene of our future operations, provided of course the Japs did not continue their advance that far. This we considered unlikely, since winter was approaching. The Japs were equipped only with summer uniforms, Kweichow was a notably poor agricultural province on account of its high, rocky terrain, and little food

would be available for them. We were told that the winters were long and severe, that the cold was damp and penetrating, and that the sun practically never shone during the winter because of the fog and low-lying clouds.

Just south of Kweiyang about twelve miles was the village of Hwa Shi. Here Dr. Tsur had built one of the finest boys' schools in China. It consisted of four large two-story brick buildings, built around a central court on the bank of a beautiful little stream. In another village two miles distant was a large girls' school, also well built and in a good state of repair. About two miles from this girls' school was Kweichow University, consisting also of several large brick buildings. And about two miles from Hwa Shi in the other direction was a large middle school. The terrain to the south was ideal for maneuvers.

Just up the stream from the village of Hwa Shi was a beautiful park, laid out on both sides of the lovely stream into flower beds, rock gardens, pagodas, and pergolas, and containing several fine modern bungalows, used as tea houses and dancing places for the Chinese elite who had their modern summer homes built in a large colony just up the stream on the side of the cliffs overlooking the valley. While we were there a tea and dancing party was given for us at one of these bungalows—a most enjoyable affair. The terraces were built out over the edge of the stream and paved with glazed tile. Just across the river from the bungalow and beyond the park was a large Chinese anti-aircraft school where some five hundred to six hundred Chinese officers and soldiers were being trained.

All in all, we were very much pleased with the prospect of setting up Z Forces Headquarters in this locality. We knew that if Liuchow were captured the Japs would move

on up the corridor part way at least. That meant that Kweiyang would be evacuated by the Chinese, and a great many of these installations would be left available for our use. We made many trips in all directions out of Kweiyang, including one to the large military reservation to the north which had been conceived as a tremendous training center for large numbers of troops; buildings had been begun and a few had been completed before it was discovered that there was insufficient water and no wood for fuel for cooking and heating!

We then took the long road across the mountains toward Kunming. We passed through the bandit capital of backwoods China, Anshun, and arrived in Kunming to find that our Z Forces had preceded us there, having been flown in from Liuchow, and that the fall of that city was expected momentarily.

News from Liuchow was conflicting. The Fourteenth Air Force still had a few people there, though prepared to fly out at any moment. General Lindsay, who had recovered his health and again commanded Z Forces, was dissatisfied with the inconsistency of the information he received and very properly decided to go down and size the situation up himself. He took Lieutenant Colonel Henry Borntrager, the operations staff officer of Z Forces, and me with him. We flew down and landed, to find the opposite of what we encountered when we entered Liuchow from Kweilin. It was now a ghost town. Part of the city had been burned, and few people were to be seen; our campsite was deserted, and hardly any of the Fourteenth Air Force remained. We stayed around Liuchow for two or three days, and when the Japs were already in the city and approaching the airfield, we took off, flew out over the

burning shell of that once proud city and returned sorrowfully to Kunming.

We had done our best, but that had not been good enough. We must now face the task of getting together new Chinese troops, training and equipping them and building up their morale. We must work for the ultimate salvation of this remaining part of China. Who knew whether we could work fast enough and efficiently enough to dispel the hysterical discouragement of the Chinese and turn them around to face their enemy? Could we hold the Japs at bay while we gathered strength for a drive that would fold them back on their overlong lines of communication and ultimately regain the territory we had lost during the black summer that had just passed?



## VII

### Kunming and Back to Kweiyang

KUNMING (Yunnanfu) is the capital of the province of Yunnan. It lies on a plain over seven thousand feet high just at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. It is the Chinese terminus of the old Burma Road and has developed into an important trading and distribution center. The old town is surrounded by a massive cut-stone wall about forty feet high, approximately fifty feet in width at the base, and about fifteen feet wide at the top. Near the city is a large lake from which transportation canals have been cut into the city. The streets are paved with flagstones and are much wider than usual in China. A huge wrought-iron fence about thirty feet high, equipped with strong gates, separates different sections. There are a number of fine modern brick and stone buildings of several stories. The province of Yunnan being rich in natural resources, the banking business has thrived, along with trade of all kinds.

In the center of the city is a traffic junction called the "Flower Circle," since cut flowers of all kinds and descriptions are displayed and for sale here. Gladiolas, chrysanthemums, peonies, tulips, roses, and even pansies are to be seen in a great profusion of color. Certain sections of Kunming remind one of provincial towns in France. A large university, a medical school, many private and pub-

lic schools, a public-health laboratory, and a decent China Travel Service hotel, even equipped with a grand piano in the lobby—these and many other things make this small provincial city a sort of Mecca in southwestern China.

Marco Polo in his travels is said to have stopped in Kunming for some little time. His legendary visit is still a matter of pride to the inhabitants. The Marco Polo trail, leading out of Kunming, has been used for so many hundreds of years that it has been worn down in places to a depth of twenty to thirty feet. This famous trail in leading out from the city of Kunming passed within a hundred yards of the Z Forces Headquarters. Indeed, we often looked in its direction. Prisoners condemned for execution were brought to the open space between our headquarters and the Marco Polo trail and were shot in a routine manner by the local police or provincial troops.

The old custom in China was to convey the condemned man to the execution grounds in a rickshaw. On this last ride he was privileged to stop at any shop or place of business and choose whatever he wished at no cost as a present for his family. It is said that he most frequently selected an expensive piece of yard goods for the women of his household. Certain prisoners were still accorded these privileges. However, enemy agents, traitors, and those sentenced for treason were tied together with straw rope or with chains about their necks and covered front and back with placards on which were written in large red Chinese letters the names of their offenses. They were paraded on foot through the streets for hours as a lesson to the rest of the populace and then marched to the execution grounds and quickly dispatched. None of these

prisoners exhibited the slightest emotion; they seemed to be completely stoical.

The province of Yunnan contains a great many Miao people, the aborigines of this section of the country. In fact, the governor himself was said to have been a Miao. As I have remarked, many accused these people of banditry. At any rate, there had been a good many robber bands operating in Yunnan, and the authorities seldom took the trouble to bring these people in for execution when they were captured. It was not unusual in traveling about in Yunnan and Kweichow to come upon a man's head stuck up on a bridge or hanging from a tree at the site of an attempted holdup.

These robbers have even on occasion attempted to rob our American trucks and convoys, though usually they preyed only on the Chinese. A friend of mine, Colonel Harold Vreeland, was in an American convoy attacked by these robbers. He explained that the bandits had stopped a preceding Chinese convoy and were in the process of robbing it when the American convoy hove into sight. There was then of course nothing for them to do but to attempt to hold up the American convoy as well. Our officers and men promptly engaged the bandits, killing several and wounding others. The convoy turned around and headed back toward Kunming with only relatively minor wounds to one or two Americans.

We arrived in Kunming after having completed our survey in the latter part of October, 1944. Everyone wondered what our next move would be. We had lost south-east China, and the Burma campaign was not going too well. Rumors of all sorts were rife. Some of our men were

sent home and some flown back to India. The future seemed uncertain.

However, the Chinese-American training centers in Kunming were continued and augmented. A separate Plans and Training section was set up in the Z Forces under the command of Colonel Joe Teece. It was the purpose of this section to take the experiences of those who had been in the field, boil them all down to common denominators, and lay out a uniform set of plans and schedules for the future training of Chinese troops. The plan provided for a Command and Staff School for general and staff officers and for senior unit commanders. This school was to be operated in the field by the liaison team with each army. The idea was good. Uniform training would tend to bring all the Chinese troops to the same level, permitting greater understanding and coördination. All arms and branches were represented. Evaluating and planning the medical part of this program took the entire time of two medical officers and part of the time of several others. As Z Forces Surgeon, I still had a good many administrative and supply details to supervise. We still had a number of men in the field in various out-of-the-way places. Some of them were cut off by the Japanese and could only be supplied by air. We were kept quite busy evaluating this, calibrating that, and planning for the future.

During this time I made many new contacts and friends. Dr. F. F. Tang, superintendent of a public health laboratory, was an outstanding example. Dr. Tang is a graduate of Cornell Medical School and his charming and lovely wife a graduate of Wellesley. His home and laboratory were beautifully located on the lake just opposite the

city of Kunming. Dr. Tang is a man of about five feet in height and must weigh all of ninety pounds. He is, however, a mental giant. His laboratory would do credit to our United States. It is well-ordered and admirably conducted and turns out a prodigious amount of work. When Dr. Tang heard about penicillin, he immediately got hold of the literature on the subject and started making the drug at once in his laboratory. He furnished us and the Chinese Army with large amounts of all sorts of vaccines. In addition to this, he supplied great quantities of biologicals to civilian agencies in all parts of China. He is the kind of person and was doing the quality of work that made it a pleasure for one to give him any possible assistance. He was as delighted as a schoolboy when I showed him how to make thermostatic mercury cutout switches for his incubators.

Dr. Tang ran his compound on the share-all basis. His workers raised a considerable amount of rice. (This rice, incidentally, was grown right out in the shallow lake bed and was harvested from boats.) They always had a certain number of pigs and a few cows. Their flower gardens made one think of the flower show at Stuttgart. Everyone in his employ worked a certain number of hours each week on these projects and shared in the returns accordingly. Needless to say, his people were contented and happy.

To visit Dr. Tang in his home was like visiting friends in Winnetka or Pasadena. He had a beautiful living room with a lovely fireplace, a dining room such as we have at home, and a colored tiled bathroom most surprisingly supplied with little pastel two by four hand towels, beautifully embroidered and initialed. When at home we may

growl about such things being too dainty to use, but in China they seemed to epitomize American home life and comfort.

There was a whole colony of modern homes along the lake in the vicinity of Dr. Tang's compound. Many of the people living in them came to be our friends and entertained us in a most charming manner. They knew that their homes resembled our own more than any others we were likely to find.

One place in particular was always open to us on Saturday evenings—the home of a Chinese general who had some fifteen years previously attended the Command and Staff School at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. The wife and mother explained that she had been treated with such graciousness and consideration while with her husband at Leavenworth that it was a privilege to do everything she could for us and to make us feel as much at home as possible. She had an electric phonograph with a good selection of records, a large living room in which to dance, and beautiful flower gardens in which to stroll along the lake in the soft moonlight.

Another person who was very gracious to all of us was Dr. Ho. She is a properly trained physician who has specialized in obstetrics and gynecology. She was at that time a refugee from her home and practice in Canton. Her father was a famous Chinese in that city and one of the few who have ever been knighted by the British government. Dr. Ho was giving her time as chief of obstetrical service in one of the large hospitals in Kunming.

Downtown in Kunming there were few places for an officer to go. The Red Cross had a most excellent club, quite properly given over almost entirely to the enlisted

men. A Chinese named Billy owned a large restaurant in a three-story building near the center of the city. This was a very popular place. Incoming and outgoing trucks bringing Americans to Kunming for the evening always made a stop at Billy's. The American M.P.'s maintained a large parking lot for American vehicles next door. On the ground floor Billy's was an ordinary café, with a number of deal tables and chairs, and not particularly well decorated. On the second floor was the restaurant. Billy served good food and had a thriving business. His manager was a most affable Chinese named Fong. They employed an American sergeant to come in and decorate the restaurant. He proceeded to panel the large room and paint nude Varga girls two or three times life-size in each panel. When all was ready Billy had a grand opening and a huge crowd. In fact, the crowd was too large. Business was too good. The local authorities saw a chance to participate. Duly appointed representatives waited upon Billy and Fong, and, after some long discussions, an agreement was reached as to just how they would operate in the future; the G.I. had to come back and put bathing trunks and brassières on his beautiful nude women.

On the third floor of Billy's was his own office, a private dining room, and a little sitting room. Colonel Harry Johnson and I made this third floor almost a sort of headquarters when in town. Billy and Fong were always gracious. Billy concocted a special Manhattan cocktail which was his very own secret. While not exactly like one you would get in the King Cole bar at the St. Regis, it was nevertheless more than a little reminiscent of that celebrated place.

About once a week Billy and Fong would find some excuse to have a big dinner for Colonel Johnson and me. These were no ordinary dinner parties. There would be about fifteen Chinese celebrities and the table was always a work of art. For these parties two of Fong's best men would spend the entire day arranging the table decorations. At one party the center of the table was decorated with an American and a Chinese flag made from colored grains of rice, each little grain laid very meticulously in its own special position. There were always flowers. The food was truly delicious. The last course was always ice cream. Billy had one of the few freezers in that part of the world, but he never served ice cream except at these special parties.

Since Billy and Fong knew that Colonel Johnson and I liked to play bridge, they often invited two good Chinese bridge players. We never played together but always with Chinese partners. The stakes ranged from CN (Chinese National Currency) \$1 to \$10 a point, which is, after all, not too much, with the exchange at that time at about CN \$350 to one American dollar. Occasionally we would play poker, but every party ended in a crap game, since that was Fong's favorite diversion. Another game that Fong loved to play with us involved calling the last digit of the serial number of a Chinese banknote. If called wrong the money went into the pot until someone did call the right number. Sometimes we simply called the numbers "odd" or "even." During this time Fong would serve his cocktails and the most delicious *canapés*, with ripe and green olives. Inasmuch as the third floor was a *sanctum sanctorum* nobody was there except those invited. Needless to



say, Billy and Fong are a vivid part of my memories of this trip to China.

When I was in Kweilin I made the acquaintance of the Professor of Otolaryngology in the Yunnan Provincial Medical School. At the time of the evacuation of Kweilin this doctor and his wife and small child made their way to Kunming, suffering great hardships on the way. In Kunming he was appointed to his teaching position as well as consulting otolaryngologist to one of the large hospitals. We very pleasantly revived our former acquaintance. This led me into many contacts in the medical world in Yunnan and in Kunming, both among the civilian and military medical people. I found myself in the role of lecturer at the medical school and at many of the hospitals.

The salary of this man was not enough to buy the barest food essentials for himself and family. He augmented his income somewhat by giving private lessons in both German and English. Although his English was poor, it improved steadily during our association, since he always insisted upon speaking English with me except at times when he would naturally lapse into his native tongue. To see such a man, highly trained in his profession, suffering actual want and poverty was most heart-rending. Such things illustrated how tragically out of joint was the world of Hitler, Hirohito, and Mussolini.

I was constantly being besieged to come to this hospital or to that clinic. If at all possible, I responded. One day the colonel commanding one of the three Chinese Air Corps hospitals came in to see me. He was a very handsome, intelligent, live-wire sort of person. He explained that his hospital was located some little distance from Kunming but that he would appreciate it indeed if I

could pay him a visit, give a few lectures and clinical demonstrations, and also give my "advice" about how to improve the installation. The Chinese always approach you for "advice"; that is S.O.P. (Standard Operating Procedure). I found this hospital one of the best Chinese field installations that I had ever seen. The place was orderly, clean, and well conducted. It had different departments, including a laboratory with competent personnel, a good German-made X-ray machine with an adequate stock of films, and even a certain supply of that precious stuff then uppermost in the minds of every Chinese medical officer—the sulfa drugs.

After I had given the staff and the nurses several lectures and clinical demonstrations on subjects that they requested and was about to depart, the colonel took off his Chinese Air Corps dress saber and presented it to me with both hands. In China if you are presented something with one hand, it is a grudging gift. If it is handed to you with both hands, you may be sure that the gift is wholehearted. You will insult the giver indeed if you refuse to accept whatever he gives you, be it a cigarette or a diamond ring. The saber is a beautiful thing. It is mounted with a ruby-eyed Chinese eagle, as fierce and meaningful as our own American eagle. Since it was the colonel's own pride and he had worn it himself for eight years, it represented the kind of gift that the Chinese value most in the giving. The Chinese love to give gifts to people that they like and it often becomes very embarrassing, since the sort of presents they offer, one cannot hope to match in return.

December came. Many changes had taken place. General Stilwell was to be replaced as Theater Commander. The American Ground Forces had undergone two or three

reorganizations since the loss of Kweilin and Liuchow. The Japanese had not stopped at Liuchow. They had pivoted to the north and west and pushed up the same corridor that we had traveled on our survey trip. After some little resistance they had taken Ishan but not until the Chinese had burned the city and destroyed their military stores, including tons of medical supplies. The Japanese then went up the corridor and captured Hochih, 125 miles northwest of Liuchow. They then forced their way on up to Nantan and to within a few miles of Tuyun. From Nantan they had sent out another column that crossed the mountains to the west and followed the Tingfan Valley up toward Kweiyang. The situation was critical. The last Chinese resistance had been neutralized at Hochih, Nantan, and Luchai. There was nothing to stop them in their relentless advance to Kweiyang and from Kweiyang north to Chungking and west to Kunming. Gloom was as thick as pea soup.

But perhaps there was something to stop the Japs. A few of us thought so. In the first place, they were very much overextended. In the second place, bitter winter was upon them, and in the province of Kweichow, where winter is so rugged that it makes one shiver to think about it, the Japs had only summer uniforms. Then, too, they were entering the poorest agricultural district in China. They would find little food, provisions, or shelter. And last but not least, we believed it a part of the Japanese scheme to drive the populace out of the fertile Liuchow-Nantan-Tuyun corridor and into the high tablelands of Kweichow, where the greatly increased evacuee population would constitute a food problem of paramount importance to the already harassed Chinese government, and

the refugees would further disseminate the hysterical defeatism already present further south.

Finally our situation was brought to a focus—Y and Z Forces were no more. The Ground Forces in China had been reorganized into the C. T. and C. C. (China Training and China Combat) Commands. China had been divided into combat sectors. The Eastern Command was to be east of Kunming, our old territory. Colonel Fred Boye was put in command of this sector and I was selected as his Surgeon. Our team consisted of twenty officers and twenty enlisted men. We were to leave Kunming and make our way east until we met the Japs. We might get as far as Annan or Anshun, but there were no takers for bets that we would get as far east as Kweiyang. Our information was that the Japs were just twenty miles south of that city. If they were not already in Kweiyang when we arrived, and we were so bold as to enter the city, it would be a simple matter for them to swing around in a left flanking movement and cut us off by simply driving through a column to the Kunming-Kweiyang highway somewhere west of Kweiyang. In fact, that was what most of our people thought they would do, since that course would deny us the highway north from Kweiyang to Chungking as well as cut off our access to the east on the Kunming-Kweiyang highway. We were to get in touch with what Chinese troops we could find in the area, give them every assistance we could, and begin to evolve a system of training and morale building that would lead to a positive defense and later to an aggressive offensive. Now this was a large order. It seemed to me our only ace in the hole was the weather and the possible unwillingness of the Japs to extend their thin lines any further.

On December 3 we left Hostel 11 in Kunming with six jeeps, four trailers, and seven weapons carriers. We were off into a rugged part of China at its worst season, in the dead of winter. The weather in Kunming is usually healthful the year round, but on December 3, 1944, it was cold and rainy, even in Kunming. We all put on heavy underwear and all the clothes we could find. Just before we left, Major Shaner of the Medical Corps with the Fourteenth Air Force brought me over a sheepskin-lined jacket, without which I am sure I would have frozen as stiff as an icicle. As it was, I had on heavy underwear, a sweater, a wool shirt, two pairs of woolen pants, heavy wool socks, a field jacket, a sheepskin-lined jacket, and a heavy-lined field coat.

We made Chenyi that evening, got up early the next morning, and were on the road promptly at 6:30 a.m. From Chenyi to Annan the country is very high and mountainous. The roads were slippery, the wind was cold, and the rain froze on our windshields so that we had to stop every few minutes to scrape off the ice. The area just west of Annan produces a great deal of citrus fruit. It also produces some small bananas. How this can be remains a mystery. As we went through this country on December 4 ice covered the citrus and banana trees! How the trees could be ice-covered and still produce fruit is a riddle, but produce they did, for we had fruit from this very area the next summer.

The roads were dreadful. I can think of no roads in this country that can compare with those in China for hair-pin turns, cuts, fills, landslides, shelving rocks, and phony bridges. If you can imagine such a road covered with ice and sleet, your windshield likewise, and you yourself sitting

out in the weather half-frozen by the mountain blasts, you may have some faint idea of the rigors of this journey.

On arriving at Anshun we learned that the Japs were still sixty miles south of Kweiyang. After a short council of war we decided to go into Kweiyang and see for ourselves. Soon after leaving Annan we began meeting evacuees on the road. By the time we got to Anshun there were more. From Anshun into Kweiyang there was a steady stream of men, women, and children walking and riding everything from water buffalo to wheelbarrows. There were old broken-down trucks and busses, rickshaws, sedan chairs, bicycles, and oxcarts. We could picture from our previous experiences with evacuation just what Kweiyang would be like, full of frozen, starving refugees freely mixed with Japanese agents, spreading alarm. We were not mistaken. The nearer we got to Kweiyang, the more people we saw dead and frozen along the roadside, the more weaklings, the more stragglers, many of whom could not possibly survive that very night.

The American Service of Supply had had a small tent camp at Kweiyang that had operated as a way station for convoys traveling between Kunming and Liuchow and Kweilin. We had been told at Annan that this camp was still intact, staffed by a few remaining American personnel. We went directly to this tent camp, arriving after dark. Never as long as I live shall I forget that first night at Kweiyang. Everything was covered with a coating of ice, the wind was blowing a gale, the weather had not made up its mind whether to rain or to sleet or to snow. The tents were cold, there were no lights, we were half frozen and more than a little hungry. We got some hot coffee and some food, ascertained that the Japs were at least not

within striking distance that night, and went to bed cold, exhausted, and wondering what the future held in store.

Of course Colonel Boye and I were familiar with Kweiyang. We had surveyed the area the preceding fall and were well oriented. The next morning he asked me to go and take over the Guest House and to make tentative arrangements to occupy at least one of the other buildings for our headquarters. Now negotiating with a China Travel Service manager and his nineteen or more assistants to take away from him suddenly the most thriving business he has ever had is somewhat of a task. Evacuees were of course of all kinds and classes. The Guest House was full to overflowing and a haven for all who could afford it. I went directly to see Governor D. C. Wu, whom I had met on our previous visit, and also Dr. Tsur, his Vice-Governor. I told them that we were there to help save the day for the Chinese if possible and that we needed at least part of the Guest House immediately. They were very coöperative and telephoned the manager to this effect.

After long and devious negotiations over many cups of hot tea in a room as cold as a Maine barn in January we finally arrived at an agreement. We were to have part of the Guest House immediately, and the guests we dispossessed were to be distributed among the homes of residents of Kweiyang who had evacuated or partially evacuated the city. Within as short a time as possible we were to have the entire Guest House because of the anticipated increases in American personnel. On the second afternoon after our arrival and after thoroughly scrubbing, cleaning, and disinfecting the place, we moved in. There was no heat of any kind in the whole building. Some-

times I think the Chinese are as cold-blooded as fish. They seem to go on about their business no matter what the weather. When it is cold they freeze and when it is hot they sweat. After all, Nature prescribes the weather, and who is man to interfere with Nature? We dug up a few open charcoal braziers made from beaten-out sheets of metal and by paying exorbitant prices were able to get a certain amount of charcoal. By hugging these open fires we were in a continual state of toasting our anteriors and freezing our posteriors, and in a mental daze and with a thumping headache from the inhalation of the carbon monoxide fumes of the open charcoal fires. Every member of the team was warned not once but many times about the danger of carbon monoxide. In spite of all warnings and every care, several were overcome by this gas.

The next day after moving into the Guest House I had another unpleasant job to do. For some little time I had known the director of the Science Institute, Dr. Lin. I went to see him and told him that we would have to take over at least a part of his building for our headquarters. This building was quite large, was cut up into offices and classrooms, and again, of course, was without any heat. Dr. Lin recognized our position immediately and was coöperative. He moved his exhibits and laboratory material into a part of the building and gave us the remainder, saying, "Why not? The Japs may be here tomorrow. Besides, the city is evacuating and I have no students." We immediately began to organize our offices. Our radio had been set up immediately on arrival, and we learned to our great satisfaction that the Japs, after sending their most advanced patrols to within thirty miles of Kweiyang, were



beginning their typical recessive movement. We didn't know whether this was one of the accordion-like maneuvers to be executed before bringing up their main column or whether they were actually beginning to recede from the high plateau in Kweichow.

Things began to move rapidly. We began to feel encouraged. The refugees, however, presented a great problem. A steady stream of hapless Chinese, sometimes ten or twelve abreast, poured into Kweiyang from down the corridor. Kuomintang party headquarters, all the middle schools, the Party School, public buildings of all sorts and descriptions were turned over to the city and provincial government for use in sheltering them. These poor people as they moved up the corridor into Kweiyang ate everything in sight just as a swarm of locusts strips everything from the countryside. They also burned everything that would burn, anything to get a little fire to cook what food they could procure and to provide their starving bodies with a little external heat. Buildings were torn down and burned piecemeal. Window casements were torn out of mud, stucco, and brick buildings. Doors, steps, trees, literally everything that would burn was consumed. It seemed to be a part of the Japanese strategy to drive these helpless, starving refugees up through this poor, bleak province. They knew that the country would be stripped, leaving nothing for the populace that remained or for any troops that might be sent in.

Typhus was rampant. It was necessary to do wholesale amputations for frostbitten extremities. Relapsing fever began to rear its ugly head much in advance of its usual seasonal appearance. Starvation, weakness, and sickness cruelly solved a good deal of the refugee problem.

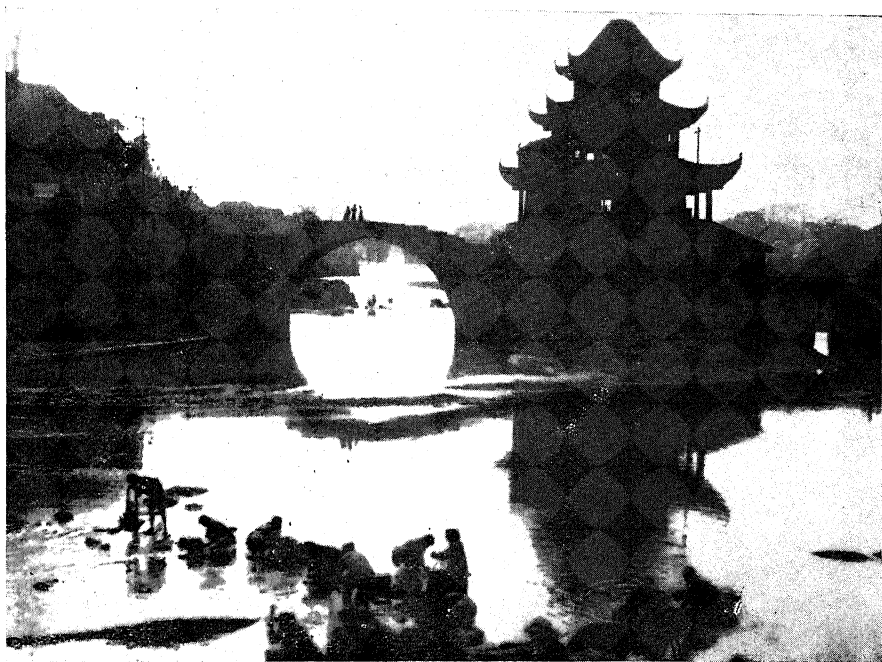
My friend, Dr. Flowers, was there with his orthopedic unit, set up in the medical school and in the Kuomintang headquarters. The entire native staffs of the medical school and of the local hospitals worked wholeheartedly. Money was raised and distributed among the refugees, but a starving man can't eat money. Markets were either destitute or demanded exorbitant prices. Dr. Flowers estimated that 40 percent of the refugees evacuated from the Hochih corridor solved their problem by dying. Gradually, under governmental and municipal pressure, prices were somewhat stabilized but at a very high level. The weather remained bad, the city was overflowing, and finally the municipal authorities refused to allow any refugees to enter the gates unless they could demonstrate that they had relatives or friends in the city who would shelter and feed them. This resulted in thousands of people being led around the city by a by-pass and started on the road toward Kunming or Chungking. The farther one goes on these roads the more mountainous they become, the worse the weather and the harder the going. Thousands died en route. The poor things just walked along in a daze, putting one foot ahead of the other until they fell over dead.

The thousands given shelter in the city were all emaciated, cold, and weak, and many were sick. To walk about among these people was an overpowering experience. Dead lay among the living, the ill, and the dying. Often I have seen families huddled up together to get warm and found some of them sleeping, some dying, and some dead. Many of those who were still alive were too weak to get up and move around enough to prepare what little food might be given them or to care for the daily

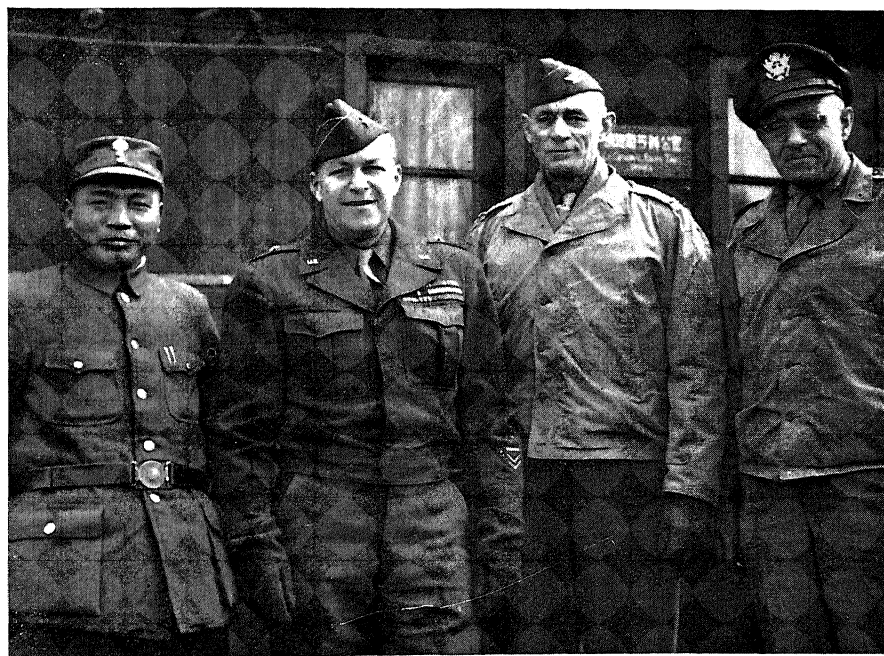
necessities of life. Sanitation was nonexistent. Not enough able-bodied people could be found to dispose of the dead as fast as they expired. The disease situation was potentially explosive. In addition to typhus, relapsing fever, frostbite, and other endemic and epidemic conditions, a mild type of influenza infection prevailed and carried away a good many of the weaker ones. Luckily, the virulence of this infection was low. Not only were the refugee shelters crowded, but the thoroughfares themselves were literally filled with people. Doorways, window ledges, and sidewalks were preëmpted as beds. The streets were filled with people moving about among the dead and those too cold, weak, or sick to rise. Enemy agents abounded, keeping the people in a constant state of turmoil and apprehension. Several enemy agents were seized, but of course the great bulk of them mixed with the motley throng and went undetected.

It was obvious, if we were to assemble any considerable number of troops in this area, that the food problem would remain paramount at least until another rice crop could be gathered. However, from our previous surveys we knew that there was a considerable surplus of rice and food of all sorts directly to the north and northwest of us. We also felt that some hidden stores of rice could be unearthed in the hills and out-of-the-way places surrounding Kweiyang. Collecting this food would be an immense problem of transport, owing to the few roads and the small number of decrepit old trucks available.

If the Japs did retreat down the corridor at least part way we should then have a chance to develop and train a striking force here in a few months that might change the tide of this awful war. The Japs were greatly overextended,

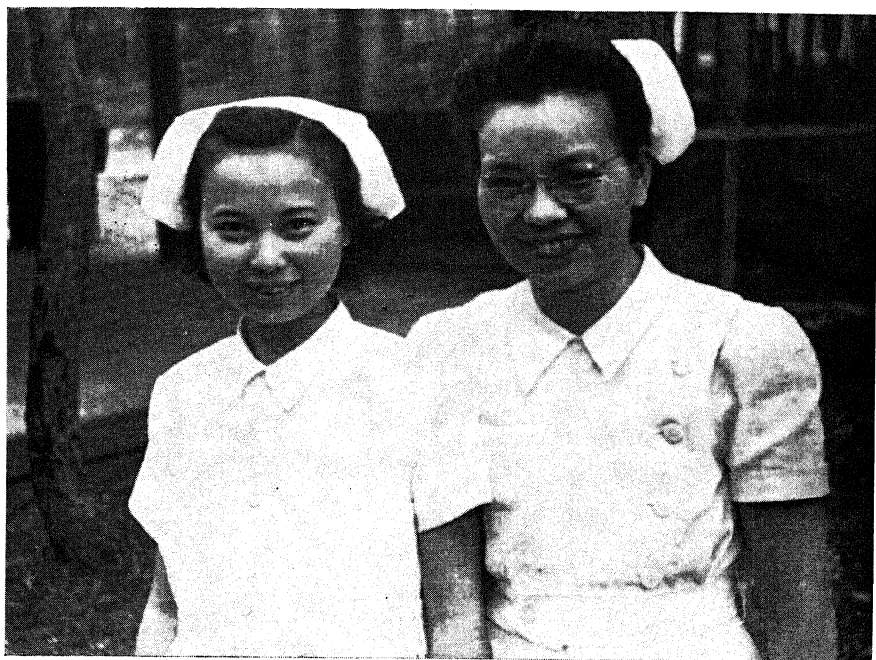


WASHING CLOTHES IN THE RIVER AT KWEIYANG

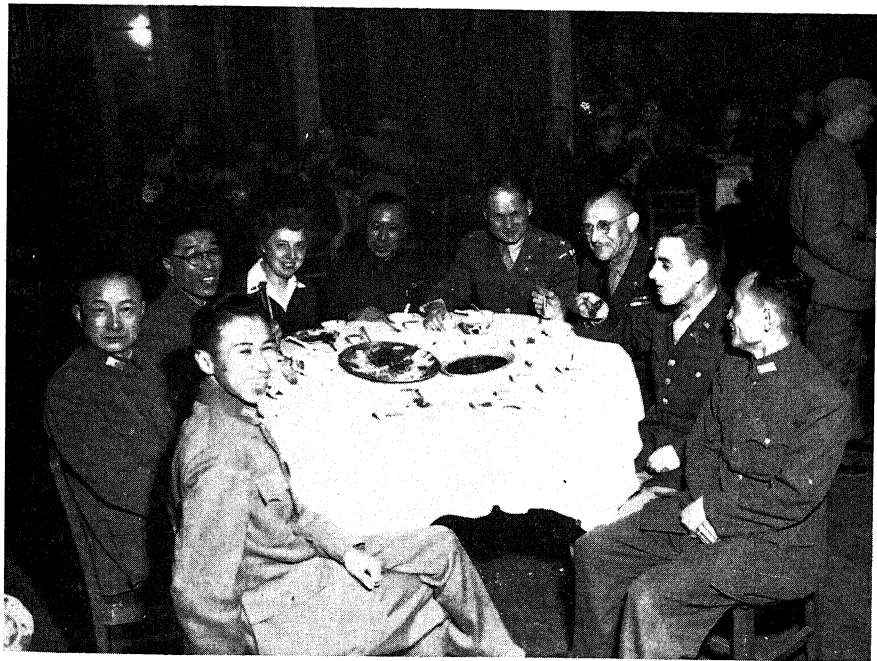


*Photograph by the Signal Corps*

MARSHAL TANG EN-PO, BRIGADIER GENERAL BARBER, COLONEL (NOW BRIGADIER GENERAL) BOYE, THE AUTHOR



CHINESE NURSES



GRADUATING-CLASS BANQUET AT TU YIN KWAN, A CHINESE MEDICAL TRAINING CENTER (AUTHOR THIRD FROM RIGHT)

were having considerable food and supply difficulties themselves; they had not effected a juncture with their forces down toward Nanning and French Indo-China, and the country that they had just recently occupied had been given the scorched-earth treatment as only a Chinese knows how to administer it.

Here then in cold, damp, muddy Kweichow lay our destiny.

## VIII

### The Border Forces

THE NEXT DAY AFTER arriving in Kweiyang we got in touch with the local commander of troops. In China there were so many authorities, both civilian and military, that it took some little time and experience to know just who was responsible for what. There were the civilian and military officials of the Central Government, all representing different departments, and with different duties. Then there were the provincial governor and his retinue. There were also the provincial troops, the local militia, the municipal police troops, the Pacification Bureau, the senior officer commanding the Central Government troops in the area, and many others. It was a very complex picture, all being involved directly or indirectly in our activities.

The man that we were primarily interested in of course was the man in command of the Central Government troops in the area. This official turned out to be Marshal T'ang En-po. Marshal T'ang En-po is a native of Chekiang Province, along the east coast of China, and forty-seven years of age by Chinese count. In calculating age China is different from the rest of the world. A baby is one year old when it is born. It then has a birthday each succeeding New Year's day. Thus, if a baby is born a short time before Chinese New Year's, he will be two years old within a few weeks or months.

Marshal T'ang is a Chinese warrior of great experience, a professional soldier. He had come up through the grades to high command rather early in life and had been an instructor at the Chinese Military Academy. He had participated in many civil wars, in the action against the invading Japs in the early 1930's, and in the campaign for the unification of China, and had been active in high command for the last seven years in the war against the Japanese. He is rated as one of the great soldiers of China. Recently he had been operating in Honan Province to the north. His own army, the army of which he first attained command and which he has since used as the nucleus of his greater commands, was the Thirteenth Army.

Marshal T'ang is about five feet tall, with a round, pleasant face and an infectious smile. On occasion, however, his face and his attitude can become as hard as the granite of the ages. In daily association with him for many months we found him to be highly intelligent and quick in making decisions, a Chinese who thought more like an American than any that we had found. He was gracious, firm but kind, and a sincere, constant friend, with a kindly, fatherly attitude toward all his troops. Such a man then was in command of all the Central Government forces in the Kweiyang area.

The Marshal already had his own Thirteenth Army near Kweiyang. Several other armies were either partly in the area or would arrive shortly. In all he expected to have from ten to thirteen armies. An army according to the old Chinese scheme of things consisted first of all of the general and his staff, the division commanders and their staffs, the regimental leaders and their officers, and what soldiers they could keep together or impress into service by various



ways and means. As a consequence, very often an entire Chinese division did not contain more than four thousand to five thousand men. An army consisted of two or three divisions. One was usually designated as a reserve division, which was even more poorly equipped than the others, and supplied a certain number of fillers for the combat divisions as well as coolie transport and work personnel. The armies which came under the command of the Marshal within the next few weeks fell into this category. Not only were they top-heavy and sadly lacking in numbers, but sometimes as many as 50 percent of the personnel were not physically strong enough for intensive training or combat. This condition was due to the age-old nonselective, strong-arm impress system of obtaining recruits, their lack of care of these replacements before they arrived at their units, as well as the food, poor both in quantity and quality, given to them in the organization to which they were assigned.

The Generalissimo, realizing that the situation was desperate, had sent one of his best field soldiers into this strategic area to see what could be done about stopping the Jap advance and building a strong organized force along the border between Occupied and Unoccupied China, with enough offensive power eventually to retake the vast agricultural area of southeastern China that, now lost, was so essential to the successful conduct of the war. These troops were designated as the Border Forces.

There is a natural military corridor extending from Hanoi, French Indo-China, to the north toward the Kweiyang-Kunming road. Another reaches from Kweilin and Liuchow in the southeast toward Kweiyang and thence to Kunming or Chungking. There is still another that ex-

tends from Hengyang west to Kweiyang and from thence again north to Chungking and west to Kunming. By placing this young, virile, campaign-hardened veteran with sufficient troops at the apex of these three corridors, the Generalissimo hoped to defend them from the enemy; moreover, this strategic force would be in a position to launch a tactical offensive in any of these three directions.

The strategy was sound. The execution of the herculean efforts necessary to accomplish the mission required the greatest sagacity of decision, the presence of a considerable number of strong, healthy, well-trained troops, and sincere, wholehearted coöperation along the whole military line from the Generalissimo to the lowliest private. Morale was still low, the soldiers were weak and sick from long marches and insufficient food, and the armies were under strength. The winter weather in Kweichow was severe and unhealthful. Training would have to be carried out regardless of rain, snow, sleet, mud, and bitter cold. Food would have to be imported from the north. Clothing, vehicles, arms, ammunition, and all of the thousands of items that it takes to make an effective army would have to come from some as yet undiscovered source. Morale would have to be improved, the physical well-being of the troops restored, and reorganizations involving many political and personal angles would be necessary. All this must be done by this young Chinese general, operating in a strange territory with strange troops and in a country whose soldiers are accustomed to devote their first loyalties to their own provincial political and military leaders, regarding officials from other provinces as untrustworthy foreigners.

Our American Eastern Command had been given a tremendous job. We were to help this local commander in every way possible. We hoped that a certain amount of American equipment and supplies would be available. We hoped to teach the Chinese to apply some of the lessons in modern warfare that Americans had learned. As had become apparent even to a great many Chinese, China could not go on fighting this war in the fashion of the Middle Ages. Japan was a modern industrial country, equipped with up-to-date arms, ammunition, and airplanes and familiar with modern ideas of organization, strategy, tactics, and training. In order to cope successfully with the Japs, China must modernize her military methods.

Marshal T'ang En-po himself had just arrived in the area. He was not acquainted with the troops under his command. He was unfamiliar with the terrain and the lines of communication, both actual and potential. A few days after our arrival Colonel Boye went out with Marshal T'ang on an inspection tour of the entire area. He returned with glowing accounts of the Marshal's keenness in understanding the situation, but sick at heart about the troops they had inspected. With the exception of Marshal T'ang's own Thirteenth Army, little if anything favorable could be said of the troops. Even the Marshal's own army was greatly in need of many things if they were successfully to fight a modern campaign.

On this inspection trip Gertrude was an important participant. Very likely she helped to cement the friendship between Marshal T'ang and Colonel Boye on that first trip. Gertrude was a handsome big German shepherd dog. During the first evacuation of Kweilin some of us had

gone into the city one evening to have a last meal at the Red Plum Restaurant before it closed and its personnel fled the city. On leaving the restaurant, we noticed two dogs standing at the doorway, one a brown and white, good-natured hound of doubtful parentage, the other a very thin shepherd bitch: Gertrude—heavy with pups. She had an excellent head and all the marks of good breeding. Both dogs were ravenously hungry, having apparently been starved for a long time. We were told that someone had abandoned them in his haste to leave the city; that if we wanted them they were ours for the taking. Freddy took the police bitch, and Dan Mallon took the brown and white mutt. Back at Z Forces Headquarters Gertrude promptly became an outstanding figure and Freddy's number one problem. Within a few days she presented us with a litter of seven puppies, three of which grew up to be fine, well-marked dogs. Gertrude turned out to be very thrifty. She gained weight; her coat improved and her disposition as well. Wherever Freddy went, Gertrude was not far away. She was known everywhere. She knew her friends and had serious doubts about anyone else. If a strange Chinese, or a strange American for that matter, walked into our compound at any time, day or night, Gertrude was after him in such a way that no one ever had any doubt as to her intentions. She was always taking the posterior off some coolie, and her Chinese friends were few and far between. It was a great conquest for Marshal T'ang to gain her friendship.

A few days after our arrival in Kweiyang General Ho Ying-chin, the Generalissimo's field commander and chief of staff, arrived with a small party. We had several long conferences with the General concerning the

various angles of the military situation. General Ho decided that he would not set up a field headquarters in Kweiyang but would leave the direct command of the area to Marshal T'ang En-po. General Ho seemed pleased that we were there to assist in what was obviously to be the final Chinese effort, but he declined the offer of American Headquarters to detail General Lindsay and several other officers to him for a personal field headquarters unit.

One cold afternoon General Ho had a formal tea party in one of the large municipal government buildings. Needless to say, all the civilian and military dignitaries were invited, as were also the Catholic bishop of Kweiyang, Father Guttier, the head of the South Catholic Mission in Kweiyang, and the senior American officers present in the area. The large unheated room was filled with people conversing over endless cups of warming tea when General Ho and his party arrived. His entrance was very dramatic; flanked on each side by members of his staff, he made a short pause in the doorway—the signal for everyone to rise and stand at attention until the General had taken his place.

I was delighted to see entering with General Ho my friend, Dr. Robert Lim, who had just returned from the United States and had been appointed Lieutenant General in the Chinese Army and made Deputy Surgeon General. Dr. Lim is a keen Westernized Chinese. He was born in Singapore and brought up in a British atmosphere. He speaks English perfectly and Chinese poorly. In fact, it was his custom to have a Chinese interpreter with him in conferences. Dr. Lim is a graduate of P.U.M.C. (Peiping Union Medical College), the outstanding Western medical school in China, endowed by the Rockefeller

Foundation. He had formerly been a professor of physiology in this institution and editor of the *Chinese Journal of Physiology*. He had studied in Europe, obtaining his surgical degree from the University of Edinburgh, and had visited the United States many times. It was very encouraging to know that we should now have a man with Western medical ideals and training as assistant to the Chinese Surgeon General. Our contacts would be frequent and close and our American efforts better understood.

Dr. Lim was to set up his headquarters at Kunming in order to be near American Headquarters. The American Theater Surgeon, Colonel George Armstrong, and most of the special staff officers had already been removed from Chungking to Kunming. Colonel Harry Johnson, formerly one of our Z Forces medical officers, was to be General Lim's American assistant, also with offices in Kunming. I was so overjoyed by the new plans that my enthusiasm rose to the point of infecting other members of our team. During the tea party General Lim and I had a long conversation in which we made tentative plans for the future while drinking the excellent tea and consuming many of the little cakes and sweets that only a top Chinese chef can produce.

Quite naturally, Lieutenant General Loo Cheh-teh (Dick Loo) also attended this tea party and was an important member of the three-man planning commission we organized on the spot. Dick Loo, first of all, is one of the most capable men in China. He comes of a notable family of successful Chinese people. He graduated from P.U.M.C. and was long associated with Bobby Lim in the Department of Physiology in that institution. After fin-

ishing his medical course, General Loo traveled in Europe and America, studying in Russia, France, Germany, Switzerland, and the United States. He speaks English perfectly and thinks like an American, with the added quality of retaining his Chinese cultural background and dignity. At the beginning of the Japanese trouble in the 1930's the Generalissimo persuaded Dr. Loo to leave his post at P.U.M.C. and accept the position of Surgeon General of the Chinese Army. During that period this outstanding officer established the foundations of the Medical Department of the Army, which prior to that time had been largely neglected. General Loo was Surgeon General for more than four years, having held that position longer than any other incumbent. Finally, becoming wearied of the endless negotiations and the political complications involved in the office he held, he had resigned and asked to be detailed to another post.

General Loo had visited our own military medical training school at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. He envisioned a similar institution for the Chinese Army. While he was Surgeon General he made concrete plans to establish such an institution, and certain funds, a good share of them raised in the United States, were earmarked for the purpose. Long and close association of Dick Loo and Bobby Lim had developed a great loyalty and friendship between them. General Loo therefore enlisted Bobby Lim's aid in this project, and actual work was begun with Lim in direct charge. They had selected the vicinity of Kweiyang for the medical field service training school and had named it the E.M.S.T.S. (Emergency Medical Service Training School). When General Loo resigned as

Surgeon General, he became commandant of the E.M.S. T.S., relieving Bobby Lim for further study abroad.

About six kilometers west of Kweiyang the highway rises sharply over a pass in the mountains and through a village called Tu Yin Kwan ("pass in the clouds"). Just off the highway and below the village is a natural bowl surrounded by rather high mountains. The terrain is quite reminiscent of Switzerland. In this large natural amphitheater Generals Loo and Lim placed what was to be the Carlisle of China. The buildings are of proper brick and tile construction with stone-flagged floors. The two hundred-bed hospital building was designed with two large operating amphitheaters, equipped with enclosed galleries where students might observe operations without actually being present in the room, with laboratories, X-ray facilities, classrooms, offices, private rooms for patients, and four large wards. The library is a large two-story building that already contained on its ground floor one of the best collections of medical literature in China. Here are also many classrooms, reference rooms, and laboratories equipped with microscopes for the study of human histology and pathology. Across on the opposite side of the bowl are several one-story brick buildings, the largest one of which is equipped with classrooms, laboratories, and demonstration rooms, for the training of female student nurses. The adjacent buildings are used as their dormitories. Scattered about the large bowl and near the open end of the amphitheater are a number of military barracks. Also in this area are numerous small buildings given over to the manufacture of vaccines, a printing establishment, a well-equipped mechanical shop for the manufacture of orthopedic appliances and artificial limbs,



and several others used for the study of anatomy, physiology, and the various medical sciences. Perched on the side of the mountain overlooking the whole amphitheater are several chalet-like bungalows used as living quarters and offices for General Loo Cheh-teh himself and the senior members of the permanent staff.

One of the first men I talked with after arriving in Kweiyang was General Loo Cheh-teh. Needless to say, I was very enthusiastic about the possibilities presented by the E.M.S.T.S. The hospital building was not quite finished. The plan was to have it completed by the first of the year. General Loo Cheh-teh himself was so friendly and coöperative and obviously had such a complete understanding of the military medical situation in China that it was a joy to begin making our medical plans to coincide with the rest of the military program that would be necessary in this area.

General Loo Cheh-teh had already assembled the nucleus of his staff for E.M.S.T.S., some seven or eight of whom were European- or American-trained medical men. His hospital superintendent was a Colonel Lung, who had had six years of postgraduate work and active practice in Cincinnati, Ohio. Colonel Lung is a fat, jovial person originally trained as an actor and Chinese opera singer. He knows all the tricks of entertaining and was always in demand to sing excerpts from Chinese operas at our parties and banquets.

General Loo is that rare person in China, a bachelor. In fact, the only criticism ever heard of him was that he had never been married. His nice modern bungalow on the side of the mountain was equipped with offices adjacent to his living quarters on the second floor. Down-

stairs he had an office with two large reception rooms, a library, and a stenographer. Here he received various official callers. In our almost daily conferences it became increasingly apparent that we should be closely associated for a long time and also that a great deal of our constructive work would be done at this embryo medical center. At General Loo's insistence I took over his downstairs office for my own, and we used the reception rooms jointly for the many conferences necessary in the development of our medical program.

General Loo was short of personnel to operate his medical training center. Also, he recognized the advantage of having American assistance. I proposed that we place at E.M.S.T.S. an American unit which would operate the hospital in conjunction with the Chinese staff. There were several reasons for doing this. First of all, in the Kweiyang-Tuyun-Tushan-Hochih corridor toward Liuchow were hundreds of sick soldiers and battle casualties from the previous engagements with Japanese during the awful retreat from Hengyang, back to Kweilin and Liuchow, and thence northwest toward Kweiyang. From a military standpoint it was necessary to get these casualties out from under foot and free the existing Chinese medical installations in that area from the care of these sick and wounded so that they might be free for additional field training and mobile for operational use. We could bring these casualties to E.M.S.T.S., where an American hospital unit could greatly facilitate the necessary medical care. Second, at the same time that these casualties were being cared for, the American staff could assist in the training of Chinese medical officers, soldiers, and nurses in methods somewhat similar to those used in the field

and in the practical work given our own personnel at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. Third, it was obviously necessary to develop a medical center which would serve as a reservoir for future casualties certain to result from any advance of the Japanese or any offensive action on our part. We realized that the two hundred-bed facilities at E.M.S.T.S. would not be sufficient for this latter emergency, but they would serve as a starting point around which to build.

Our plans included the rotation of combat and Service of Supply unit medical officers in intensive training of four weeks at E.M.S.T.S. Selected medical soldiers would also be brought to this area for training. The number of female student nurses would be increased as much as possible in order that they might assist upon graduation in the care of Chinese casualties in S.O.S. unit installations. A demonstration company of medical soldiers, to be permanently stationed at E.M.S.T.S., was planned.

All this involved negotiations with the Central Government at Chungking in order to obtain approval. With General Loo Cheh-teh's reputation and standing as one of the foremost medical officers in China and with the help of Lieutenant General Robert Lim, Deputy Surgeon General, and Surgeon General Hsu Sei-ling, these difficulties were ironed out with the minimum delay. Many other obstacles, however, presented themselves. For instance, there was no water supply at E.M.S.T.S. except by coolie transport from a spring above the village of Tu Yin Kwan. There was no road into the amphitheater. It may sound strange that such building projects could be completed without some sort of road, but one must remember that everything in China is carried on the backs of coolies—

bricks, mortar, timber, plaster, equipment, food, and water. Gradually, these and many other hurdles were overcome, and the development of the E.M.S.T.S. as a Chinese medical military training center became a fact.

Early in January, 1945, one unit of the American Twenty-seventh Field Hospital arrived in Kweiyang for assignment. It was immediately placed at E.M.S.T.S., and the officers and men were briefed on the military situation in general and their duties at E.M.S.T.S. in particular. This unit, under the command of Major Wolters, entered into the spirit of the assignment with great enthusiasm. They had been down on the Burma front, operating under very unfavorable conditions, and now to be placed in a situation that was practically "States-side" by comparison pleased them immensely. After organizing the various services in the hospital into surgical, medical, X-ray, laboratory, and dental departments, each staffed by both Chinese and American doctors, we began to evacuate casualties from down the corridor to E.M.S.T.S. for hospitalization and treatment. A little later the commanding officer of the Twenty-seventh Field Hospital, Lieutenant Colonel Sywassink, arrived with the second unit of this organization, which was also placed at E.M.S.T.S., greatly augmenting the still inadequate professional staff. The work done by the organization bears witness to the wholehearted coöperation possible between the Americans and Chinese.

While the Americans were in command of the hospital, the Chinese served as staff members and were given every opportunity to do medical and surgical work of which they were capable. Both operating theaters were constantly in use. At first the surgical service predom-

inated by about 70 percent, this being necessary in our estimation in order to handle the great backlog of surgical cases, some of them weeks and months old, awaiting proper surgical care down in the corridor. Later, as we gradually began to clear up this class of cases, we were able to divide the medical and surgical services about half and half. Many of the medical cases were largely feeding problems. Accordingly American ward tents were set up for those not critically ill, and, being provided a supervised diet of three meals a day, they were gradually brought back to a state of health and physical well-being without filling up the hospital medical and surgical beds badly needed for the more critical cases.

At the same time we conducted at E.M.S.T.S. a four-week intensive training course for medical officers. This course was of necessity elementary and practical because of the students' lack of medical training. Classes and demonstrations were held during the mornings, and every afternoon was given to field problems. We started with the personnel of the Thirteenth Army, since it was the best organized and most readily available. Lieutenant Colonel Lieberman, who had been assigned as Surgeon of the American liaison team with the Thirteenth Army, took up his residence in E.M.S.T.S. and had charge of the field training and terrain problems. Also in the first class, in addition to those from the Thirteenth Army, we brought in some twenty officers from Chinese S.O.S. medical installations. The plane of the instruction was modified from time to time to accord with the background and capacity of the students.

During the planning and development work and the actual starting of the project, Marshal T'ang En-po be-

came very enthusiastic about the Medical Department. At first, he had hardly recognized why it was necessary for an American surgeon, especially of the grade of colonel, to be sent into the field to assist in the training of his troops. Gradually, however, the logic of the situation became more and more apparent to him, especially when he began to tie in our medical program with the feeding and rehabilitation of the soldiers under his command. He was most coöperative in every way and took great pride in frequently visiting and inspecting the installations.

The graduation of the classes at E.M.S.T.S. was an occasion of great ceremony. Marshal T'ang En-po, General Liu, his chief of staff, and many other dignitaries were always present. The graduation exercises were held in the Assembly Hall, a mud-stucco, thatched-roof building high on the side of the mountain. The Chinese like nothing better than to go to school, any kind of school, and a graduation brings a thrill unequaled in their experience. The class would be seated at attention in the hall fifteen minutes before the appointed hour. Marshal T'ang En-po, his chief of staff and others of his retinue, General Boye (who had now been promoted from colonel to brigadier general), I, and others, would gather at General Loo Cheh-teh's bungalow for tea and cakes just before the ceremony. At the designated time Marshal T'ang En-po would arise as a signal to proceed. All would follow him in order of rank and importance to the Assembly Hall, where at the moment of his approach a selected member of the class would scream out "Attention!"

Now the expression for "Attention!" in Chinese resembles very much the sound emitted by a pig caught under a barbed wire fence; it is most startling until one be-

comes accustomed to it. After a slight pause then, at the door, Marshal T'ang En-po would proceed down the aisle and mount the steps to the rostrum, the rest of us following in his wake. After all were seated in a solemn semicircle a member of the class led the entire assembly in the singing of the Chinese national anthem.

At the back of the rostrum, as is true of every speaker's platform in China, was placed the Kuomintang party flag and the Chinese national flag, with their staffs crossed at right angles. In the V formed by the crossed staffs and between the two flags was always a picture of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the great Chinese revolutionary hero. Following the singing of the national anthem everyone on the rostrum turned to face the portrait of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and made three solemn bows in succession. Immediately thereafter Marshal T'ang took his place directly before the portrait and repeated, as one says a prayer, the will of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. This will is a classic. It provides for a free China, to be attained through successive stages, declaring that all Chinese shall be free in spirit, in government, and in individual rights. Following this ceremony Marshal T'ang En-po would place himself squarely behind the speaker's desk and proceed to address the class in a most animated and engaging fashion. My interpreter, Mr. Ma, who was almost literally my shadow, and who always sat by me, would whisper interpretations of his speech so that when my turn came to address the class I could make the proper references to the General's speech and avoid duplicating what he had already said.

In many conferences with the Marshal I had expounded at length the necessity for a good Medical Department, the advantages of its being recognized by the

other branches of the Chinese Army as a parallel department; and the fact that good medical service is perhaps the greatest single factor contributing to good morale in any modern army, simply because any soldier will more readily accept the hazards of combat if he feels that if injured he will have good medical care. I also had pointed out to him the value of rehabilitating battle-trained veterans, who when returned to duty from the hospital have from their own personal experiences more "know-how" about combat, about how to take care of themselves and achieve their objective, than any inexperienced replacement could possibly have. I had pointed out that the Medical Department should be considered in the development of the general tactical plan, so that its installations and personnel might be intelligently and properly placed. This had never been done in the Chinese Army. Marshal T'ang En-po in his addresses, to my great satisfaction, stressed these points to the graduating classes and promised their practical use in his command.

General Loo Cheh-teh and others of the staff would also make short talks. At the end of the speech-making, which is like food and drink to the Chinese, both to the speaker and the audience, General Loo Cheh-teh would again step forward as the class snapped to standing attention and remained so, while formal presentation of the diplomas was made to the student president. The class president, in approaching the rostrum, goosestepped in true German style and stood at rigid attention during the remarks. He then turned and goosestepped back to his place. Then the class orator goosestepped forward to the same spot and proceeded to deliver the class oration, thanking the Marshal, General Loo Cheh-teh, and the staff



in most profuse and delicate language for the great honor of being selected to attend this training school at E.M.S. T.S. and for the privilege of being graduated that very morning. After this short oration, with the class still standing at attention, the Marshal and the rest of the staff filed out and proceeded again to General Loo Cheh-teh's bungalow for more tea and cakes, to be followed by a detailed inspection of the entire installation.

About six o'clock that evening the Marshal would give a great party for the graduating class and staff, a party at which excellent food and "Shau Shing" wine in unlimited quantities were served. Now the pupil-teacher relationship in China is a peculiar one. It is a sort of father-and-son affair. A Chinese never forgets his instructors and is always doing nice little things and making presents in an attempt to repay his teacher for "most valued" instruction. The junior staff feel themselves to be under similar obligations to their seniors. Pupils and juniors must drink at least once with their instructors and seniors. Self-defense in this sort of situation begins to assume the proportions of a highly specialized art when one has a graduating class of sixty to eighty students and a junior staff of some twenty to thirty. These graduating class banquets were always memorable occasions.

In China friends and acquaintances have a rather wider meaning than they do in the Western world. People are passed on from one friend to the other with much graciousness and kindness. In fact this is true all over the Far East. On my previous tour of duty in India and China I was much impressed by this system. Once properly started and vouched for, one is looked after wherever he may go. In India I was passed from the kind hospitality of

one official or friend to another, from Karachi to Baluchistan to Kashmir to Calcutta. On leaving Calcutta I assumed that the chain would be broken—but no, on arriving in Singapore I was met at the dock and driven to the home of a friend of a previous host where I stayed as the guest of honor throughout my visit. From Singapore to the Dutch East Indies to Bankok, Cambodia, Saigon, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Chungking, and Peiping, it was everywhere the same. The nature of my service in China was such that I made many friends and acquaintances, and there was always a stream of visitors morning, noon, and night. These visits were very enjoyable, even though they tended to interfere with routine. But in China one's duty to his friends and acquaintances is paramount. I felt that I learned something about China and the Chinese from each of these contacts. I shall not forget the many callers, flowers, presents, and kindnesses I received when I was in bed a few days with a severe cold.

Among these callers was a Chinese doctor whom I had known in Liuchow. He had been able to render the Americans considerable service in a confidential way when things were very black indeed in those uncertain days. He had finally arrived in Kweiyang after having conducted a free dispensary for the evacuees at Chin Chen Jon, along the corridor to the south. He was a Western-trained doctor but a man who combined his modern knowledge with what he considered the best and most practical of the ancient Chinese medical lore. We had long, interesting discussions about the old methods of medical care and the uses of drugs and herbs. Among the Chinese remedies that he had found especially effective was one for amoebic dysentery. The ancient Chinese pharmacopeia includes a

seed know as *Ya Don-Tze* ("duck egg seed"). According to his experience twenty of these seeds chewed up and swallowed on four successive days by the patient seemed to be as effective as the hard-to-obtain Western remedy, emetine. He also had found that an infusion of these seeds given by mouth, or by rectum in the worst cases, had proved beneficial. It was interesting, however, that *Ya Don-Tze* would not be sold by a Chinese herb or drug dealer without the written prescription of a Chinese physician, because of their extremely poisonous nature. Another native remedy, one for round worms, which he had found to be quite good was known as *Suey Chue-Tze* ("water-army seed" or "navy seed"). The latter seeds can be given without fear to children and to adults in almost any dose, since they are not toxic. It is possible that the Chinese, who have already contributed ephedrine to our pharmacopeia, have other natural products which deserve further investigation.

Shortly after arriving at Kweiyang our intelligence agents informed us that the Japs were actually receding from their recently acquired positions in the corridor and would probably occupy a holding position near the town of Hochih. Our Chinese troops were following them closely and taking every advantage of this recession. We were also told that the Japs were removing the bulk of their combat reserve from the Liuchow and Kweilin area and sending it north to Hengyang, and thence sending some of their troops south along the Hengyang—Canton Railroad in the direction of Kukong. There was also some evidence of reinforcement of their troops near the French Indo-China border before Nanning. All this was encouraging, since we should probably have time for the amount of

training and reorganization in the Kweichow area that would be necessary before a real striking force could be formed.

In the meantime, in addition to the combat training we were doing with greatly increased American personnel among the Chinese army and division units, we were operating fifteen guerrilla teams down in the Poseh area under Colonel Bowman, fifteen teams in the Chihkiang and Pauching area under Colonel Spengler, and eight teams under Colonel King over in Marshal Hsieh Yo's territory in the Ninth War Area. The mission of these teams was to harass the Japanese lines of communication, blowing up bridges, interrupting convoys, raiding garrisons, and generally making life miserable for the Japanese. Beside the work we were doing at E.M.S.T.S., each American liaison team had its own surgeon, and, under his advice and supervision, medical training within the units and divisions was carried out according to approved, prearranged schedules.

Here we were, out in the high, cold, muddy tablelands of Kweichow, literally at the end of the line, with Christmas just around the corner. We were a small group in a strange country. But Christmas is Christmas wherever one may be. We must have a party. We decorated the old dining room of the Guest House with bright-colored paper, went out in the hills and got a Christmas tree, arranged for a special shipment of canned turkey and cranberry sauce from the American S.O.S. in Kunming, and provided for the kind of Christmas cheer that could be added to a certain number of beaten-up eggs to form the traditional holiday cup. At 6 p.m. on Christmas Eve we had our own Christmas dinner, at which we had no guests.

For an 8 p.m. Christmas Eve party we invited the few Britishers in the city, the French and Belgian fathers from the Catholic missions, an odd European or two who were in Kweiyang for various reasons, usually best known to themselves, Marshal T'ang En-po and his staff, Dr. T. W. Kwak, an old friend from Kweilin days, the Governor and Dr. Tsur, C. C. Chen, the railroad commissioner, also an old friend from Kweilin, and a few others. It was quite an affair, and for a time at least the cold, disagreeable weather and the adverse military situation were forgotten in the spirit of good fellowship so characteristic of Christian peoples everywhere at this holiday season.

On Christmas night, at one of the municipal buildings, Marshal T'ang En-po gave us a big dinner, during which we were entertained by Chinese opera. Contrary to the usual Chinese custom, the female roles were played by Chinese women. Until recently all such parts have been taken by men singing in a falsetto voice. The players gave several different operas, the entire performance lasting some four or five hours. For our benefit brief translations of the story of each opera had been mimeographed and put by our dinner places. Chinese opera leaves much to the imagination. A cavalier riding in on a prancing steed is represented by a gorgeously gowned actor jumping about holding a horse's tail attached to a stick. In portraying soldiers climbing a mountain the actors step on a stool placed at the side of a table, step on the table, and then step down on the other side. Battles between armies are represented by two antagonists whirling huge two-handed swords, throwing them about wildly, while the actors themselves perform all sorts of gyrations and acrobatics. The music of the orchestra consists of a loud

beating of cymbals and drums and the playing of native one- or two-string violin-like instruments, on which the hair part of the bow is applied to the under part of the strings instead of to the top as in the case of our instruments. The singing varies from a monotone chant to a loud screech. All the while property men scurry around on the stage, placing invisible doorways and stool-and-table mountains and holding imaginary horses. The spectators come and go as they wish, their conversations competing even with the noise of the orchestra.

Early in January Marshal T'ang En-po called General Boye and me to his home for a special early morning conference. He stated that he was much concerned about the physical well-being of the soldiers under his command. They were weak, sick, and poor in flesh. The Marshal had decided to do something about it. From time immemorial, in addition to the rice ration furnished each unit commander for his soldiers, he had also received a certain amount of money to be used for supplemental rations. When I first arrived in China this supplemental ration was CN (Chinese National Currency) \$40 a man per month. With the exchange at twenty to one for American gold dollars, that sum was the equivalent of about \$2 gold a man per month, a sum from which he must buy what little meat and vegetables he had during the month. As the Chinese dollar depreciated, this payment was gradually increased but always remained at about \$2 gold a man per month. At the time the Marshal called us into conference the exchange was about 350 to one, and the supplemental ration money was CN \$500 a man per month. The Marshal said that he had been able to get this allowance raised to a basic sum of CN \$1,000 a man per month and

that he hoped to get an additional supplement of CN \$160, making a total of CN \$1160, or roughly \$3 purchasing value.

General Boye and I were overjoyed. This was the very thing that we had been waiting for. The fundamental thing necessary in the development of efficient Chinese armies was sufficient food of the right kind to bring the men to a healthy state and keep them there. Until this could be done our training program could be effective only among those few who remained in good health in spite of poor and insufficient nourishment. We recognized that while \$3 gold for each man per month would hardly furnish a diet adequate in caloric requirements for the demands made of a soldier, it would be a distinct improvement over the present situation, especially if this money could be used effectively in obtaining food that the soldier would actually receive in his rice bowl.

Marshal T'ang went on to describe the practices that had been common in the Chinese Army for a hundred years. The unit commander would sometimes receive the money for the rice ration instead of the actual rice. He always received the supplemental ration in cash. He was given the amount of money that corresponded to his monthly report and he always indicated his strength according to his Tables of Organization and not according to those actually present. Unit commanders did not want their units up to full strength. The difference between the money that was received and the money representing the actual soldiers he had present in his command was his or, at best, his to be divided among his staff or lower unit commanders. In addition, often the unit commanders would not expend the amount of money allowed for rations for

each man, and the men were starved to the point of physical disability. He pointed out that this practice had existed so long that it was now a part of the system. As a consequence, the officers were very much underpaid; for instance, a full colonel received CN \$6,000 to CN \$8,000 per month, which represented about \$25 gold purchasing value, an amount obviously not sufficient to buy even food for himself and his family. The Marshal said that he had taken the time and pains to explain all this to us in order that we might realize the difficulties in introducing a new plan, a plan which was to do away with the "squeeze" system in the units under his command. Passive resistance, noncoöperation, and political pressure would be encountered. After discussing the matter for some time, he said that he knew that this was a subject close to my heart and that he wanted to put the matter into my hands for twenty-four hours of study, after which I was to return with a skeleton plan of operation.

In our Army such a matter would be an S.O.S. problem, purely and simply. With the Chinese, however, the Service of Supply is a part of each command and does not have a distinct assignment of duties. Back at our headquarters we practically stopped the clock in an effort to arrive at a workable plan. Finally we decided that this matter should be first of all studied by a joint committee of American and Chinese officers and that these Chinese officers must be willing to accept the responsibility for the plan regardless of reverberations that might occur. We also decided that this committee should investigate all aspects of the problem, including the location and amounts of available food supplies, the logistics involved in obtain-



ing them, and a system of warehousing and distribution to various units.

Marshal T'ang accepted these recommendations and immediately appointed the commanding general of his S.O.S., General Miao, as chairman of the committee, me as vice-chairman, and three other Chinese and two other American officers as additional members. He gave us just forty-eight hours to draw up our plan and report back to him. He insisted that he wanted some food plan in operation by the first of February. The Marshal is a man of action. Our committee met and investigated the situation as thoroughly as possible in such a short time and made a report providing for the establishment of a central food committee which would have jurisdiction over the supplemental ration in all organizations under his command; providing also that all money to be received by units should be paid to this committee, who would make the appropriate disbursements of either food or money according to the actual monthly strength of the organization and the price levels of food supplies prevailing in their locations. The central control group was to divide itself into subcommittees for the purpose of handling procurement, transportation, warehousing, and distribution. It further provided that each army, division, and unit would have its own food committee which would operate the plan within its own respective unit. This would establish a channel of procedure whereby the central committee could make available to an army committee the supplemental ration in kind in the amount necessary for all the units within that army. The army would then distribute to the divisions, the divisions to the regiments, the regiments to the companies, and the companies to the men.

In view of the scarcity of food in Kweichow province, the short time allowed to get the plan in operation, and the fact that some units in outlying districts were able to buy locally certain meat and vegetable supplies, it was provided that where possible the supplemental ration money be given to the unit food committee, who would be responsible for the purchase of the supplemental food for that organization and for its actual distribution in sufficient quantity and kind to the rice bowl of each soldier. The difficulties of the logistics involved in this plan were tremendous. Available trucks were already overtaxed to supply a minimum amount of rice. Where trucks were to come from to take care of supplemental rationing was not clear. The committee recommended that each unit food committee consist of at least two Chinese and one American, provided American Headquarters would furnish us with the necessary personnel.

With the Chinese, once a plan has been drawn up, put on paper, the matter is considered accomplished. The lack of follow-through is a national weakness. Marshal T'ang was well pleased with the proposals and at once endorsed them in entirety. He appointed the Central Food Committee and admonished us of the difficulties that we should encounter but insisted that we begin at once and, if possible, have the plan in operation sometime in February. This meant that the drive for the "follow-through" must come from the American members of the committee.

We decided that it would be necessary to give a short course of training to the people who were to serve on the unit food committees. Since this would be a full-time job, Marshal T'ang stated that he could not spare enough

Chinese officers to put the plan in force. In their stead we then went out and drafted thirty senior students from Kweichow University and brought them to Kweiyang, together with some forty Chinese officers designated by unit commanders for service on these food committees. The Party School, which was just in the process of being cleaned up after having been occupied by refugees for two months, was taken over. Lieutenant Colonel George Price, Veterinary Corps, was called in from the field to assist in the effort and to operate the training school for these new committee members. Our American veterinary officers are well trained in food inspection, storage, and supply. We drew up a two-week schedule designed first of all to orient the students in the plan, secondly, to familiarize them somewhat with the procurement, handling, and distribution of food, and thirdly, to indoctrinate them thoroughly with Marshal T'ang's manifesto prohibiting all "squeeze" in connection with supplemental rationing.

This school went off very well indeed. Several of the drafted university students could speak a little English. Withal, however, there was a certain atmosphere of reserve about the whole matter, since it was so violently antagonistic to an old established system of revenue for the officers. At the conclusion of the course we held the usual ceremonial graduation, at which time Marshal T'ang again reminded them that this plan must succeed, that the responsibility was theirs, and that anyone who did not coöperate thoroughly would be summarily dealt with. General Miau had just received a hundred thousand units of the first shipment made by the Experimental Concentrated Ration Bureau in Chungking. He got hold of some trucks somewhere, loaded up this hundred thousand ra-

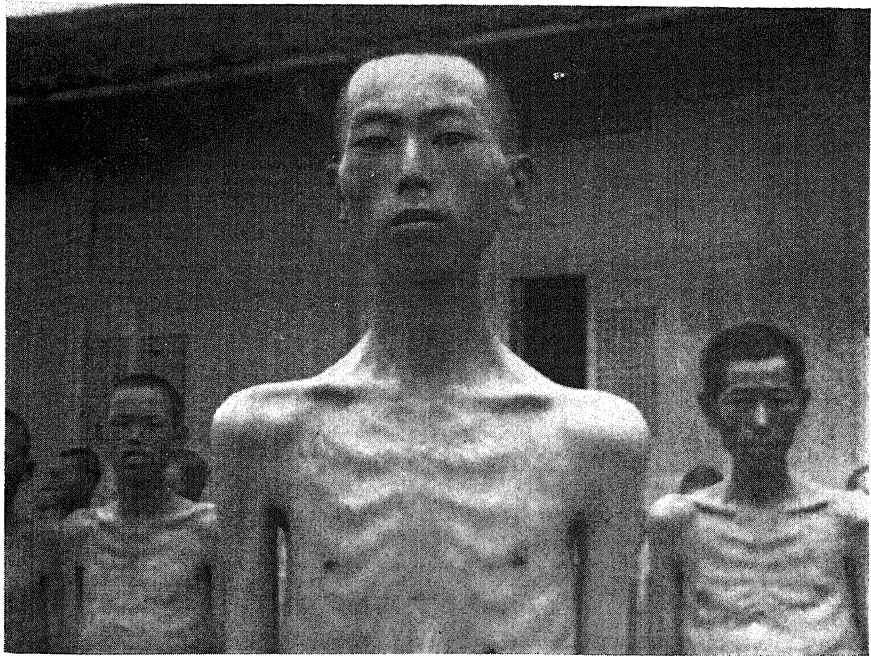
tion units and the students, and took them out to their assignments and started them on their job. With each committee he left a certain number of these concentrated ration units as a sort of goodwill offering and as a promise of what he hoped would be a regular issue sometime in the future.

We attempted time and time again to get additional Americans to serve on the unit food committees and help implement the American part of this plan. To our regret they were not available in China and were never furnished. However, the new system was set up in the third week of February with only Chinese personnel and with occasional inspection trips by Colonel Price and me to the field units. The plan, like many others, was not 100 percent successful. Things still happened that shouldn't have happened, but those who were caught suffered. All in all, there was a distinct improvement. In fact, it was such an improvement that a modification of our plan was later adopted for all the Chinese armies, and our own S.O.S. finally assisted somewhat in putting it into effect.

It was necessary for us to make food surveys. We found to the north of us great supplies of food, sometimes obtainable at prices one-half or one-third of those in Kweichow. We unearthed a good many things. We found over at Weining an area that produced thousands and thousands of pigs. The people were accustomed to curing the hams and shoulders, even exporting a sizable quantity of them each year. These hams were ideal for our use, since in their cured state they were more easily handled than fresh meat. We were continually, however, checkmated by the ever-present problem of transportation. Conference after conference was held, with our S.O.S. people,

with Chinese military authorities, with civilian and provincial authorities, in an effort to solve this problem. The fact remained that there just were not enough wheels in China. The country had been geared for centuries to a human transportation system. Its roads were few and far between. Trucks were something that had literally come in with the war, and since the beginning, that is, some seven years previously, few new trucks had arrived. As a consequence, what trucks there were in China were old broken-down affairs which would not fully solve our problem even if they were obtainable. However, in one way or another, we were able to supplement the soldiers' rations somewhat, and it was a source of great satisfaction to see a gradual improvement in their weight, vitality, and strength.

Our program eventually included a subsidiary program of segregation of soldiers who were especially in need of additional feeding. We went through every unit and separated these people for placement in different localities within their own divisional areas for such special feeding. This plan also did not prove to be a 100 percent success, but it was a real improvement. At the same time that we segregated soldiers for additional feeding, we also picked out those who were beyond rehabilitation by simple feeding methods. It was ghastly how many Mahatma Gandhis we unearthed in various units. In any army it is an old trick to keep undesirable things out of sight, especially during inspections. But we finally got down to a system whereby we were able to locate these poor weak piles of skin and bones and send them through medical channels to various installations. This called for another project of considerable importance. We had no adequate reser-



CHINESE RECRUITS



CHINESE ARMY MESS



CHINA'S TROUBLES ARE MIRRORED IN THE FACE OF THIS ANCIENT REFUGEE



FLEEING FROM THE JAPS

voir to which we could send such people. It was necessary, therefore, to establish convalescent camps somewhere in the area. We began by establishing two, one at Tsunyi and one at Tating, each capable of caring for several hundred patients. Again this did not work out perfectly, again there were many things that went wrong, but at least we were able to get a considerable number of these people who were of no use, either to themselves or to their unit, to locations nearer a food supply, where they would not be subject to the constant stigma of being unable to respond to the exigencies of military service.

In addition to General Loo Cheh-teh and his staff at E.M.S.T.S., Dr. Flowers was always a source of comfort. Dr. Flowers was not directly connected, of course, with the military, but indirectly had done us considerable service, especially in the refugee problem. His doctors and nurses were efficient and capable as well as pleasant and hospitable. During the Christmas holidays Dr. Flowers had me over to his compound for a big dinner. This was not a Chinese dinner, but the kind of dinner that you would get in Old England in the holiday season. We had roast chicken and duck, potatoes and vegetables prepared in the English fashion, and, last but not least, a marvelous British pudding. For this dinner the Chinese cooks were expelled, and the English sisters themselves prepared the food. After dinner we sat around a red-hot stove and listened to the radio, told stories, and tried to size up the world situation from our far-distant pin-point angle in the backwoods of China. It may seem strange that such things meant as much as they did to us, but had you been as far away from home in the filth and dirt, the cold and the slime of Kweichow, among a people who, though grac-



ious, kind, and understanding, still were at opposite poles from you, you would have understood our feelings. When filled with good food, one finds a pleasant conversation with English-speaking people in cozy surroundings at such a time to be just about the epitome of well-being and happiness, next of course to the dream of being home again among loved ones and familiar surroundings.

Many things had happened. The Eastern Command was developing. We had a greatly increased personnel. Our relations with the Chinese were gratifying. By and large our plans were going well. We had taken some ten Chinese armies in the area and reorganized them into three effective ones. Some of our original Chinese divisions facing the Japanese down the corridor had followed up every advantage and had pressed on the heels of the retreating enemy as far as the town of Hochih. This left us free to develop our striking force in Kweichow. In addition to that we were now beginning to have hopes of having assigned to us some of the American-trained Chinese armies that had participated in the Burma campaign. We had obtained additional American hospital units and medical personnel and were using them to strengthen the Chinese installations. We had cleaned first the Tuyun-Hochih corridor of battle casualties and sick soldiers, and had given the Kweiyang-Chihkiang corridor the same treatment. We had developed a medical center in the Kweiyang area second to none in China. In addition to the E.M.S.T.S. installation at Tu Yin Kwan we had taken over a set of large temporary barracks built as a recruiting center just over the hill from the E.M.S.T.S. A Chinese general hospital had been placed there, augmented with American personnel, and developed into a reservoir for

some eight hundred patients. South of Kweiyang near the village of Hwa Shi a large girls' school had been taken over and a Chinese general hospital, teamed with an American portable surgical unit, installed. This latter installation so pleased the Marshal that with tears in his eyes he said to me one day, "I wish this could be a model for every Chinese hospital." He became more and more enthusiastic about our medical program.

We had a new governor. Governor D. C. Wu had been called to Chungking as executive secretary of the Yuan. His replacement was a soldier of long experience who had been in command of an army until his recent assignment as Governor of Kweichow. This man was a very interesting character. His ruling passion was personal health. He is a man in his sixties who looks not more than forty; he rides horseback every day and follows a rigid schedule of physical exercises. He is said to have between twenty and thirty wives and more than sixty children. His children are drilled as a company of infantry and are organized into a band, several basketball teams, and other athletic organizations.

General Stilwell had gone home. The C.B.I. Theater had been divided into the India-Burma Theater under the command of Lieutenant General Wheeler and the China Theater, now separate, under the command of Lieutenant General Wedemeyer. The Ground Forces had again been reorganized and were now called the C.C.C., the Chinese Combat Command, under Major General Robert McClure. Generals Lindsay, Dorn, and Timberman, and many other officers connected with the Stilwell regime had gone home. Our Eastern Command had become so large that tentacles spread out all over the eastern half of

Unoccupied China. Now we were to be divided. Another reorganization occurred. We became the Central Command, with Headquarters still in Kweiyang. The northern part of our sector was designated as the new Eastern Command, with Headquarters near Chihkiang, under Colonel (now General) King and the southern part as the Kwangsi Command under Colonel (now General) Bowman. Our area was more limited, but we still held the key position, poised, when ready, for a drive down the corridor toward Liuchow and Kweilin; to assist in a drive through Chihkiang and Paoching toward Hengyang; or to aid in any trouble that might arise in the Hanoi-Nanning-Kunming corridor to the south.

## IX

### The Central Command

**K**WEIYANG, although the capital of the poorest province in China, had since the beginning of the Japanese war assumed considerable importance in Unoccupied China. Surrounded by its provincial population of ten millions and in the middle of its approximately 180,000 square kilometers of territory, it was strategically located on the only road net in that part of China. While the weather during winter months is grim and forbidding, in the summer the climate is known as an especially healthful one. The summer colony at Hwa Shi just south of Kweiyang had been made up of wealthy Chinese officialdom. In one of the cottages in the park along the beautiful stream at Hwa Shi a suite of rooms was maintained in constant readiness for the Generalissimo. General Ho Ying-chin, his Chief of Staff, and many others had modern homes in this district. One of the finest boys' schools in China was located at Hwa Shi and an excellent girls' school only a short distance away. The city of Kweiyang itself, in addition to the municipal compound already described, was the home of Kweichow University and of Hsiang-ya University (Yale in China) after it had evacuated its original home in Chengsha and until forced to evacuate again by the oncoming Japs in December, 1944. Lieutenant General C. T. Loo, then Surgeon General, had located the Emergency Medical Service Training School

near Kweiyang and together with Lieutenant General Robert Lim had begun its development into an amazing institution. The principal military medical depot was located in the Kweiyang environs. The National Public Health Administration had established two well-equipped hospitals in China since the war, one at Chungking and the other at Kweiyang. There were a provincial medical school, numerous primary, middle, and high schools, and several large municipal compounds.

Just outside the city was a good National Government public-health laboratory, conducted by a capable Chinese physician, Dr. Wei Shi. Just across the river from this laboratory was a remarkable farm conducted by a Dr. Tsun. He raised Angora rabbits, plucked the fur and wove it into yard goods, sweaters, mufflers, gloves, and all sorts of wearing apparel. Dr. Tsun also produced cloth from raw cotton imported from the semitropical area to the south and ran a soybean dairy as well. The milk was pressed out of the beans and delivered fresh daily to a regular list of city customers. Soybean curd, sauce, and other concoctions were also made from this nutritious product. General Wu Lang-shan (L. S. Wu), Director General of the Chinese Red Cross and former Surgeon General of the Army, had established headquarters of that organization in Kweiyang and maintained a large machine shop for the repair and upkeep of his Red Cross trucks, ambulances, and vehicles. Since there was no railroad in Kweiyang, the bus companies providing transportation from south, southeast, and eastern China to Chungking and Kunming did a thriving business which supported a large plant in Kweiyang. Aircraft mechanics and anti-aircraft officers and soldiers were trained in large numbers

at the schools and shops on the local airport and at the neighboring village of Hwa Shi. About seventy miles west of Kweiyang on the Kunming road and still in Kweichow province is the city of Anshun. Here was located the Army Medical School. This was a large, well-equipped establishment offering a four-year medical course to a limited number as well as short-term refresher courses for medical officers. Also at Anshun was the Army Veterinary College, which trained veterinary officers for all branches of the Chinese Army.

On the bank of the river in Kweiyang, located in the middle of a large compound and surrounded by fine lawns and formal flower gardens, was Nan Ming Tan—a clubhouse sort of building put up by the municipality and used for official parties, entertainments, dinners, and conferences. It was a modern architectural product built on several levels, finished throughout with hardwood floors and paneling, and contained a fine full-length, more than life-size portrait of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. We had many parties, dinners, and conferences here at Nan Ming Tan. It was a pleasant place, almost “Stateside” in its appointments. In the area about Nan Ming Tan were a number of modern homes. Marshal T’ang En-po lived in one of these and in addition to attending many conferences there we had frequent dinners prepared by his priceless Manchurian cook.

The French Catholics had been very active in Kweiyang and in Kweichow for a hundred years. There was a huge, well-built cathedral in the north part of the city presided over by Bishop Narrand. The Bishop was born in Belgium, was reared in France, and has spent some forty years in China, mostly in Kweichow and Kweiyang. He

is a huge man with a large face and magnificent beard. Smoking a long Chinese pipe, he seems an island of tranquillity in a sea of turmoil. His eye is steady, precise, and tolerant. He is a born leader and imbued with tremendous dignity and kindness. Shortly after arriving in Kweiyang, and without the Bishop's knowledge, one of the fathers called me out to see him in the belief that he had encephalitis (sleeping sickness). I went over the Bishop carefully, much to his amazement and disgust. He said, "I have been in China over forty years now and have never been sick a day, and I don't intend to start now. I just get tired and sleepy and doze off occasionally." His own diagnosis was obviously correct. In spite of his seventy-odd years he is strong and vigorous and thinks nothing of climbing the mountains to the seminary some distance outside the town.

The South Mission was in the charge of Father Guttier, who has been in China and Kweiyang since the early 1920's. I had known Father Guttier for some little time before our recent arrival in Kweiyang. In World War I he had been an infantry soldier in the French Army on the same front and at the same time that I was a pilot in a French aviation squadron. We used to have long reminiscent conversations about that war and the French towns in the area as well as World War II, the China war in particular. Father Guttier conducted a large boys' school in his compound, and the convent under his jurisdiction had a girls' school attended by the daughters of many of our Chinese friends.

During the Christmas holidays on the evening of the Day of Kings Father Guttier had a very special service. The church was beautifully decorated and completely

filled with Chinese and a sprinkling of Europeans and Americans. The service, in Chinese, was a marvel of dignified worship. Following the service Father Guttier had a surprise dinner for me which was attended by the Bishop, the French fathers, two or three American fathers who were evacuees from southeast China, and three Naval officers. The dinner itself was almost as French as one could expect in France, even to the real French wines. The cake was a masterpiece. Father Guttier explained that it contained a religious medallion and that the man who found this little token in his serving would certainly have good health and fortune during the ensuing year. One of the Naval officers was the lucky man. The warmth of fellowship and good conversation dimmed for a few hours our consciousness of the cold, unheated room, the bitter weather outside, and the awful results of war.

Father Guttier was always doing something for someone. He came over to see me one day with the story that he had just located a young Frenchwoman who was so sick and weak that he thought she needed a doctor's attention. Would I be so kind as to come and see her? This woman had had a most pathetic experience. She was a Parisian who had married a Chinese student while he was studying in Paris and had returned to Shanghai with him at the completion of his studies. They had had two children, a boy now ten and a girl of six. The entire family had escaped from the Japs in Shanghai and had been living in Pinglo in seclusion and poverty, their income, property, and station in life all sacrificed to the gods of war. When the Japs overran Kweilin, Pinglo, and Liuchow, the Chinese father had taken his ten-year-old son and disappeared, leaving the Frenchwoman with no resources and a six-



year-old child in the path of the advancing Japanese. This woman had walked in the winter weather, sometimes carrying the girl, sometimes leading her, from Pinglo to Kweiyang, a distance of hundreds of miles. They had no warm clothing, no money, and no food. They had existed somehow on what they could beg and find to eat. They had not slept in a bed nor under shelter from the time they left Pinglo until the time they arrived at Kweiyang. How this frail woman and this six-year-old child could possibly survive such an experience is beyond comprehension. The mother had sacrificed everything for the child so that while the little girl was in fairly good flesh, the mother was actually skin and bones and racked with amoebic dysentery, malaria, and tuberculosis. She refused to go to bed and insisted on doing Father Guttier's daily laundry as some payment for the privilege of living in a cold, unheated single room in one of the buildings of the Mission compound. With medical care and good food she began to respond almost immediately and ultimately recovered reasonably good health. Such an experience makes one realize that only those of the toughest fiber survive the great ordeals, and having survived, their very toughness carries them on to recovery when they are again presented with favorable circumstances.

On two or three occasions I went out with Father Guttier to the seminary. This was some distance from Kweiyang and the only way to get there was on foot. It had been built eighty years ago by the French fathers as a training school for Chinese Catholic priests, and was located on the very summit of a high mountain. Across on the adjacent peak was the chapel. There was no thought of ease in the minds of the early fathers. The journey from the

seminary to the chapel constituted a real climb. It could have been built, it seemed to me, on the same mountain or even within the seminary compound. But no, it was built on the very highest crag of another mountain.

Timber is very scarce in the Kweiyang area. In fact, there is little or no native forest. Charcoal is a problem, and building material must be carried in from far-distant hills, usually one log at a time on the backs of the patient, long-suffering coolies. The Catholic fathers, when they built the seminary and chapel, planted trees all over the mountains and valleys in the thousands of acres held by them. In the eighty years since that time these trees had grown to considerable size. Reforestation had been carefully practiced when any timber had been cut for fuel or building purposes. Father Guttier was much troubled because in the last three or four years Chinese soldiers had made greater and greater inroads on his beautiful forest until there was danger of its being completely destroyed. On behalf of Father Guttier I talked with the Governor about this problem, and he stated that of course the soldiers had to have fuel for cooking their rice, wood being very scarce, but that he would issue instructions that no inroads should be made into this forest except under express orders and because of absolute military necessity. The Governor's secretary had a French wife that he had married in Paris when he was studying there. I often visited with this French-speaking couple and we became quite good friends. Since pilfering of Father Guttier's forest continued, one day the three of us made the long hike up to the seminary. It was an exciting experience to leave the bald, rocky hills of Kweichow and enter a real forest and finally come to a large, well-kept compound contain-

ing the several stone buildings that constituted the seminary. On the way up we found some parties of soldiers cutting wood without authorization. The Governor's secretary took their names and unit, sent them home, and promised to see that these depredations were discontinued. Our American S.O.S. was in the process of expanding in Kweiyang. That area was becoming increasingly important, and it was necessary to stockpile all sorts of supplies in order to support the increased Chinese and American personnel and especially to prepare for the day when we should finally begin a drive to the east. A leasing arrangement was made with the American S.O.S. whereby they took over nominal control of the forest, cut selected timber, and brought it to Kweiyang for sawing into boards to make warehouses. This left the stumps and branches for the soldiers' cooking fires—all they ever used anyway. And thus another little problem was solved.

The fact that Marshal T'ang did not have a Staff Surgeon had made the solution of medical problems a little difficult. We had asked that Lieutenant General Loo Cheh-teh be given this appointment, but the request had not been granted, owing to impending changes at Chungking. In fact, early in March Surgeon General Hsu Seiling resigned and Lieutenant General Robert Lim became Surgeon General, with General Loo as his deputy. The Marshal came more and more to depend upon me for supervision of his medical units, until one day in March he apparently decided to legalize my status. He called General Boye and me to his house and proposed that I become both his Tactical and Service of Supply Surgeon. Each of these positions was a full-time job, but, as he pointed out, the arrangement would actually mean the

continuance of the existing situation, with the exception that I should be appointed a major general in the Chinese Army and invested with the authority of the office. American directives provided that we could not officially accept such commissions, but so far as the Chinese were concerned, the appointment and authority would be unquestioned. General Boye was favorable to the plan, since it served to funnel all medical matters, both Chinese and American, through one official. The responsibility and added work were tremendous. It actually meant concurrently filling the three positions of American Surgeon, Chinese Tactical Surgeon, and Chinese Service of Supply Surgeon.

It might be thought that such a move would engender considerable jealousy among the Chinese medical officers. However, quite the opposite seemed to be the case. Many dignitaries and officials sent their congratulations. A most embarrassing number of presents also arrived, some of them of considerable value. One Chinese general rode a truck over a hundred miles to bring me an old painting of the Ming dynasty, done on exquisite silk. The scroll is about thirty feet long and is distinctly a museum piece.

We had received from the Chinese Surgeon General an invoice of the medical supplies in the central warehouses in the Kweiyang area. These invoices indicated that several hundred tons of medical supplies were available for use by the Chinese Army, both from Lend-Lease material and previous stocks. It was suspected that some of this material might have deteriorated, becoming shelf-worn, rusty, and weather-damaged. We knew that it was divided among many different so-called warehouses in the Kweiyang area, and soon we received authority to invoice

these stocks ourselves. All the medical administrative officers in the area were called together, divided into teams, and taken out to these various storehouses to make actual counts of the material on hand, both usable and unusable.

We found that these supplies were stored in thirteen separate locations, some as far away as fifty miles from Kweiyang. Most of them were in the original cases, but some had been repackaged, necessitating opening and counting the contents of every container. The Chinese had had bitter experience in their seven years of war with the Japanese. They had learned to hide their stores in the most out-of-the-way, inaccessible places. I remember our visit to one warehouse in a Miao village about forty miles from Kweiyang. The weather was bitter cold, it was snowing, and the ground was frozen. We traveled on a little byroad for some twenty miles and then followed the footpath that the Miao people took over the hills and mountains when they carried their produce to market. In the olden days the Miao villages were always garrisoned, and the troops lived in a fortress-like stone compound with high towers at each corner. This was the local fort. The stronghold in this particular Miao village was built directly in front of an old temple. In the dark and dirty interior of this temple were stored some two hundred tons of medical supplies. Among these were a hundred sets of Austrian-made surgical instruments! Each set was packaged in a beautiful wooden carrying case in such a way that each separate instrument fitted into its own place. No one knew just when these instruments had been acquired, but it seemed reasonably certain that it was in the 1920's or 1930's. Needless to say, a great many of the instruments were ruined by rust and corrosion. We were able,

however, finally to salvage most of them. In the same warehouse were 150 bathroom scales, corroded beyond any use whatever. Much-needed drugs, cotton, gauze, and bandages were also found. In all we unearthed from caves, old temples, and improvised warehouses some eight hundred tons of medical supplies, most of which were usable. They were then catalogued, segregated, classified, and used in the manner for which they were intended. During the evacuation of Kweiyang more than two hundred tons of these medical supplies were shipped to Chungking for use in supplying the Chinese armies in Szechwan and Honan. We were able, however, to retain enough of each category to keep a rather well-balanced stock.

February 13 was Chinese New Year's Day and everyone had a birthday. Practically everything stopped for a week before and a week after this important feast day. It took a week to get ready for it and a week to recover from it. Toys made from bright-colored paper in the shape of animals, fish, and dragons appeared in the shops. Candies, sweetmeats, cookies, and all sorts of delicacies were made from hoarded supplies. As New Year's Day approached, the excitement became a little more feverish each day. People rushed about buying tidbits at the last minute before the shops closed. Firecrackers of all sizes and kinds were on display and for sale in every shop, and several days before New Year's the noise began. He who set off the most firecrackers gained the most face. It was said that in the old times wealthy people employed coolies who did nothing for a fortnight but ignite one string of firecrackers after another. They were frequently hung from the top

of a tall pole, and considerable acrobatics were required to keep the popping continuous.

Firecrackers are a great emotional release for the Chinese. They are fired when a new shop is opened and when a baby is born, at weddings, funerals, and celebrations, and for no reason at all. I remember one evening during a money-raising campaign for the Chinese Red Cross a great crowd of thousands of people came down the streets following after three acrobats, two adults and one small boy. The men were dressed in Chinese Punch and Judy costumes, and the small boy as a dragon complete with a mouth that opened about two feet. The acrobats would perform a few minutes, and then the boy, accompanied by the two men, would pass among the crowd while everyone tossed money into the dragon's mouth. We were in an upstairs room overlooking the street. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns were carried by the crowd, borne on poles and in their hands. Firecrackers were banging away constantly and gongs, cymbals, and drums were being beaten. As soon as the boy had collected from the crowd in the streets, one of the men mounted to the other man's shoulders, and the boy to the shoulders of the second man. In this fashion they paraded about under the upper-story windows holding the dragon's mouth open to receive money from the spectators at the windows of the second and third floors. As soon as anyone made a contribution, he immediately set off a bunch of firecrackers. My host was prepared. He had placed on the window ledge a great quantity of packaged firecrackers. Each time we put money in the dragon's mouth we attached a lighted string of them to a long pole and held it out over the street and the crowd, as we would a fishing pole. The



PREPARING THE YOUNG RICE FOR TRANSPLANTING

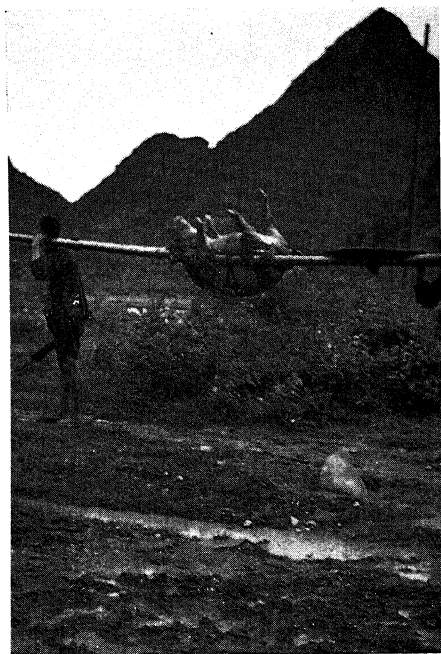


A STEADY STREAM OF REFUGEES FILLED THE ROADS AND TRAILS LEADING TO  
TEMPORARY SAFETY





THE FANTASTIC MOUNTAINS OF THE KWEILIN AREA



A LIVE PIG GOES TO MARKET



CHINESE OFFICERS IN THE FIELD

fizzing and popping was tremendous. Everyone had a wonderful time.

Our Central Food Committee was very busy with its uphill job. It was necessary for all of us on this central control group to make trips to the field to inspect the troops and assist the local committees. On one of these trips General Miao went out to the east toward Hengyang. A city along the road is famous for its fabrication of Chinese flutes. These instruments are made from bamboo and are cured and polished in a very special way. Fine old script, delineating various episodes in Chinese lore, are painted on them by expert writers. These flutes for some reason or other are always sold in pairs and are packaged in a nice little wooden box, also highly decorated. When General Miao returned from his trip he brought General Boye and me each a pair of these flutes. Instead of blowing in at the side of the flute, as we do, the Chinese blow over the end. The fingering is much the same as ours except that the flute is held in front of the player instead of out at the side. For several days our offices sounded like the habitation of a Chinese music teacher, but we finally gave up and decided that we were not flute players after all.

The food situation was getting worse by the day and hour. As predicted, the farther away we got from the last crop of rice, the scarcer it became. Small stores found at various places in the hills were now exhausted. There was plenty of rice to the north in Hunan, but we had the constant problem of transportation. The Chinese S.O.S. had a total of only forty-seven trucks to supply the needs of all the armies in the area! And of these forty-seven, all but five were out of order. It takes a great deal of rice to feed

200,000 or 300,000 men, especially when that is their main item of diet. Finally it reached the point where units were going without food for several days at a time. The Twenty-ninth Army was in contact with the Japanese down the corridor, holding them and following up every advantage while we continued our training in the Kweiyang area. On several occasions this army was also forced to go without food for two to three days at a time. We made arrangements for our own American airplanes to drop rice to them, since trucks could not reach the roadless, mountainous front. However, the weather remained so thick that it was only occasionally that the airplanes were able to fly and complete their missions. Even then in the bad weather and poorly mapped terrain our troops were hard to locate, and sometimes the dropped rice was lost or fell into the wrong hands. I remember at one conference Marshal T'ang authorized General Miao to go out and borrow CN \$500,000,000 with which to buy rice. After the conference General Miao came around to me and said, "I can get the CN \$500,000,000 all right, but how can I get the rice? How can I move it?" Conference after conference was held. Major General Cheeves, in command of the American S.O.S. in China, came for a conference and promised help. The S.O.S. establishment in Kweiyang had of necessity grown by leaps and bounds. Several American truck companies were in the area, but were busy moving supplies for American personnel, arms, ammunition, gasoline, and countless other items. Food, however, was paramount and finally, by adjustment of transportation priorities and additional American help, rice began to move into Kweichow from the north. Supplemental rationing also became an increasingly greater

problem each day. The pig supply in the area had been exhausted. If the water buffalo were killed there would be no rice crop the succeeding year, a condition which would lead to another famine. Supplemental food was finally moved in, not in sufficient quantity, but enough to ease the situation. Greens, principally cabbage, turnip tops, and Chinese celery, were obtainable in the warmer valleys to the south of Kweiyang.

During the early spring of 1945 the food situation had become so critical that the Medical Department was faced with an overwhelming situation. Great numbers of the troops had been starved to the point of collapse. When a man is denied food for a certain length of time, he begins to use the available protein from his own body. One of its sources is the red blood cells. These poor soldiers had cannibalized their own blood cells to the point of contracting critical anemia. The resultant paleness mixed with their natural yellowish skin color and their extreme emaciation gave them a most ghastly appearance. They were literally skin and bones. Many were too weak to stand. Starvation diarrhea further weakened them. Many were already infected with malaria and amoebic and bacillary dysentery. Typhus and relapsing fever abounded. Our medical evacuation system was inadequate. The situation required many and frequent trips to field installations. Chinese hospitals were overcrowded, but there were many more sick outside the hospitals than there were in them. The hospitals got no more rice than the rest, and food was the paramount problem. In fact, the combat troops had first priority on food and the hospitals took what was left. Trip after trip was made into the field to separate these people for shipment to the

rear areas. Rice and ammunition trucks, commandeered busses, and other means of transport were used to evacuate the casualties toward the rear. Hundreds died. Nutritional diseases became more and more prevalent, even among those supposedly able-bodied. Beriberi also appeared.

Unit, division, and army commanders were reluctant to let these men go, even though they were a liability. Their loss constituted a reduction in their commands, and under existing conditions replacements were not available. If they were retained, however, mobility was paralyzed. Segregation of the unfit was the only way to reconstitute a mobile force. Every man in every outfit was, therefore, mustered. The men were divided into three categories, first, those who were able-bodied and could continue their training or combat; second, those who were sick and weak but who, it was thought, would recover and regain their health in a short time if given proper food; third, those who were beyond rehabilitation within a short time and who must be moved to the rear where more food supplies were available as well as to free the unit of responsibility for them. Each one of these poor, sick, starved soldiers of course required attendance, thereby reducing the number of effectives in the unit. If the organization were called upon to move, they would either have to be carried or left behind to die. Recollections of this period seem like a nightmare of successive groups of these half-dead soldiers, of truckloads of them being moved from this point to that, gradually making their way back to the zone of communications and a better food supply. The mortality was high, the morbidity something to shudder at.

Gradually, however, the situation improved, and the necessity for recruit replacements became paramount.

The old system of recruiting in China is too horrible for complete description. The provinces were divided into *hsiens*, corresponding roughly to our counties, and *hsiens* into *baos*, corresponding roughly to villages. An order would come down from above that a province must furnish a certain number of recruits. This number was divided up and allocated to the different *hsiens*, who in turn divided it among the *baos* under their jurisdiction. Strangely enough, the recruiting service in China was not actually a part of the Army, and the recruit was not really a soldier until he arrived at his unit. Recruits were not physically examined at the time of induction. It was natural in each *bao* that the poorest specimens should be taken and the best left to grind out the rice crops. These recruits might have only one eye or a crippled leg or arm, or consumption, dysentery, malaria, or any one of a hundred other ailments. They were collected in the *bao* and often chained or tied together to prevent them from escaping. They were marched to the *hsien* headquarters and placed in a group with other recruits from the other *baos* of that *hsien*. From there they went to a recruiting center.

The Chinese themselves called these recruiting camps starvation centers. At these stations the men were ordinarily held for three months, during which time they were toughened by starvation, fatigued by long marches, hardened by mistreatment, maltreatment, and neglect, and those who survived at the end of the three months were marched overland anywhere from one to fifteen hundred miles to the units assigned. On these marches little if any

provision was made for food, water, or shelter. Rice and food money allowed and issued seldom reached the poor bewildered recruit. Actually, he was forced to forage on the country. Villagers defended themselves from the foraging parties as from bandits, for to them there was no difference. Indeed, many times groups of recruits escaped and went into the hills and became bandits. By the time these men arrived at their units they were usually so emaciated, weak, and ill as to be of no use whatever to the organization. If the unit commander refused to accept the recruits, he didn't get any more, and often he was forced to accept and sign for the number of recruits that had started from the recruiting center instead of the actual number that arrived.

I had seen so many recruits on the march in various parts of China and had become so filled with pity for these poor people that, as distasteful as it was, I resolved to delve into the matter a little more fully. Recently we had noted an unusual number of recruits passing through Kweiyang, but on inquiry from their guards, it was ascertained that in no instance were they to be assigned to the Border Forces, but were being marched over the long, cold mountainous road to Kunming! Lieutenant General Dick Loo and I paid a surprise visit to the Kweiyang camp one February day. This recruiting center consisted of a number of buildings sequestered in different villages lying within sight of each other in a little valley a few miles from the city. Since the commanding officer was not there at the time of our visit, we proceeded first to the so-called hospital or dispensary, accompanied by two members of his staff. I have seen a good many ghastly sights, but I have never seen anything that gave me such a com-

plete turn as did this "hospital." The building consisted of a long, earthen-floored, thatched-roofed hut, the sides of which had practically all disappeared, presumably as firewood. Lying on boards in this hut were some seventy to eighty men. Two or three had old overcoats of some sort pulled up over them; the rest had only shirt, trousers, and either bare feet or straw sandals. For warmth they were lying as close together as possible and were too sick to get up to answer the calls of nature; as a consequence, the foulness of the place was beyond belief. As I went along looking at these people I counted several that were dead, some already as stiff as the boards they were lying on. Some were obviously about to expire, and the others were in various stages of questionable animation.

We went on to the villages to look at some of the quarters. We found that the system was to sequester the village houses that had boards on the ceiling of the ground floor. This left a cozy little room under the thatched eaves, filthy with the dirt and dust of the ages, where the recruits slept. We inquired why they used the upper story, and the Chinese sergeant told us that if they didn't put the men in the upper story they would all run away during the night. "In fact," he said, "it is necessary for us to take all their clothes away from them at night to keep them from getting out through the roof and escaping in spite of the guards that we have posted around the house. And even then, occasionally one gets away." It was February and I had been freezing cold every day, though well clad in good woolen clothes. At night I had been sleeping under four blankets and had had a hard time keeping warm. These poor fellows slept naked in a leaky attic, some forty or fifty crowded into a space approximately ten by fifteen



feet. The sergeant told us that they kept warmer and slept better if they were crowded close together. A captain in charge of one of the villages told us that some thousands of recruits were now being collected in Tsunyi, some 150 miles north of Kweiyang, whence they would be marched to Kweiyang, thence to Kunming, and from Kunming south and west to their units. From the appearance of those I saw in Kweiyang passing through on their way west, I am afraid not many of them arrived at their destination, and of those that did I am sure very few were physically capable of military duty. The next day the commanding officer of the recruiting center came to see General Loo Cheh-teh at our offices at Tu Yin Kwan. I am not sure as to just what he told this colonel, but at any rate the Kweiyang recruiting center disappeared. General Loo had long been trying to correct this situation. He and General Lim had drawn up plans for proper selection of recruits and for a system of provisioning at a series of way stations along the routes of march, but conflicting political currents and the inertia of established custom had so far checkmated their efforts.

Finally some recruits began to arrive for our own armies and divisions. I remember passing one group on the road between Tushan and Hochih. It was just at dusk, it was raining hard, and there was a little sleet in the rain as if any moment it might begin to freeze. I stopped and watched these people go by. At the head of the column were the usual men with rifles followed by some apparently able-bodied men. A good many guards were necessary here to prevent those able to escape from escaping. As the column progressed, the guards got fewer and the recruits poorer until at the last were some forty or

fifty helping one another along, supporting one another, barely able to put one foot in front of the other. At the very end were several living cadavers being carried on bamboo stretchers. These were to be our replacements. Aside from not being of any value to use, these sick, starved people constituted an ever-increasing problem for the Medical Department to evacuate. As I made my way up the corridor toward Tuyun I passed several similar contingents. I then swung west up the Chihkiang corridor toward Hengyang and passed column after column of recruits slowly making their way toward Kweiyang. They were Border Forces replacements. They had marched fifteen hundred kilometers; a large percentage were casualties at the moment and more would be. Our Medical Department simply could not handle this increasing load. Every man that entered the territory of the Border Forces was one more mouth to feed, and that meant more rice to haul in, more supplemental food to find somewhere. Not only did it mean more food; it meant filling up our medical installations, immobilizing them for future action. It also meant immobilizing our combat units with recruits who could not fulfill a march order.

I proposed to Marshal T'ang that something be done immediately. Our divisions had never been up to their approximately twelve thousand strength, and with the recent starvation casualties we had suffered they were depleted all the more. If we accepted these recruits we would be contracting for a lot of extra rice in addition to being rendered immobile. It was suggested that we post Border Forces personnel at the usual entrances to our area and refuse to allow recruits to enter unless they were selected and passed as being able-bodied or capable of rapid

rehabilitation. At the same time it was also suggested that some control be exercised over the civilian population, inasmuch as there had now begun quite an influx of civilians into the area, returning in the realization that the Japs were not going to advance into Kweiyang after all, at least for some time.

Marshal T'ang, as I have already indicated, is a kind-hearted, fatherly sort of person. He pointed out that if these recruits were refused, the only thing left for them to do was to return to their homes, which was obviously impossible in their weakened condition. They would die on the way. He also pointed out that if these men were not accepted, they might become a menace. Certain of them would form themselves into robber bands and begin to prey on the countryside. The only thing to do was accept the ones already in the area and to attempt to straighten the thing out by appealing to higher authority. As a result the officials in charge of recruiting came to our area, made enough of an inspection to see the situation, and declared their previous ignorance of the manner in which recruits had been handled. Finally the system was modified in such a way that succeeding recruits arrived in a much better condition.

Along the road just west of Kweiyang was a set of twenty-one barracks-type new buildings that had been built as a recruiting center and never used. They had been finished just before the great evacuation from Kweilin and Liuchow. During that great exodus these buildings had been taken over by the refugees. The doors, windows, and window casements had been removed and used as firewood. A few of the mud, brick, and plaster walls had been pushed in and some of the roofs were partly gone. The

location was ideal for a hospital. It was on a low hillside overlooking the river, there was plenty of water, and if the place were cleaned up, the mosquito menace would be negligible. We had taken over this site and established a Chinese general hospital on it but had been unable to obtain any funds for repair or for beds and other equipment. I explained to Marshal T'ang that it was necessary for us to have a large reservoir of beds in the Kweiyang area. We already had the hospital at E.M.S.T.S., we had the general hospital at Hwa Shi, twelve miles south of Kweiyang, but we needed this set of buildings at Lung Tung Pao, in a good state of repair, to serve as a reservoir for convalescents who had been given surgical or medical treatment at E.M.S.T.S. and Hwa Shi; the building could also take care of the inevitable overflow that would follow the receipt of the underfed recruit replacements.

The Marshal went out with me and looked the situation over, was pleased with the plan, and immediately gave us CN \$5,000,000 for repairs and construction, saying we could have more if we needed it. We got the engineer at E.M.S.T.S. to draw up plans and estimates, contracted for the repairs, got in some troops to fill up holes and level off grounds, and proceeded to make the place a reasonably decent Chinese general hospital. Chinese medical men are so anxious to have everything according to the book that it is very difficult sometimes for them to get the proper perspective. The first things one needs in a Chinese general hospital are food, water, and latrines. The Chinese will by choice avoid a latrine, but with many sick people concentrated in one area it is all the more important to have proper waste disposal. The commanding officer of this hospital at Lung Tung Pao was so eager to

have an attractive place that he immediately set about landscaping the grounds with young evergreens and bushes and building stone walks, forgetting all about more essential things. On visit after visit at his place I had insisted that he do this or that thing immediately. In a good many of my talks and lectures to the Medical Department of the Border Forces I stressed the fact that I thought the two worst words in the Chinese language, the two that caused more trouble than anything else were *ming tien* ("tomorrow"). Some things have to be done at once and cannot be put off. It got to be a kind of joke in the Border Forces about my not allowing any *ming tien*. I noticed too that Marshal T'ang in his directives, both oral and written, always specified completion by such a date and time. Finally it was necessary for me to take General Loo Cheh-teh to the Hundred and Twentieth General Hospital at Lung Tung Pao and have him lay down the law to the commanding officer about building equipment for boiling water for his patients and his personnel, about completing latrines, and about keeping an adequate supply of rice on hand. In the midst of all this I found out one day that the colonel had gone into town to try to make arrangements for an X-ray plant to be shipped out immediately! Before he had constructed latrines or water-boiling vats! The last thing he needed, but obviously the thing he wanted the most! We had X-ray equipment on hand and he was to get it eventually when he was ready for it.

In the Chinese Army when a soldier went to the hospital he had little food trouble if he was in his own division hospital. However, if he was sent to one of the S.O.S. hospitals, then the complications began. The division authorities continued to receive his rice ration, thus block-

ing the attempts of the S.O.S. hospital staff to draw it. Consequently, he had no food issued, which meant that what little was available at the S.O.S. installation was in some cases divided up among many times as many men as it was intended for. This caused all sorts of complications, especially during our mass evacuation of the weak and sick in the spring of 1945. Finally, however, with General Cheeves's and Marshal T'ang's assistance, this matter was straightened out so that the Chinese S.O.S. hospitals could draw their rice according to their census of patients. When the supplemental ration allowance was raised to CN \$1160 for each man per month it included only combat troops. The hospitals which needed it most of all were still on an allowance of less than \$1 gold for each man per month! It took time, patience, and almost superhuman efforts to get the hospital supplemental ration allowance brought up to that allowed the combat troops. In the American Army the hospitals are allowed one and a half rations, but we never were able to get such an obviously necessary change made in the Chinese program, although we did occasionally receive lump sums of money to assist various hospitals and medical installations.

Another thing that caused us no end of trouble was the final disposition of patients. A man from a certain division would enter his own division hospital. Many times he was kept there much longer than was necessary. Sometimes three-fourths of the patients were able-bodied and ready for duty but had simply not been discharged. If a man was moved from his division hospital to a Service of Supply hospital, he was considered to be permanently lost from his unit, although often the division drew rice for him for months after he had been gone. Now when and if this

man was ready to return to duty, where was he to go? This seemed to be an unsolvable problem. The Chinese book didn't cover such a situation. Apparently no one had ever expected anyone to return to duty from a hospital!

The arrangement was finally made that a man who had been gone from his division only a short time could be sent directly back to his own unit. Many times it was necessary to go into general hospitals, muster all the patients, select those ready for return to duty and follow up to see that they were returned. If a man had been gone from his division for some time the problem seemed to be more difficult. This was especially true in the case of officers. I remember that at one time we had over a hundred officers in one general hospital ready for duty but with no place to go. Marshal T'ang finally sent out a staff officer who selected those that were wanted in his armies and the rest finally disappeared; where I don't know. An officer in the Chinese Army must find his own berth. All efforts to get a pool established from which officers and soldiers could be sent to any unit seemed to present so many complications that these efforts never succeeded. Soldiers who were permanently disabled were even more of a problem. Again Marshal T'ang said, "We do not have adequate means for caring for these disabled soldiers. If they are discharged from the Army, a few of them will be rehabilitated by our meager installations for that purpose, but the great bulk of them will be turned loose to fend for themselves in a strange part of China and many will suffer." His solution was to keep them in some of the medical organizations, which provided food and shelter and a small stipend. "Also," he said, "if we should discharge these people, a good many of them will become bandits and

harass the civilian population." This meant of course that we had to make a considerable enlargement of our rear medical installations.

Again, we had gone through a period black with gloom and starvation. With American help sufficient rice was now coming into our area. Greatly increased American personnel had enabled us to accomplish many things. In spite of the difficulties we had gained much ground. Our training was progressing and the troop morale was rising by the moment. The Seventy-fourth Chinese Army, which had been in the Burma campaign, had been assigned to us and was now arriving in the area for training, together with its American liaison team. More American medical units had been assigned to us and placed in strategic locations throughout the area. Our medical plan had functioned through a period of tremendous overload, and we had learned much about evacuation, care, distribution, and feeding of patients.

The rice situation was still critical. Any breakdown in the daily import meant hungry mouths. With American help, however, this problem was being solved, and only occasionally were minimum-essential requirements not met. In the middle of March Marshal T'ang and his staff and General Boye and his staff made a complete inspection of all the troops, and while many things to be desired were still unachieved, organization was beginning to come out of confusion. A certain degree of combat efficiency was in sight. At the end of this inspection Marshal T'ang gave a big dinner at Nan Ming Tan and announced that the Border Forces were no more. The Chinese armies in our area were now to be known as the Third Command.



## X

### An End Run

AS OUR AMERICAN COMMAND grew in personnel our quarters in the Guest House compound became more and more crowded. In February Marshal T'ang had selected a large, modern brick two-story house which he had been preparing for the residence of General Boye and the senior officers of our command. This house was the property of a Chinese general who was on duty in the north and was undoubtedly the nicest house in all of Kweiyang. It was situated on a low hill surrounded by a high compound wall and contained in addition to the house itself, and the garages, the usual set of servants' quarters. In the second week in March General Boye and four of us who were senior members of his staff moved into this house. To live again in modern quarters with some of the comforts of home, our own bath, our own dining room, and our own bedrooms was a great satisfaction. Marshal T'ang had thoroughly cleaned and redecorated the house from top to bottom. He was as much pleased as we were and very proud that we were happy in our new abode. We had the garage made over into stables in which we kept two large saddle horses made available to us by Governor Sun of Kweichow province.

Before moving we were a little concerned about the servant problem. In China one needs an efficient Number

one boy who runs the household completely. He plans everything, makes all arrangements, hires and fires the servants, and all in all is a very important factotum in any household. The Number one boy on our floor at the Guest House had been quite an efficient servant. We approached him one day and asked him whether he would like to quit the China Travel Service and be our Number one boy at the General's house. With true Chinese caution he said, "I dunno, I go see." That day he went over to the house, looked the place over thoroughly, and came back and reported, "It's O.K. I go. I take care of everything." And that he did. Old Tang was somewhere between thirty-five and sixty-five, half blind from trachoma and waddling fat. He wore big trousers, the bottoms of which never came closer to the ground than one foot. When we moved over to the house Tang was there ready with his staff of servants to meet us. He had blossomed out in a long coat, a big felt hat, white gloves, and a fancy walking stick. He was now Number one boy to the American general's household and had gained much face by the change. We never wanted for anything. When we gave a party or had guests we simply told him how many persons there would be and he prepared and submitted a menu for approval. The Chinese like nothing better than parties. They are consummate artists in the preparation of food. Chinese sensibilities will not permit the helter-skelter preparation of food nor the serving of a dish unless it is properly garnished and displayed. It must be appetizing in smell, taste, and appearance.

For our housewarming we had probably 150 for cocktails, which were served with delicious *canapés*, pickles, and sweetmeat concoctions. We borrowed Lieutenant

General Dick Loo's electric turntable and records and had dancing in the living room and on the terrace. Marshal T'ang and other dignitaries brought us many presents for the occasion. Along about eleven o'clock in the evening Colonel Matteson and I decided it would be a good idea to take a horseback ride, and, besides, we thought our guests should see the beautiful horses that Governor Sun had given us. To the consternation of all the company we rode up the nineteen steps to the terrace, in perfect safety. The horses themselves seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion and were as docile and coöperative as if they were accustomed to attending dancing parties. Colonel George McReynolds further entertained the gasping guests by doing reverse splits on the larger of the two mounts.

Typhus was rife among the Chinese population of Kweiyang. We had of necessity a large number of coolies working around our headquarters at the Guest House. Control of these people was exceedingly difficult. The life they led was not exactly conducive to bodily cleanliness nor to remaining clean even if they should have an occasional cleaning operation. Lice and fleas abounded. Suddenly two of our coolies came down with severe cases of typhus. We were always very meticulous about the cleanliness of American personnel and that of our quarters, but we decided that the hazard was too great and that thenceforth the coolies had to live outside the compound. Fortunately, none of our people at the Guest House developed typhus, although a few out in the field who were less favorably situated did have rather mild attacks.

On the hill behind Nan Ming Tan and overlooking the river a Chinese fraternal society had built a beautiful little

meeting hall, in appearance much like a great many of our post chapels. Since it was not being used, we took this building over, refinished it in white, making, I have no doubt, the finest military chapel in all China. On Easter Sunday, which was also April Fool's Day, for a wonder the sun came out bright and warm, a magnificent day. The chapel was so much like one we might find at home that we were fairly transported to our own individual churches on that day. We had flowers in profusion, an excellent male double quartet, and just the right sort of sermon. For a little while on that day we were able to overlook the ugly things of life and enjoy the beauty and solemnity of divine service.

Not for long, however. The food problem still remained critical. There had been some confusion and breakdown in the transport of rice; also known sources of supply to the north were being rapidly exhausted. Marshal T'ang had called for two o'clock Easter Sunday afternoon a conference which was to be attended by his army and division commanders, his S.O.S. staff, and the senior American officers, altogether quite a gathering. Each unit and division of the staff was to come armed with a report on the situation and a possible solution. The meeting was held in a large earthen-floored building in Marshal T'ang's headquarters compound. As we sat and listened to these various lengthy reports the fleas practically devoured us from the knees down. Everyone was so restless that he could hardly contain himself, and all had visions of getting typhus from the fleabites. There was no money and no rice and thousands were hungry. The room was thick with an atmosphere of despair. Finally the Chinese S.O.S. commander got up to read his report. It was a sheaf of

paper inches thick. He started, read a little while, and Colonel (now General) Dave Craig, who was sitting next to me, reached over and took my notebook and with dour Scotch humor wrote:

“We have no money  
We have no rice  
*Ma ma hua hua*<sup>1</sup>  
What a price!”

It seemed to break a spell, fairly convulsing me with laughter. I passed it on to the other American officers, on whom it had the same effect. It became quite noticeable to all the dignified Chinese officers that something was going decidedly wrong in the midst of their solemn conference. Marshal T'ang looked at us questioningly and we translated the little jingle for him:

“*Mei yo chen*  
*Mei yo fan*  
*Ma ma hua hua*  
Great Saint John!”

The verse had the same effect on him, and he promptly read it to the rest of the crowd. Everyone had a great laugh and regained his perspective. Money was borrowed, transportation was sequestered, and the crisis passed. Colonel Craig was from that moment expected by the Chinese to write all sorts of amusing verse.

The fact that the Chinese soldiers were almost exclusively of the farmer and coolie class had been the sub-

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<sup>1</sup> Literally, “half horse, half tiger,” but this common expression is often used to indicate that something is passable, i.e., not good, not bad.

ject of many discussions among ourselves and with our Chinese friends. We always resented it a little that the Chinese upper classes were never taken into the army. Many of us had sons, brothers, and even fathers in the American Army. We selected the best men regardless of education or station in life. We had learned from experience that it requires a good man to make a good soldier. When we talked the matter over with our Chinese confreres they always gave us the same answer: "It is all so perfectly obvious," they would say. "We take the poorest, least intelligent men for soldiers because they will probably die or get killed. The best and most intelligent men we leave at home to breed and carry on the necessary civilian activities. In this way the race does not suffer but is actually improved. You in America take the best men out to get killed and leave the weaklings at home to propagate the race. If China had followed such a policy she would never have survived six thousand or more years but would have gone the way of Babylon, Assyria, Greece, Carthage, and Rome." The Chinese always have an answer, well seasoned in logic and experience.

Actually, however, China made many strenuous efforts to accept Western ideas. Some of her more fortunate people had had the advantage of Western education and had lived in the freedom of Western countries. A group of these men conceived the idea of organizing an army of the intelligentsia. They made great plans and during the last two years of the war recruited and organized several units of this kind. They selected the officers carefully and recruited the soldiers principally from high schools, colleges, and universities. Practically the only Western-trained physicians in any number in the Chinese Army

were those drafted into these units, and we had plans for accepting classes of these medical officers for training at the Emergency Medical Service Training School at Kweiyang in the summer of 1945. One of these units was stationed in Kweiyang. I was called upon to assist during a mild typhus epidemic among their personnel. Later Marshal T'ang, General Boye, and I visited them on several occasions and inspected their installations, personnel, quarters, and training programs. They were so much above the average Chinese unit in physique, appearance, and personal equipment as to be most remarkable. However, during the time that our soldiers were actually facing the Japs and starving to death these selectees were provided with several times their food allowance, and it was said they had been promised that they would not have to go into combat! They had warm clothing and good quarters in one of the best compounds in town while our soldiers were many of them poorly clothed and miserably housed. Their compound was a model of cleanliness and orderly arrangement and their discipline apparently good. No doubt they would have seen action had the war continued. They were, however, at that time a separate corps and not under the jurisdiction of any of the field commanders. Undoubtedly a gradual transition was under way in China, not only in these "white collar" units but in the later recruit replacements we received in our Third Command.

The constant threat of bacteriological warfare was one of our many worries, since we had had so many third- or fourth-hand reports of the Japanese preparations for such warfare. My own chief interpreter, Mr. Ma, had furnished me with first-hand information about them. He was the

son of a Western-trained Chinese eye doctor in Peiping and had been a medical student in that city when it was captured by the Japanese. After some little time and much difficulty, he had made his way out of Peiping and through the enemy lines by concealing his identification papers in the secret compartment of a very old belt buckle of the Ming Dynasty. This antique he presented to me, and it remains one of my most precious possessions not merely because of its exquisite hand-tooling and intrinsic value but because of friendship with this admirable, somewhat aristocratic Chinese lad. Mr. Ma had told me about how the Japanese had taken over the fine P.U.M.C. Medical School, built by the Rockefeller Foundation as a monument in the Far East of Western progress in medical education. They had turned the entire plant into an institute of biological warfare. Each family in Peiping was required for a time to furnish to the Japanese authorities of this institution one live rat a day. These animals served as a medium for laboratory experimentation. Different strains of bacteria and other microscopic organisms were passed through these rats by inoculation in order to step up the virulence of the infecting organisms, with the view of using these agents of death in wholesale quantities as a means of decimating the Chinese military and civilian population. The reports of Mr. Ma and others were too convincing to discount altogether, and yet, to our knowledge, in no specific instance had such means been employed in the war since we had arrived in China.

Visitors to my office in Kweiyang were many and frequent. Displaced officials, refugee businessmen, and fugitive missionaries all seemed to find their way to our compound. We enjoyed these contacts, since each one had



his own story that served to enlighten us further about China and her many problems. One day an American missionary by the name of Dr. George Tootell called on me. He had spent most of his adult life as a medical missionary in the Tungting Lake area near Changsha. He spoke the language and knew a great deal about the Chinese, their habits, customs, and peculiarities. He remained in Kweiyang for several weeks, living with Dr. Flowers while awaiting disposition and reassignment from his Mission Board. We often had long talks about the Chinese situation, and during one of these he told me something about the Japanese bacteriological-warfare attack on the city of Changteh on the Tungting Lakes in the province of Hunan. Dr. Tootell's account of this attack, which occurred on November 4, 1941, tallied closely with the official Chinese reports. According to his account, a Japanese plane came over the city early in the morning and dropped small packages containing wheat, rice, paper, and cotton wadding. Some of these missiles were immediately collected and examined microscopically. They were laden with organisms resembling *Bacillus pestis*, the causative factor of plague. All Chinese cities are overrun with rats. By infecting the rats with the dropped material laden with *B. pestis* the Japs could easily have caused an epidemic. The municipal authorities took prompt action. They called upon Dr. W. W. Chen, of the National Health Administration, and upon Dr. R. Pollitzer, an Austrian physician who had spent many years in China and who formerly was epidemiologist for the League of Nations. By swift, expert control measures this potential epidemic was prevented. Seven days after the material was dropped from the Japanese plane, the first case of plague appeared, to be

followed by five more. But by that time the rat population had been so thoroughly exterminated under the relentless supervision of Drs. Pollitzer and Chen that no further cases developed. Had it not been for the ready accessibility of these two experts and the drastic action taken, a formidable epidemic of this dread disease might have destroyed a large part of the inhabitants of this densely populated agricultural district. Other instances of this nefarious kind of warfare are given by Dr. P. Z. King, director of the National Health Administration in his report of April 9, 1942, published in English in the *China Handbook*, Macmillan, 1943.

During the spring of 1945 our activities increased so rapidly that it was necessary to build up a much greater American Service of Supply organization in Kweiyang. American personnel had increased manyfold. Our strategic location at the head of the corridor leading east toward Hengyang and southeast toward Kweilin called for tremendous stockpiles of supplies of all kinds. It had become increasingly obvious in this war that progress was made in direct proportion to the amount of supplies and materiel that could be promptly furnished to the men at the front. China was no exception. Truck companies were brought in from Burma, India, Iran, and the United States. Warehouses were built by the dozen. Supplies began to trickle in over the Burma Road to add to those being flown over the Hump. We took over the entire Guest House compound with the S.O.S. Headquarters occupying the entire Native Products Building. The old tent camp area expanded into a tremendous warehousing area. The land adjacent to the Kweiyang airport was sequestered by the transportation section and became a veri-

table beehive of vehicles of all kinds and descriptions. An American medical depot was set up on the University grounds. Dr. Wei Shi's public health laboratory was changed into an American hospital, as was also Dr. Tsur's fine boys' school. Convalescent camps for both officers and men were established in the summer colony at Hwa Shi.

To our own command was assigned a number of small liaison airplanes (L-5's) which operated from the Kweiyang city airport a half mile from Headquarters. After the weather began to clear in the spring we were able to use these airplanes more and more. A trip that would take two or three days by jeep or truck could be accomplished in as many hours by air. As the situation changed and we had more and more units and territory to cover, we developed more small landing strips for the use of these small airplanes. In my capacity as both American and Chinese Surgeon, I had well over a hundred hospitals and medical installations to supervise, and it would have been impossible to have covered the territory in any other fashion. We had both American and Chinese installations far up the corridor toward Hengyang and far down the road toward Liuchow. At Kweiting at the intersection of these two corridors we had placed a large Chinese general hospital, which served as a reception center for patients from each corridor as well as a sorting and collecting station. Just below this hospital in the Liuchow corridor, we had an American portable surgical hospital operating with a large Chinese general hospital. Smaller medical installations were scattered about the entire front according to the tactical locations of the troops. Over at the airfield at Laoh Wang Ping were three L-5 ambulance planes attached to

the Fourteenth Air Force, but at our disposal. The dispositions of our many medical units were made in such a way as to cover each corridor both in defense and offense. We were to see the time very shortly when our efforts would be rewarded, especially in the Hengyang corridor.

It was necessary for us to make frequent inspections of all the different Chinese units under Marshal T'ang's command. Sometimes we would make these unannounced. At other times a formal inspection was held with an entire division on parade. Once each month every unit in the Chinese Army mustered its troops. At that time the entire division was lined up, unit by unit, the rolls were called, and each man responded to his name. It was very dramatic. Clerks, checkers, and inspectors placed themselves before a regiment standing at attention. As the clerk called his name each man broke ranks, dog-trotted to the checker's table, announced his name, verified his "chop" signature, about-faced and double-timed back into line. Literally everyone in the division, including hospital patients, was turned out for this muster. Several times moribund patients that had been moved to the division parade area for muster were found hidden from us behind hills or bushes, completely unable to respond to the roll call.

An entire division lined up before a backdrop of mountains and rice paddies was quite a spectacle. The soldiers of the Thirteenth Army wore their winter uniforms wrong side out, showing the orange color. They made a striking contrast to other troops, whose uniforms, right side out, were of the almost universal faded blue color, which blended amazingly into the background. In fact, at some

distance, one could easily miss seeing an entire division lined up against the hills.

We continued the segregation of the unfit and our attempts to feed the undernourished. In the medical units of all the armies were large numbers of young boys. They were obviously youngsters of ten to fourteen, though they always swore they were eighteen. They appeared well fed and happy but were of course too young and too small to serve as litter-bearers or do much of the other rugged work required by the Medical Department. Marshal T'ang, however, declined to get rid of them, for, again, if they were discharged, they would be at the mercy of the countryside and, since they were a long way from their home villages, would probably starve. Actually they were quite useful as messengers, orderlies, and nurses.

There were signs that the Japs were going to increase their activity both in the Nanning area to the south and the Hengyang area to the east. General Boye and I flew into Kunming for a few days' conference with General McClure and his staff and General Bowman, who was in command of the area to the south. General Bowman's guerrilla teams had been very active and had done excellent work against the Japs and had also rendered valuable service in a minor crisis when French troops had crossed the border into China from French Indo-China. Over toward Hengyang to the east of us there were signs that the Japs were getting ready to push a column west directly at General King's Eastern Command troops.

During this trip to Kunming I had a chance to take two days' much-needed rest. Down the Burma Road some fifty miles from Kunming is a resort hotel. The management has taken advantage of some natural hot springs

and built fifteen or twenty tile baths that are almost as large as small swimming pools. The whole structure is built around a courtyard, in the center of which are the main hot springs, bubbling out constantly into a clean, deep, clear pool. The courtyard is landscaped beautifully. The hotel has the usual recreational facilities one finds in a resort hotel in the United States, including even a little shop where one may buy anything from postcards and cosmetics to the handiwork of the local villagers. This hotel is owned and managed by a Mrs. Liu, who was left rather early in life the widow of a Chinese general. She is reputed to have had no funds when thrown upon her own by her husband's death, and she opened up a shop in Kunming. Through the years she has developed into a veritable tycoon, owning the Hot Springs Hotel, the largest theater in Kunming, one of the largest restaurants, and much other property. I had known Mrs. Liu before, in fact had treated her for a rheumatic ailment, and she took great pains to make my stay at her hotel pleasant; in addition she sent me a fine gift by mail in order to be sure that it would be accepted.

In April the Japanese did make a drive west from Hengyang. They started up the corridor, at first meeting practically no opposition. Upon coming up against the troops of the Eastern Command under General King, however, they encountered real resistance. In anticipation of this Jap drive our people had flown in battle-hardened American-trained Chinese troops that had seen service in the Salween drive and placed them in reserve. The Japs were allowed to progress slowly up the corridor, with the troops of the Eastern Command feinting off to the north on the Japanese right flank. Marshal T'ang's Ninety-fourth Army

was located about halfway up this corridor and a little to the south. It was its job to protect our right flank.

And now comes one of the highlights of this part of the China campaign. The Japanese had plenty of power in the Hengyang and Changsha areas if they wished to throw it into this drive. If they were successful they would cut off a large number of Chinese troops as well as deny the important road from Hengyang to Kweiyang to the Chinese, with the probable neutralization of the highways from Kweiyang to Chungking and from Kweiyang to Kunming. Marshal T'ang En-po of course went to the scene of action and stayed there. He took with him our American G-3, Colonel (now General) David Craig. Our Ninety-fourth Army liaison team had been reinforced with a considerable number of American personnel from the Four Hundred Seventy-fifth Infantry, recently assigned to us from the Burma campaign. To Colonel Craig the military situation presented a typical Ft. Leavenworth problem. The Japs were driving down the road, the Chinese gradually giving way but keeping them tightly covered on their north flank. The Ninety-fourth Army was slightly south of the main Japanese drive and in a perfect position for an end run. Colonel Craig convinced Marshal T'ang that a wide flanking movement to the south, cutting off the Japanese in the rear, would solve the problem and break down their advance immediately. It meant hard forced marches with men who were not too well conditioned for such a feat. The terrain was rough and there were no roads. It meant carrying supplies, ammunition, and equipment, but it could be done.

Several councils of war were held with the commanders of the Chinese troops to the north, and finally Colonel

Craig's Scotch persistence, with Marshal T'ang's support, won out. The Ninety-fourth Army made that end run, swinging wide and deep, moving so fast that they were forced to leave stragglers behind. Our planes dropped food, ammunition, and several tons of medical supplies to the racing column. Chinese medical installations were reinforced by American medical personnel and a portable surgical hospital, backed up by an American field hospital unit as an evacuation reservoir. The Ninety-fourth Army reached the road to the rear of the enemy before they realized what was taking place, and it annihilated a large part of the Jap force then and there. And here was another monument to Sino-American coöperation, American training, and Scotch persistence.

The Japanese never made another offensive effort in all China.

## Epilogue

Shortly after the Ninety-fourth Army's end run the Japs began to retreat from their positions at Hochih, followed closely by our Chinese troops. Now the whole situation was thrown into reverse. Chinese morale was high and Japanese morale was low. The route of the Chinese evacuation and retreat in the black summer of 1944 now became the very course for the Japanese withdrawal. After burning, looting, and completely destroying Liuchow the Japs retreated to Kweilin, which was given the same nefarious treatment. Both of these cities were, to use the expression of one of our soldiers, "just holes in the ground." From Kweilin the Japs retreated north toward



Hengyang and Changsha to the protecting cover of their strategic reserves and to the east toward Canton and their fast-diminishing garrisons in that area.

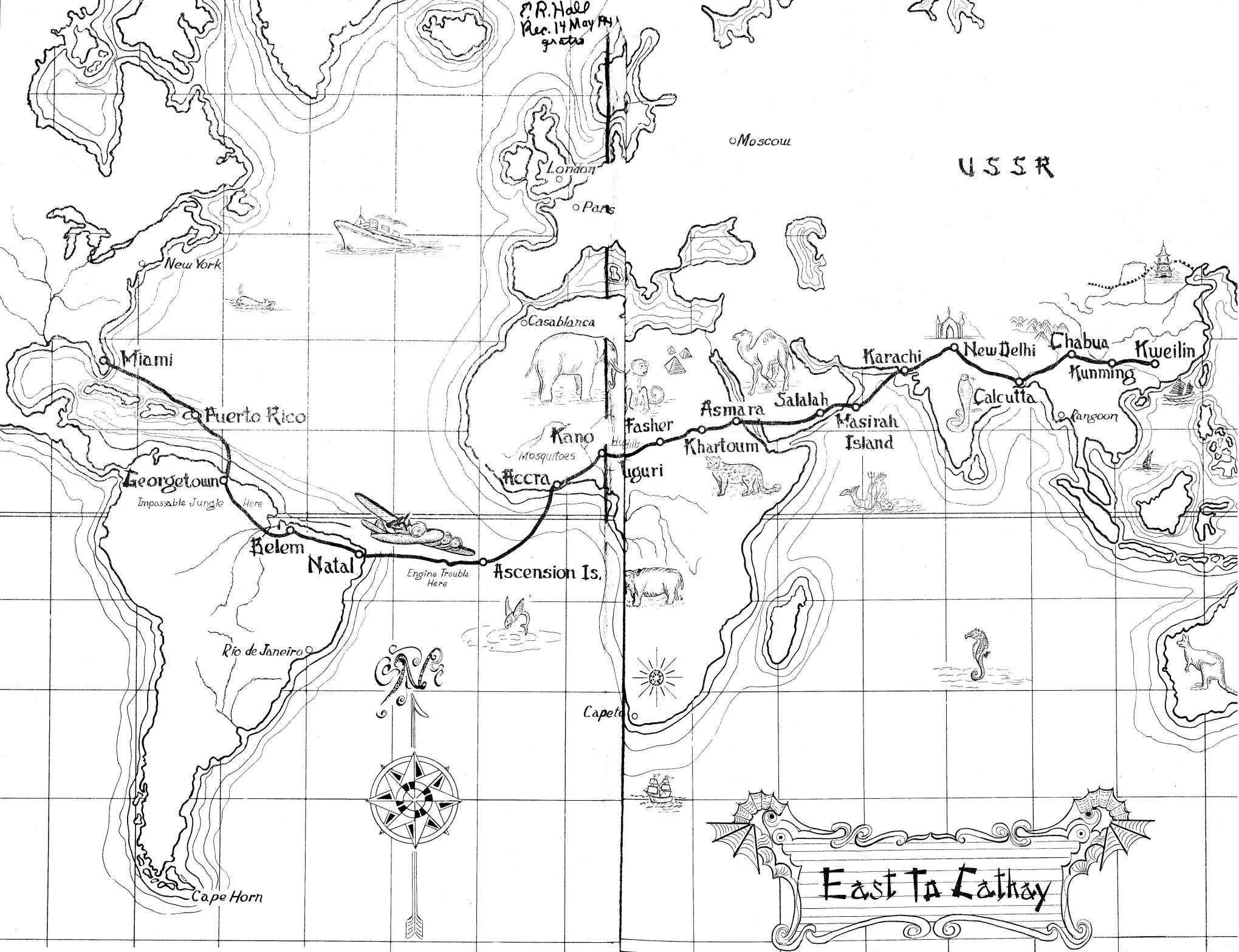
The relentless program of the Americans in the South Pacific and Okinawa and the devastating effect of our bombers on the Japanese homeland itself finally brought to war-weary China the chance for peace after eight long years. From Liuchow the American Central Command moved directly to Shanghai, where Marshal T'ang En-po and his Ninety-fourth Army were in charge of disarming the Japanese. Shortly thereafter the Central Command was deactivated, and Marshal T'ang En-po remained in Shanghai as Chinese area commander.

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Rec. 14 May 1941  
gates

Moscow

USSR

London

Paris

New York

Miami

Puerto Rico

Georgetown

Impassable Jungle Here

Belém

Natal

Rio de Janeiro

Cape Horn

Engine Trouble Here

Ascension Is.

Casablanca

Kano

Mosquitoes

Accra

Fasher

Asmara

Salalah

Karachi

New Delhi

Chabua

Kweilin

Kunming

Calcutta

Yangon

Masirah Island

Khartoum

Agadez

Cape

East To Cathay

455R

